



*The Right Honourable
William Earl of Nithsdale &c.*

Ulrich Middeldorf

*The title of the 1st edition
is not the same as
the 2nd since there is
one known, London 1698.*

801. An Italian Voyage, or a compleat journey through Italy, in two parts, with the characters of the people and the description of the chief towns, churches, monasteries, tombs, libraries, etc., as also of the interest, government, riches, force, etc., of all the princes, with instructions concerning travel. By Richard Lassus, gent. The second edition, with large additions. Two parts in 1 vol., calf rebacked. London, 1698. \$20.00

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A N
Italian Voyage,
O R, A
Compleat JOURNEY
THROUGH
I T A L Y.

In Two Parts.

With the *Characters* of the People, and the
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Monasteries, Tombs, Libraries, Pallaces, Vil-
la's, Gardens, Pictures, Statues and Antiquities.

A S A L S O,
Of the Interest, Government, Riches,
Force, &c. of all the Princes.
With Instructions concerning *TRAVEL*.

By *Richard Lassels*, Gent. the Second Edition
with large Additions, by a Modern hand.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the *Lute* in St.
Paul's Church-Yard, and *B. Barnard Lintott*, at
the *Cross-Keys*, in St. *Martins-Lane*, near
Long-Acre. 1697.

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A

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

R E A D E R,

C O N C E R N I N G

T r a v e l l i n g.

WHEN I first set Pen to Paper to handle this subject, I had not the least thought of the *Press*; nor of erecting my self into an *Authour*. I only discharged my memory hastily of some things which I had seen in *Italy*; and wrapt up that untimely *Embryo* in five sheets of Paper, for the use of a Noble person, who set me that Task. Yet this *Embryo* liking the person for whom it was conceived, obliged me to lick it over again, and bring it into better form. Second thoughts, and succeeding Voyages into *Italy*, have finished it at last; and have made it what it is; *A Compleat Voyage*, and an exact *Itinerary* through *Italy*

A

And

And here I thought to have drawn bridle and rested, after so long a Journey ; when a learned Friend having perused this my Description of *Italy*, desired much to see a Preface to it of my fashion, and Concerning Travelling. I could refuse nothing to such a Friend ; and have done it here willingly, both for my own, and my Countries sake.

For my own sake ; to pre-excuse some things in my Book, which some perchance may dislike.

For some, I fear will quarrel with my *English*, and justly, seeing three long Voyages into *Flanders*, six into *France*, five into *Italy*, one into *Germany* and *Holland*, have made me live half of my life-time in Foreign Countries, to the disturbance of my own Language : Yet, if I bring not home fine Language, I bring home fine Things ; and I have seen great Ladies, both in *France* and *England*, buy fine things of *Chimney-sweepers* and *Pedlars*, though they spake but coarse *Lombard* Language, and gross *Scotch*.

Others perchance will find fault, that I write merrily sometimes : And why not ? Seeing I write to young Men, and for them ; and mirth is never so lawfull as in Travelling : where it shortens long miles, and sweetens bad usage ; that is, makes a bad dinner go down, and a bad horse go on.

Others

Others will say, That I fill my Book with too much *Latin* : But these must be minded, that I am writing of the *Latin* Country ; and that I am carving for *Scholars*, who can digest solid bits, having good stomachs.

Others will say, I jeer now and then : And would any man have me go through so many divers Countries, and praise all I see ? Or in earnest, do not some things deserve to be jeered, when things cannot be cured but by jeering : *Jeering*, saith *Tertullian*, is a duty ; and I think the *Cynick* Philosophers struck as great a blow at Vice, as the *Stoicks*.

Others will say, I change style often, and sometimes run smoothy, and sometimes joltingly : True, I travelled not always upon smooth ground, and pacing horses : *Swisserland* and *Savoy* are much different from *Campania* and *Lombardy* ; and it's one thing to describe a Pleasant Garden, another thing to describe a Venerable Cathedral : and if in the one, and the other, we have several looks, much more ought we to have several words in describing them.

Others will say, I affect a world of exotick words not yet naturalized in *England* : No, I affect them not ; I cannot avoid them : for who can speak of *Statues*, but he must speak of *Niches* ; or of *Churches*,

Wrought *Tombs*, or in-laid *Tables*, but he must speak of *Cupola's*; of *basso relievo*; and of *pietre commesse*? If any Man understand them not, it's his fault, not mine.

Others will say, I hunt too much after Ceremonies and Church-antiquities. No, I only meet them. And as a man cannot speak of *Hercules*, but he must speak of *Clubs*, of *Combats*, of *Labours* and *Victories*: so I cannot speak of *Rome* as it is now, but I must speak of Relicks, Ceremonies and Religion. Yet I believe, I give my Reader no very unfinish'd draught of prophane *Antiquities*, *Masquerades*, *Shews*, *Dressings* and *Pastimes*.

Others, in fine, will say, that I do but a thing done already; seeing others have Written of this Subject in *English*. Well; if others have Written upon this subject, why may not I? They did the best they could, I believe: but they drew not up the Ladder after them. Some write much of *Italy*, and say little: And others write little, and leave out much: I impute to the ones writing out of old. And if these Ingenious Gentlemen have painted out *Italy* in *busto* only, and *profile*: why may not I endeavour to paint her out at *full face*, and at *her full length*? If they, like ancient Statuaries, have represented *Italy* unto us like a naked *Image*, I may perhaps be allow'd to say that I have set
her

Mr. Warcup.

Mr. Raymond.

her out in all her best *Attire* and *Jewels*.
And thus much for my self.

For my Country : To read to my Country-men two profitable *Lessons* : The first, *Of the Profit of Travelling* : The second, *Of Travelling with Profit*.

1. For the first, to wit, *the Profit of Travelling* ; it's certain, that if this world ^{The profit of Travelling.} be a great *Book*, as St. *Augustine* calls it, none study this great *Book* so much as the Traveller. They that never stir from home, read only one Page of this *Book* ; and, like the dull fellow in *Pliny*, who could never learn to count farther than five, they dwell always upon one Lesson. They are like an acquaintance of mine, who had always a *Book* indeed lying open upon a Desk ; but it was observed that it lay always open at one and the same place, and by long custom, could lie open no where else. He then that will know much out of this great *Book*, the World, must read much in it : and as *Ulysses* is set forth by *Homer* as the wisest of all the *Græcians*, because he had travelled much, and had seen *multorum hominum mores & Urbes*, the *Cities and Customs of many Men* : So his Son *Telemachus* is held for a very shallow-witted man : and *Homer* gives the reason, because his Mother *Penelope*, instead of sending him abroad to see Foreign Countries, had always kept him at home, and so made him

him a meer *Onocephalus* and a homeling *Mammacuth*. So true is the saying of *Seneca*, that, *Imperitum est animal homo, & sine magna experientia rerum, si circumscribitur Natalis soli sine.*

2. Travelling preserves my young Nobleman from surfeiting of his Parents, and weans him from the dangerous fondness of his Mother. It teacheth him wholesome hardship ; to lie in beds that are none of his acquaintance ; to speak to men he never saw before ; to travel in the morning before day ; and in the evening when 'tis dark, to endure any horse and weather, as well as any meat and drink. Whereas the Country Gentleman that never Travelled. can scarce go to *London* without making his Will, at least without wetting his Handkerchief. And what generous Mother will not say to her son with that Ancient ; *Mola tibi male esse, quam molliter : I had rather thou shouldst be sick, than soft ?*

Senec. Indeed the Coral-Tree, is neither hard nor red, till taken out of the Sea, its native home. And I have read, that many of the old *Romans* put out their Children to be Nursed abroad by *Lacedamonian* Nurses, till they were three years old ; then they put them to their Uncles, till seven, or ten ; then they sent them into *Toscany* to be instructed in Religion ; and at last into *Greece* to study Philosophy.

3. Travelling takes my young Nobleman four notches lower in his self-conceit and pride. For, whereas the Country Lord, that never saw any body but his Fathers Tenants and Mr. Parson ; and never read any thing but *John Stow*, and *Speed*, thinks the Lands-end to be the Worlds-end ; and that all solid greatness, next unto a great Pasty, consists in a great Fire, and a good Estate. Whereas my Travelling young Lord, who hath seen so many greater Men and Estates than his own, comes home far more modest and civil to his inferiours, and far less puffed up with the empty conceit of his own greatness. Indeed nothing cured *Alcibiades* his pride so much as to see in a Map (shewed him for the nonce by *Socrates*) that his House and Lands, of which he was so proud, either appeared there not at all, or only a little Spot or Dab ; and *nemo in pusillo magnus*.

4. Travelling takes off, in some sort, that aboriginal curse, which was laid upon mankind even almost at the beginning of the World ; I mean, the confusion of Tongues : which is such a curse indeed, that it makes Men who are of one kind, and made to be sociable, so strangely to fly one another, that as great *S. Austin* saith, a Man had rather be with his Dog, than with a Man whose Language he understands not. Nay,
this

this diversity of Language, makes the wisest Man pass for a Fool in a strange Country, and the best Man, for an excommunicated Person, whose Conversation all Men avoid. Now travelling takes of this curse, and this moral excommunication; by making us learn many languages, and converse freely with people of other Countries.

5. Travelling makes us acquainted with a world of our kindred we never saw before, For, seeing we are all come from one man at first, and consequently all a-kin to one another; its but a reasonable thing, that a Man should once at least in his lifetime, make a Journey into Foreign Countries, to see his Relations, and visit this kindred: having always this saying of young Joseph in his Mouth; *quæro fratres meos.*

6. Travelling enables a Man much for his Countries Service. It makes the Merchant rich, by shewing him what abounds, and wants in other Countries; that so he may know what to import, what to export. It makes the *Mechanick* come laden home with a world of experimental knowledge for the improving of his Trade. It makes the *Field Officer*, a knowing Leader of an Army, by teaching him where an Army in Foreign Countries, can march securely, pass Rivers easily,

sily, incamp safely, avoid Ambuscadoes and narrow passages discreetly, and retreat orderly. It makes the *Common Soldier* play the Spy well, by making him speak the Enemies Language perfectly, that so mingling with them, he may find their designs, and cross their Plots. In fine, it makes a *Nobleman* fit for the noblest Employment ; that is, to be *Ambassador* abroad for his King in Foreign Countries, and carry about with him the King's *Person*, which he represents, and his King's *Word*, which he engageth.

7. Travelling brings a Man a world of particular profits. It contents the Mind with the rare discourses we hear from Learned Men, as the Queen of *Sheba* was ravished at the Wisdom of *Solomon*. It makes an Ingenious Man much the wiser by making him see the good and the bad in others. Hence the *Wifeman* saith ; *Sapiens in terram alienigenarum gentium pertransiet : bona enim & mala in hominibus tentabit*. It makes a Man think himself at home every where , and smile at unjust *exile* : It makes him welcome home again to his *Neighbours*, sought after by his *Betters*, and listened unto with admiration by his *Inferiours*. It makes him sit still in his old age with satisfaction; and travel over the World again in his *Chair* and *Bed* by discourse and thoughts.

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In fine, it's an excellent *Commentary* upon Histories ; and no Man understands *Livy*, and *Cæsar*, *Guicciardin* and *Moniuc*, like him, who hath made exactly the *Grand Tour* of *France*, and the *Giro* of *Italy*.

8. Travelling makes my young Nobleman return home again to his Country like a *bleffing Sun*. For as the *Sun*, who hath been Travelling about the World these five thousand and odd years, not only enlightens those places which he visits, but also enricheth them with all sorts of *Fruits* and *Metals* : So, the Nobleman by long travelling, having enlightened his understanding with fine notions, comes home like a glorious *Sun*, and doth not only shine bright in the Firmament of his Country, the *Parliament-House* ; but also bleffeth his inferiours with the powerfull influence of his knowing Spirit.

*Sirada de
Billo Belg.*

9. In fine, Examples (the best Philosophy) shew us, that the greatest Princes *Europe* hath seen, these many years, to wit, *Charles the V.* and the *King of Sweeden*, *Gustavus Adolphus*, were both of them great Travellers ; the first had been twice in *England*, as often in *Africk*, four times in *France*, six times in *Spain*, seven times in *Italy*, and nine into *Germany* : The second had travelled *incognito* (as *M. Watts* writes of him) into *Holland*,
France,

France, Italy and Germany, in his youth; which made him say afterwards to the French Ambassador Mareschal Breze, in a kind of threatning way, that he knew the way to Paris, as well as to Stockholme. Add to this, that the wisest and greatest among the ancient Philosophers, Plato, Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, Anacharsis, Appollonius, Architas, and Pittacus, (which last left his supream Command of Mytelen to travel) were all great travellers; and that St. Hierom (who being no Bishop, and consequently not obliged to residence) having travelled into France, Italy, Greece, and the Holy Land, purchased to himself such rare acquisitions of Learning by his Travels and Languages, that among all the ancient Fathers and Doctors, the Church in her Collect on his day, calls him only, *Doctorem maximum*, the greatest Doctor. And so much for the profit of Travelling.

Now for as much as concerns the second Lesson, to wit, *The Travelling with Profit*, divers things are to be taken notice of; some by the Parents or Guardians of those that travel; others by the Travellers themselves.

As for the Parents their greatest care ought to be of providing their Children (I speak to Men of high condition) a good Governour, to travel with them, and have

The Travelling with profit.

a care of their Persons and breeding : that is, play the part of the *Archangel Raphael* to young *Toby*, and Lead them safe abroad, and bring them safe home : *Ego Janum ducam & reducam filium tuum. Tob. 5. v. 20.* And here I could wish indeed that Parents could be as happy in their choice, and find Men Angels for Governours to their Children, upon condition they should requite them, as young *Toby* offered to requite the *Archangel* his Governour, whom he took to be a Man. For the education of Children is a thing of that high concern to the Commonwealth, that in this, Parents should spare no cost whatsoever ; but rather imitate the old *Lacedæmonians* ; who took more care of their Youth, than of any thing else in their Commonwealth. Infomuch, that when *Antigonus* asked of them fifty young Youths for Hostages, they answered him, that they had rather give him twice as many made Men. Seeing then young youths are the future hopes of Families and Commonwealths, their education ought not to be committed but to Men of great Parts and excellent Breeding. For I have always thought, that a young Noblemans Train ought to be like his Cloths, His Lacqueys and Footmen are like his Galoshhoos, which he leaves at the door of those he Visits : His *Valets de*
Chambre

Chambre, are like his Night-Gown, which he never useth but in his Chamber ; and leaves them there when he goes in Visits : His Gentleman Attendants are like his several rich Suits, which he wears not all at once, but now one, now another, and sometimes none at all of them : His Groom is like his Riding-Cloak, and never appears near him but upon the Road : But his Governour is like his Shirt, which is always next unto his Skin and Person ; and therefore as young Noblemen are curious to have their Shirts of the finest Linnen : so should they have their Governours of the finest thread, and the best spun Men that can be found. Hence the Ancients, as they were careful in honouring the Memory of those that had been Governours to great Heroes, as of *Chiron*, Governour of *Hercules*, *Jason*, *Paris*, *Achilles*, and other brave Heroes ; *Miscus* Governour of *Ulysses* ; *Eudorus* of *Patroclus* ; *Dares* of *Hector* ; *Epitides* of *Julus* ; *Connidas* of *Theseus* ; all of them choice men : So they were for choosing the finest men for that great Employment, to be their Childrens Governours ; that is in their Language, *Custodes & comiter juventutis Principum & magnatum*. For not every honest and vertuous Man (as some Parents think) is fit for this Employment : Those parts indeed would do well in a Steward

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and

The Character of a
good Governor.

and a Solicitor ; but many things else, besides these, must concur to make up a good Governour. I would have him then to be not only a Vertuous Man, but a *Virtuoso* too, not only an honest Man, but a Man of honour too : not only a Gentleman born, but a gentile Man also by breeding : a Man not only comely of Person by nature ; but gracefull also by art in his Garbs and Behaviour ; a good Scholar, but no meer Scholar : a Man that hath travelled much in Foreign Countries, but yet no fickle-headed Man ; a Man of a stout Spirit, but yet of a discreet Tongue, and who knows rather to wave quarrels prudently, than to maintain them stoutly ; a Man cheerfull in conversation, yet fearfull to offend others ; a Man of that Prudence, as to teach his Pupil rather to be wise than witty ; and of that Example of life, that his deeds may make his Pupil believe his words : In fine, I would have him to be an *Englishman*, no *Stranger*. I speak not this out of an envy to Strangers, but out of a love to my own Country-men. For I have known divers *English* Gentlemen much wronged abroad by their Governours that were Strangers. Some I have known that led their Pupil to *Geneva*, where they got some *French* Language, but lost all their true *English* Allegiance and

and respect to Monarchy ; others I have known, who, being married and having their settlements and interest lying at *Saumur*, kept young Gentlemen there all the time they were abroad ; and made their Parents in *England* believe, that all good breeding was in that poor Town, where their Wives were breeding Children. Others, I have known, who having their Mistresses in the Country, persuaded their young Pupils, Men of great Birth, that it was fine living in a Country House, that is fine carrying a Gun upon their necks and walking a foot : Others have been observed to sell thir Pupils to Masters of Exercises, and to have made 'em believe that the worst Academies were the best, because they were the best to the cunning Governour, who had ten pound a Man for every one he could draw thither : Others I have known who would have married their Pupils in *France*, without their Parents knowledge ; and have sacrificed their great Trust, to their sordid Avarice : Others I have known who have locked their Pupils in a Chamber with a wanton Woman, and taken the Key away with them. Nay, this I can say more, that of all those Strangers that I have known Governours to young Noblemen of *England* (and I have known seven or eight) I never knew one of them to be a Gentleman

tleman born ; but for the most part, they were needy bold Men, whose chief parts were, their own Language and some *Latin* ; and whose chief aim was, to serve themselves, not their Pupils.

But to return again to our Subject ; the Parent having found out such a Governour for his Son, as we have described here above, he must resign over unto him his full Authority, and command his Son to obey him : otherwise let the Governour be the wisest and the most Compleat Man in the World, if his Pupil do not obey him, and follow his Counsel, all will go wrong. I have seen great disorders besal for want of this. Hence I have often thought of great *Clemens Alexandrinus*, who saith wisely, That our *Saviour Christ* is the only true Preceptor or Governour, because he cannot only give the best Instructions to young Men, but also can give them grace to execute those instructions : whereas other Governours (*Cassandra* like) telling their Pupils many excellent Truths, are not believed by them ; nor can they force their inclinations to execute them, except the Parents commands come in to their assistance ; and it is but reasonable, that as Governours are the Seconds of Parents, in the breeding of their Children, so Parents should second Governours too, in making their

their Children obey them. And so much for the Parents Care.

For the Son's Care, it must be this. First to take a view of *England* before he enter into Foreign Countries. This will enure him to travel, to see company, to observe Towns and Rarities, and sharpen his appetite for Foreign Curiosities. I would wish him withal in travelling over *England*, to fall in, as often as he can, with the Judges in their Circuits, not only to see how his Country is Governed in point of Judicature; but also to see the Gentry of several Countries, who flock to great Towns in the Assize week. It would be also profitable to him, to cast to be at all the chief Horse-races, where he will easily see also the Gentry of the several Counties in a compendious View. Having thus seen his own Country in a Summers space, and having got his Majesties Licence to travel beyond the Seas (in which Licence I would wish this clause were inserted, That all young Gentlemen should, at their return, present themselves to his Majesty, to give him an Account of their Travels and Observations) I would have him depart *England* about the beginning of *October*.

2. At his going out of *England*, let him take his right aim; that is, let him aim altogether at his Profit, and not at

his pleasures only. I have known many *Englishmen*, who for want of right aiming, have missed the white of Breeding, whole Heavens breadth. For some in travelling, aim at nothing but to get loose from their Parents, or Schoolmasters, and to have the fingering of a pretty Allowance; and these Men, when they come into *France*, care for seeing no Court, but the Tennis-Court; delight in seeing no Balls but Tennis-Balls; and forsake any Company, to toss whole days together with a tattered *Marker* in the *Tripot*.

Others desire to go into *Italy*, only because they hear there are fine Courtisans in *Venice*; and as the Queen of the *Amazons*, in *Justin*, went thirteen days Journey out of her Country, only to have a Nights Lodging with *Alexander the Great*; so these Men travel a whole month together to *Venice*, for a Nights Lodging with an impudent Woman. And thus by a false aiming at breeding abroad, they return with those Diseases which hinder them from breeding at home.

Others travel abroad, as our Ship-Boys do into the *Indies*: for whiles these Boys might bring home Jewels, Pearls, and many other things of value, they bring home nothing but Firecanes, Parots, and Monkeys; so our young Travellers, whiles they might bring home many rich observations,

vations, for the Governing themselves, and others, bring home nothing but Fire-canes, that is a hotspur humour, that takes Fire at every word, and talk of nothing but Duels, Seconds, and Esclaircissements ; or else Parots, that is, come loaden home with Ribons and Feathers of all Colours like Parots, and with a few borrowed Complements in their Mouths, which make them talk like Parots, or else Monkeys, that is some affected Cringes, Shrugs, and such like Apish Behaviour.

3. At his embarking let him have a special care not to carry himself abroad with himself in travelling : Many Men, saith *Seneca*, return home no better than they went out, because they take themselves along with themselves in Travelling : and as a Man in a Fever, finds himself no better than he was, by changing his Bed, because he carries his Fever with him wheresoever he lies : so many young Men return home tired and dirtied, but not better and wiser, because they carried abroad their bad Customs and Manners with them. I would then that my young Traveller should leave behind him all wilfulness and stubbornness ; all tenderness, and seeking his ease too much ; all effeminateness and delicateness ; all Boyish Tricks with Hands or Mouth, and mocking of others ; all delight of being account-

ted best Man in the Company ; all familiarity with Servants, and mean Men ; all Taverns, and intemperancy of eating and drinking ; having that saying of *Seneca* often in his mouth and mind ; *Major sum & ad majora natus, quam ut manicipium sim corporis mei* ; I am a greater Man and born to greater things, than that I should yield my self a slave to my Body. In fine, I would have him imitate that young Gentleman of whom *S. Ambrose* speaks ; who returning home from Foreign Travels, and meeting with his old Mistress, a Wanton Woman, seemed not to know her ; whereat she wondring, told him that she was such an one ; it may be so, said he, but *I am no more I*. A rare Apothegm ; which I would wish my young Traveller to take for his Motto, as well as this young Man for his Example.

4. Being thus got out of *England*, its a great question into what Country he should first go, to make his abroad. The common course is, to go first into *France*, and then into *Italy*, and so home by *Germany*, *Holland* and *Flanders*, as I did once : but my opinion is, that it's better for a Young Man to go first into *Italy*, and returning by *Germany*, *Holland* and *Flanders*, come into *France*, to give himself there the last hand in breeding. And my reason

ion is this ; For seeing the intention of Travelling is to make a Man a wise Man, not a finical Man, it's better to season his mind betimes with a staid wise Breeding, than to fill it up to the brim at first with a phantastical giddiness, which having once gotten possession of the mind, bolts the doors on the inside, locks out all forms of settled Reasoning, and makes my young man delight in nothing but Vanity, Cloths, Dancing, Liveries, Balls, and such meer outsides : I would therefore have my young Nobleman's *Governour* to carry him immediately into *Italy* at fifteen or sixteen, and there season his mind with the gravity and wise maxims of that Nation, which hath civilized the whole world, and taught mankind what it is to be a Man. Having spent two or three years in *Italy* in learning the Language, viewing the several Courts, studying their Maxims, imitating their Gentile Conversation, and following the sweet Exercises of Musick, Painting, Architecture, and Mathematicks , he will at his return know what true use to make of *France*. And having spent three years more there, in Learning to Fence, Dance, Ride, Vault, Handle his Pike, Musket, Colours, &c. the Map, History, and Books of Policy ; he will be ready to come home at twenty or one and twenty, a Man most compleat both

both in Body and Mind, and fit to fill the place of his Calling.

What to be
learned in
France,
and what
not.

5. I say, *Make true use of France.* For I would not have my young Traveller imitate all things he sees done in *France*, or other Foreign Countries; I would have him learn of the *French* a handsome confidence, but not an impudent boldness. He must learn of them to come into a Room with a *Bonne mine*; but not to rush into a Mans Chamber, as they do, without so much as knocking at the Door. He must learn of them to dance well, to get a good Grace in walking and saluting, as they do; but he must not dance as he walks as many of them do. He must learn of the *French*, to become any Clothes well; but he must not follow them in all their Phantastical and fanfaron Clothings. He must learn to fence well, as they do; but I would have his Sword stick faster in the scabbard than theirs usually do. In fine, I would have him open, airy, and gallant as they are; but not affecting to be the Gallants of all Ladies, as they do.

What in I-
taly, and
what not.

So in *Italy*, I would have him learn to make a fine House; but I would not have him learn of the *Italians* to keep a good House. He may learn of them to be Sober and Wise; but I would not have him learn of them to be jealous and distrustful. I would have him learn of the *Italians*,
to

to receive those that visit him with great Civility and Respect ; but I would not have him stand upon all their little Forms and incommodious Punetilio's : I would have him to be free of his Hat, as they are, but I would have the Heart to go to the Hat as well as the Hand, and his inclination to be concern'd in the Complement.

In *Germany*, I would have him learn to offer a Man a Cup of Wine at his coming in ; but I would not have him press so much Wine upon him, as he shall not be able to go out again, as they often do. I would have him learn of them to go freely to War for the defence of his Country ; but I would not have him learn the custom of those vendible souls there, who carry their lives to Market, and serve any Prince for Money. I like well their shaking hands with you, when you first enter into their houses ; but I like not their quarrelling with you for not pledging a health of a yard long, which would ruin yours. I like very much their singular modesty and chastity, which allows not bastards to be free men of the most ordinary trades ; but I like not their endless drinking in feasts, which is able to make them freemen of all vices.

*What in
Germany
and what
not.*

In

*What in
Holland,
and what
not.*

In *Holland* also I would have him learn to keep his house and hearth neat ; but I would not have him adore his house, and stand in such awe of his hearth, as not to dare to make a fire in it, as they do. I would have him learn of them a spare diet ; but I would not have him drink so much, as would keep him both in good diet and cloths, as they do. I would have him learn of them their great Industry and Oeconomy ; but not their rude exacting upon Noblemen Strangers in their Inns, for their Qualities sake only, as they do. I would have him learn of them a singular love to his Country ; but he must take heed of their clownish hatred of Nobility. Thus in all Countries I would have my young Traveller do, as men do at a great Feast, where there is no fear of starving ; that is, not eat greedily of all that's before him, but fall to the best Meats, and leave the worst for the Waiters.

6. That he may follow the foresaid Rule the better, and pick out of every Country what's the best in it, let his Governour lead him betimes into the best Company, for there the best Lessons are to be learned. Now by the word *best*, I do not mean the greatest Men in Birth, but in parts. For the world is not so happy, as that the greatest Men are always the

the best : but by the word *best*, I mean those that are the wisest, the best bred, the best principled, the best behaved, and the most cryed up by civil Persons : for of such Men much is to be learned : Their life is a perpetual Lecture ; their words so many Oracles ; their discourses so many wise Maxims : and though young Men be not able to bring their dish with them and club wit equally with these Men, yet it's a great matter to sit still in their Company, and be a respectful *Catechumen* to them. For if it be true which *Quintilian* saith of those that love *Cicero*, *Cicronem amasse, profecisse est*, it's also most certain, that a Man that loves good Company, must be good himself in time.

7. And that he may be able to appear in good Company without blushing, his Governour must get him, as soon as he can, to speak the Language of the place in handsome terms, and with a good accent. Next he must have a care that he be well adjusted and set out in apparel : For if anciently Jewels were called the Ushers of Ladies, because all Doors flew open to them that presented themselves so richly adorned ; so now a-days good Clothes may be called Mens Ushers, seeing they make way for them into all Companies. He must have a care that he know his Congies perfectly, and have a free Garb or
Car-

Carriage, a Cavalier way of entering into a Room ; a gratefull managing of his mouth and smiles ; a chironomy or decent acting with his hands, which may humor his words gravely and freely, yet not affectedly or mimically : In fine, a liberty or freedom in all his actions, which the *French* call *liberte du corps* ; and it must appear to be *a la negligence*, and yet must be perfectly studied aforehand. And though these things be but the *Elements* and *Alphabet* of breeding, yet without them he can never spell Gentleman rightly, though his inside be never so good. Indeed it's long ago that great Men dwelt no more in thatched Houses.

Plutarch.

8. But it is not enough to get him into Language and Garbs, if he get him not into Coach and Liveries, without which he can never appear at Court, or in good Company, especially in *Rome* and *Paris*, the two chief Towns of long abode abroad. For let a man be of a Race as ancient as the *Autochthones* of *Athens* ; who said they were as ancient as the Earth ; and let him quarter his coat of Arms with the three *Lyons* of *England*, and the three *Flower-de-lys* of *France*, as I know a Gentleman of *Little Britany* doth, (by the grant anciently of both those Kings) yet I dare boldly say this, that in *Paris* no colours blazon a Mans nobility behind his Coach so much

as three Lacqueys and a Page, in a handsome Livery. In other Towns of *France*, where young Gentlemen used to live at first, till they get the Language, a couple of saddle horses would be very useful, both to take the air on, as also to visit the Gentry in the Country at their Summer Houses, where a Man will find great Civilities and Divertisements. Besides, riding out so in the fresh evenings of Summer, will not only wean my young Gentleman from little Company, and the crowd of his Countrymen, who will be then pressing upon him; but will also afford his Governour many fine solitary occasions of plying him alone with good Counsels and Instructions.

9. And seeing I have touched something before of his Servants and Lacqueys, I will add this, That seeing it is none of the least blessings of a young Gentleman to have good Servants about him, it belongs to his Governour, not only to choose him good ones, but also to have power to turn away bad ones. Many Men carry over with them *English* Servants, because they were their School-fellows, or their Tenants Sons; and these are of little use for a long time, and even then when a Man hath most need of Servants. Besides, they are often too familiar with their Masters, their old Play-fellows; and as often trouble-

troublesome to their *Governors* by taking their young Masters part against them; and by ravelling out at night, as they get their Masters to bed, all that the prudent Governor hath been working in the day time. Others carry over Frenchmen with them: but these often, by reason of their prerogative of Language, which their Masters want at first, get such an ascendent over them, that they come often-times to be bold and sawcy with them. For my part, I would have his Governor to take him new Servants in every place he comes to stay; and those slightly, rather than too sprightly Youths: Dull people are made to tug at the Oar of Obedience, saith *Aristotle*, whilst witty People are fitter to sit at the Helm of Command.

But then, a Governor ought to take good security that such Servants become faithfull, and impose not on his Master, or betray him in any thing to his Countrymen, amongst whom he is a stranger: For, Travellers above all others find it true, that *Fronti nulla Fide*.

10. But I am to blame to give advice to Governors, whom I suppose to be wiser Men than my self; and therefore will end here, by wishing them a good journey and safe return: To the effecting of both which I found no better Secret, than that in my last journey, which was to be mounted upon our own Horses (five of us together) and to spare for no cost: For by this means we went at our own rates, and eat to our own minds: so true is the Italian Proverb, *Picole giornate e grandi spese, ti conducono sano al tuo paese*.

In fine, I would have my young Traveller make the same prayer to God, as *Apollonius Thyaneus* made to the Sun at his going out to Travel, that is, That he would be so favourable to him, as to shew him all the bravest and best Men in the World.

A
VOYAGE
TO
ITALY.

PART I.

BEfore I come to a particular description of *Italy*, as I found it in my Five several Voyages through it, I think it not amiss to speak something in general of the Country it self, its Inhabitants, their Humours, Manners, Customs, Riches, and Religion.

For the Country it self, it seemed to me to be *Nature's Darling*, and the *Eldest Sister* of all other Countries; carrying away from them all the greatest blessings and favours, and receiving

The Fertility of Italy.

B such

such gracious looks from the *Sun* and *Heaven*, that if there be any fault in *Italy*, it is, that her Mother *Nature* hath indulged her even to wantonness : Witness luxuriant *Lombardy* and *Campania* antonomastically *Fælix*, which *Florus*, *Trogus*, and *Livy*, think to be the best parts of the *World*, where *Ceres* and *Bacchus* are at a perpetual strife, whether of them shall court Man the most ; she by filling his Barns with Corn, he by making his Cellars swim with Wine : Whilst the other parts of *Italy* are sweating out whole *Forests* of *Olive-Trees*, whole *Woods* of *Lemons* and *Oranges*, whole *Fields* of *Rice*, *Turkey Wheat*, and *Musk-millions* ; and where those bare Hills, which seem to have been shaven by the *Sun*, and to have cursed *Nature* for their Barrenness, are oftentimes impregnated with *Marbles*, that become the Ornaments of Churches and Palaces, and the Revenues of *Princes* : witness the *Prince* of *Massa*, whose great Riches are his *Marble Quarries* : *Nature* here thinking it a far more noble thing to feed *Princes*, than to feed *Sheep*. It abounds also in *Silk-worms*, out of which they draw great Profit : And for the support of these little Republicks, one may see with what care they nurse innumerable Groves of *Mulberry-Trees*, on whose leaves they feed. The curious Work that is made by those Worms, is none of the least of the Wonders of *Nature* ; which tho an Excrement of theirs, yet serving oftentimes to our Pride, as well as to our necessary use ; and in both for our Apparel : It may be said of us, that our Clothing is still like that of our first Parents ; or at least but one remove

remove from Leaves. It's rich also in *Pasturage* and *Cattle*, especially in *Lombardy*, where I have seen Cheeses of an excessive greatness, and of a *Parmesan* goodness. The surface also of the Earth is covered with many curious *Simples* and wholesome *Herbs*: Hence so many rare *Essences*, *Cordials*, *Perfumes*, *Sweet Water*, and other *Odoriferous Distillations*, so common here, that Ordinary Barbers and Laundresses will sprinkle them in your Face, and perfume your Linnen with them over and above your bargain. Hence none of the meanest to be seen in *Italy*, are the *Fondaries* or *Stilling-Houses* of the *Great Duke of Florence*, the *Speciary* or *Apothecaries Shops* of the *Dominicans* of *St. Marco*, and of the *Augustins* of *St. Spirito* in *Florence*; of the *Roman College*, and of the *Mimes* of *Trinita de Monte* in *Rome*: where even death it self would find a cure in *Nature*, had not her great Creator otherwise determined, when by the Sin of mankind, he was provoked to pronounce a Curse on *Nature's* self. In fine, it excels in all kind of Provisions either for dyet or sport; and I have seen in *Rome* whole cartloads of Wild Boars and Venison brought in at once to be sold in the Market; and above threescore Hares in *Florence* brought in, in one day, by the two Companies of Hunters, the *Piacevoli* and *Piatelli*, on a general Hunting day.

Yet after all this, some cry out against *Italy*, or being too hot; and paint us out its Air as an unwholesom Pestilential Air; its Sun, as *An Objection against* an angry Comet, whose beams are all pointed *Italy* with Plagues and Fevers, and the Country it self

self, as a place where starving is the only way to live in health, where Men eat by Method and Art; where you must carry your body steadily, or else spill your life; and where there are so many Provincial Sickneses and Diseases; as the *Catarrhs* of *Genoa*, the *Gout* of *Milan*, the *Hemorrhoids* of *Venice*, the *Falling Sicknes* of *Florence*, the *Fevers* of *Rome*, and the *Goistre* of *Piedmont*.

Answer.

Baltazar
Bonifacius
in hist. In-
dicra l. 13.
c. 13.

For my part, when I am told, that there were in *Pliny's* time, fourteen millions of Men in *Italy*: when I read that there are now above three thousand Cities in *Italy*, and most of them Cities of *Garbo*: when I meet with National Diseases in every other Country, as the *Kings-Evil* in *Spain*, the *Pox* in *France*, the *Consumption* in *Portugal*, the *Colick* in *England*, the *Dysentery* in *Gascony*, the *Head-ach* in *Toulouse*, &c. when I reflect how this *Sun* hath blessed *Lombardy*, and made *Campania* Happy: when I call to mind, that it hath filled the Cellars of *Italy* with above Thirty several sorts of Wines: when I remember what Health it hath poured into several Herbs here, what admirable Fruits it furnisheth the Markets withal, what Ornaments it affords to God's Houses, crusting almost all the chief Churches of *Italy* with fair marbles: when I consider, in fine, how this *Sun* hath helpt to make so many brave Soldiers and Scholars, I dare not speak ill of the *Sun* or *Air* of *Italy*, lest *Baltazar* check me, as

Sol & ko-
mo gene-
rant homi-
nem.

Plutarchus
in Gracelo
Baltazar. in
1. vol.
Liter.

Gracchus did him who spoke ill of his Mother, with a *Tu Matri meae maledicus, quæ Tiberium Gracchum genuit?* Darest thou speak ill of that *Sun* which helpt to make *Cæsar*?

If

If this great blessing of God, *this warm Sun*, The Inhabitants and their Wits. which hath so thoroughly baked the *Italian Wits*, that while (according to the observation of *Charles the V.*) the *French* appear not wise, but are wise; the *Spaniards* appear wise, but are not wise; the *Dutch* neither appear wise, nor are wise. Hence the *Italians* anciently afforded us those prodigies of Wit and Learning, and set us those fair Copies in Liberal Arts and Sciences, which all men would follow, but none attain to so much as the *Italians* themselves.

In fine, it cannot be said that any Country in the world did ever produce so many learned Men and Heroes as this: For 'twas here that the renowned Philosophers *Pliny*, *Cato* and *Seneca* flourished, as well as the famous Orators *Cicero*, *Hortensius*, *Portius*, *Latro*, *Gimius*, *Gallio*, *Milins*, *Fuscus*, and *Antonius*; the great Historians *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Valerius Maximus*, *Salust*; the delicate Poets, *Virgil*, *Lucretius*, *Ovid*, *Catullus*, *Tibullus* and *Propertius*: The fam'd Satyrists, *Horace*, *Juvenal* and *Persius*: The noble Comedians *Plautus* and *Terence*; with infinite others. In the last Ages, she blest mankind with those great Divines *Tho. Aquinas*, *Bellarmin* and *Baronius*; and taught us to know the harmony of her Language, by the sweetness of the Oratory of the learned *Pamphilus*, *Manzini*, *Varchi* and *Loredano*: The Historians, that made themselves to be taken notice of as excellent Persons and learned Men, were *Guicciardine*, *Bentivoglio*, *Davila* and *Strada*. *Piscus*, *Mirandula*, *Volateranus* and *Rudolphus* gave Rules of Humanity to her improving and am-

bitious Youth : *Ficinus* and *Cardan* became her Philosophers ; *Tasso*, *Samazarius Marino*, *Petrarch* and *Guarini* were her Poets : And for Architects and Statuaries she boasts *Brunalleschi*, *Palladio*, *Fontana* : *Oliverio* and *Bernini* have been excellent in Sculpture : and, to name no more, *Raphael*, *Michael Angelo*, *Titian* and *Sarto* were her excellent Painters. If it be said, that there is at present a decay of Learning amongst the *Italians*, it cannot be wholly denyed ; but then one may as freely enquire, whether it be not only when they stand at the feet of their Noble Ancestors ; not as they are compared with any other parts of the learned World. However it be as to other things ; for other Languages besides their own, the people of *Italy* are generally great strangers to 'em ; the *Latin* it self not excepted. I might proceed and write a Volume of her noble valiant Heroes, who for long Series of Years upheld the Grandeur of Old *Rome* ; but I must remember that I am a Traveller, no Historian. It will therefore be sufficient for me to say, that she had never been saluted with the Title of Mistress of the World, had she not nursed up in her Bosom such great Men.

Antient &
modern
Captains.

And if the antient *Italians* had their brave Captains, their *Scipio*, *Duilius*, *Marius* and *Cesar*, the Modern *Italians* have their *Scipio* too, to wit, their *Alexander Farnese*, whose true actions makes Hero's in *Romances* blush, having done that really which Fables can scarce feign in Gallantry, their *Duilius* too, their *Andrea Doria* the Neptune of the *Ligurian Seas*, who alone taught his Country not to serve ; their *Marius* also, to wit, their

their brave *Castruccio*, who from a Common Souldier mounted up by deserts to the highest Military Commands in the Emperor's Army. In fine, their *Cesar* too, to wit, the *Marquiss Spinola*, or rather the *Achilles of Italy*, who took that other *Troy*, *Ostend*, after three years siege: this Siege was far more famous than that of *Troy*, because far truer. For in the Siege of *Troy* it was Poetry only that made the War, that framed and filled the *Wooden Horse* with Worthies; that dragged *Hector* round about the Walls; it was Pen and Ink that killed so many Men *sonno vinoque sepultos*; and *Troy* was easily burnt, because it was built of *Poets Paper*. But at *Ostend* all was real, and all *Europe* almost, who had their forces or eyes there, were witnesses of it; and all this done by *Spinola* an *Italian*.

See Verste-
gan in his
Restitution
of decayed
Intelli-
gence

Italy was governed by divers Kings, and became subject to several Republicks; untill at length her cheif City *Rome* became the seat of an universal Empire.

She hath been called *Saturnia* from *Saturn*; *Latium*, *Oenotria*, and *Hesperia*, from three other Princes, who planted several Colonies there: tho it may seem that the *Gracians* had given her this name because of her westerly situation: some affirm, that *K. Italus*, others that *ἰταλοί* (*Oxen* bred here) gave it the name of *Italy*; But these names were us'd for *Italy*, when it was at first Subject to those Kings, the utmost extent of whose Dominion was not more than half of what *Italy* now is. The succeeding Consuls subdued the Neighbouring Nations by degrees: And the *Roman Empire* was not established till the happy Reign of *Augustus*: Its grandeur be-

gan to decline in the Fifth Century, when the *Goths, Lombards, French, Normans, Saracens, Germans*, and many other Nations did in their turns revenge the Injuries that had been done them, and every one in their time settled and seated themselves in *Italy*. But the Emperor *Justinian* expel'd numbers of these Barbarians by the good Conduct and Valour of his brave Captains *Bellisarius* and *Narsus*, and erected an Exarchate in the City of *Revena*. But the *Lombards* again recovered it, and being now its Lords, founded the Kingdom of *Lombardy* A. D. 508, in *Gallia Cisalpina*. This Kingdom stood for about 204 years; but was utterly ruin'd by *Charlemain* 774 who thereupon gave to the See of *Rome* a considerable part of its Territories. The *Moors* did, in the ninth, tenth and eleventh Centuries, make IncurSIONS into *Italy*; and took possession of the *Island* of *Cicily*, but the *Normans* made head against 'em, and drove them out A. D. 1058. Afterwards the *French* and *Spaniard* have by turns obtained the Government: But at present all the Princes that possess land in *Italy* act at their own pleasure, and conformably to their own Interests, depending either on the Pope or the Emperor of *Germany*.

The Italian
Humour.

As for the *Italian Humour*, it is a middling humour, between too much gravity of the *Spaniard*, and too great levity of the *French*. Their gravity is not without some fire, nor their levity without some flegm. They are apish enough in Carneval time, and upon their Stages as long as the Vizard is on; but that once off, they are too wise to play the Fools in their own Names, and own it with their own Faces. They have
strong

strong Fancies, and yet solid Judgments. A happy temper, which makes them great *Preachers, Politicians and Ingeniers*; but withal they are a little too *melancholy and jealous*: They are great Lovers of their Brethren and near Kindred, as the First Friends they are acquainted withal by Nature; and if any of them lie in pass and fair advancement, all the rest of his Relations will lend him their Purfes, as well as their Shoulders, to help him up, though he be but their younger Brother. They are sparing in Diet, whereby they both live in health and live handsomly, making their Bellies contribute to the maintenance of their Backs, and their Kitchin help to the keeping of their Stable. Sobriety is one of their principal moral Virtues, for they neither eat nor drink to excess. It is the greatest affront for a man to be called *Imbriaco* or Drunkard; And notwithstanding all the excellent wines they have in *Italy*, one shall never see any Person drunk there. They are ambitious still of Honors, remembring they are the Successors of the Masters of the World, the Old *Romans*; and to put the World still in mind of it, they take to themselves the glorious Names of *Camillo, Scipione, Julio, Mario, Pompeo, &c.* They are as sensible also of their Honour, as desirous of Honours; and this makes them observe their Wives, even to jealousy, knowing that for one *Cornelius Tacitus*, there have been ten *Publii Cornelii*; and that *Lucius Cornificus* is the most affronting Man. They are hard to be pleased, when they have been once incensed, but they care not to take revenge in the open field.

In fine, they affect very much compounded names as *Piccolomini, Capiluppo, Bentivoglio, Mallespina, Boncompagno, Malvezzi Riccobono, Malatesta, Homodei*, and such like married Names.

Their manners.

See Monsignor Ca-
zzi, Ste-
phano
Guazzo,
Baltazar
Castiglione

As for their *Manners*, they are most commendable. They have taught them in their Books, they practise them in their actions, and they have spread them abroad over all *Europe*, which owes its Civility unto the *Italians* as well as its Religion. They never affront strangers in what Habit soever they appear; and if the strangeness of the Habit draw the *Italians* eye to it, yet he will never draw in his mouth to laugh at it. As for their Apparel or Dress, it's commonly Black and Modest. They follow the *French* in fashion, but not too hastily, except in those places that are of the *Spanish* Faction, or under that Government, for then one shall see them dress as well as walk all *Spanish*.

They value no Bravery but that of *Coach* and *Horses* and *Staffers*; and they sacrifice a world of little Satisfactions to that main one of being able to keep a Coach. Their *Points de Venice, Ribbons* and *Gold Lace*, are all turned into *Horses* and *Liveries*; and that Money which we spend in Treats and Taverns, they spend in Coach and Furniture. They are indeed frugal almost to excess; for it is usual for *Princes* and *Cardinals*, that have received a Present of Sweetmeats, Fowls, &c. to make sale of 'em to the Confectioner or Poulterer, &c. which would here be thought

no less than the effects of a covetous and miserable temper.

They will abuse no one by a Satyrical Drolling or Jestling, or making such severe Reflections that one is not able to bear. It is no easie matter for a Stranger to find access to their company, but, once gain'd, it will be found very sweet, civil, and obliging, so as they may neither offend the Company in which they are, nor any Person, Relation or Friend; so respectful are they one to another, that the greatest familiarity does not make them recede from all strictest Rules of courteous Carriage. They are most extreamly civil to Strangers, avoiding whatsoever might disgust them; they will not take any occasion of resentment from a Stranger, from hence it is that they avoid industriously to ask any one of his Religion; nor will, when know, enter into any Disputes about that Subject that may occasion a Quarrel.

They do not only suffer every one to speak in his turn, but also attend till he has done, counting it a piece of ill breeding for any one to interrupt another in his Discourse: they whisper not in Company, nor talk in another Language, that all the Company does not understand; and Backbiting is with them look'd on as an unpardonable Affront.

They are precise in point of *Ceremony* and *Reception*, and are not puzzled at all when they hear a great man is coming to visit them. There's not a man of them, but he knows how to

Their Ceremonies.

to entertain men of all conditions; that is, how far to meet, how to place them, how to stile and treat them, how to reconduct them, and how far. They are good for *Nunciatures*, *Embassies*, and *State Employments*, being men of good behaviour, looks, temper, and discretion, and never outrunning their business. They are great Lovers of *Musick*, *Medals*, *Statues*, and *Pictures*, as things which either divert their Melancholy, or humor it: and I have read of one *Jacomo Raynero*, a Shoemaker of *Bologna*, who gather'd together so many curious Medals of Gold, Silver and Brass, as would have become the Cabinet of any Prince. In fine, they are extreemly civil to one-another, not only out of an awe they stand in one towards another, not knowing whose turn it may be next to come to the highest Honours, but also out of a Natural Gravity and Civil Education, which makes even *School-boys* (an insolent Nation any where else) most respectful to one another in words and deeds, treating one another with *Vostra Signoria*, and abstaining from all *gioco di mano*. Nay, Masters themselves here never beat their Servants, but remit them to Justice, if the fault require it; and I cannot remember to have heard in *Rome* two Women scold publickly, or Man and Wife quarrel in words, except once, and then they did it so privately and secretly, and scolded in such a low tone, that I perceiv'd the *Italians* had Reason about them, even in the midst of their Choler.

As for their *particular Customs*, they are many. *Their particular Customs.* They marry by their Ears oftner than by their Eyes, and scarce speak with one another till they meet before the Parish Priest, to speak the indissolvable words of *Wedlock*. They make Children to go bareheaded till they be four or five years old, hardning them thus against *Rheums* and *Catarrhs* when they shall be old. Hence few People in *Italy* go so warm on their Heads as they do in *France*, Men in their Houses wearing nothing upon their Heads but a little *Calotte*, and Women for the most part going all bareheaded in the midst of Winter it self. *Women* here also wash their Heads weekly in a wash made for the nonce, and dry them again in the Sun, to make their Hair yellow, a colour much in vogue here among Ladies. And one may add to this, that they paint, than which nothing is more common; and for all sorts of Ornaments and Decorations, they use as much as their Husbands and Friends will permit: There goes a Saying of 'em, That *they are Magpies at the Door, Saints in the Church, Goats in the Garden, Angels in the Streets, Syrens in the Windows, and Devils in the House*. The Men throw off their Hats, Cuffs, and Bands, as well as their Cloaks, at their return home from Visits or Business, and put on a grey Coat, without which they cannot dine or sup; and I have been invited to dinner by an *Italian*, who before dinner made his Men take off our Hats and Cloaks, and present every one of us (and we were five in all) with a colour'd Coat, and a little Cap, to dine in. At dinner they serve in the best Meats first, and eat backwards; that is, they begin

begin with the second course, and end with boyl'd Meat and Pottage. They never present you with Salt, or Brains of any Fowl, lest they may seem to reproach unto you want of Wit. They bring you Drink upon a *Sottocoppa* of Silver, with three or four Glasses upon it, two or three of which are strait-neck'd Glasses, (called there *Caraffa's*) full of several sorts of Wines or Water, and one empty drinking Glass into which you may pour what quantity of Wine and Water you please to drink, and not stand to the discretion of the waiters, as they do in other Countries. At great Feasts no man cuts for himself, but several *Carvers* cut up all the Meat at a Side-table; and give to the Waiters, to be carried to the Guests; and every one hath the very same part of Meat carried unto him, to wit, a *Wing* and a *Leg* of wild Fowl, &c. lest any one take exceptions that others were better used than he. The Carvers never touch the Meat with their Hands, but only with their Knife and Fork, and great silver Spoon for the Sauce. Every man here eats with his Fork and Knife, and never toucheth any thing with his Fingers but his Bread; this keeps the Linen neat, and the Fingers sweet. If you drink to an *Italian*, he thanks you with bending, when you salute him, and lets you drink quietly, without watching (as we do in *England*) to thank you again when you have drank, and the first time he drinks after that, will be to you, in requital of your former Courtesie. They have a strange way of returning Affronts when they happen; they break, if they can, a Bottle of Ink on the person, especially if she is

a Woman, or else over the Door of the House, so that it remain spotted; and this is taken for the greatest mark of Infamy that can remain upon one. It is very troublesome to travel with Fire-arms here, because we are forc'd in most Cities to leave 'em at the Gate with the Guard, till such time as we leave the place: This is done to prevent private Assaults and Murders, which would happen here very often, by reason of their Jealousie, did they not take this course. When we part from one City, we must either take a Bill of Health, or we shall not be admitted into another.

They count not the hours of the day, as we do, from *twelve* to *twelve*, but they begin their count from *Sun-set*, and the first hour after *Sun-set* is *one a-clock*; and so they count on till *four and twenty*, that is, till the next *Sun-set* again. I have often dined at sixteen a-clock, and gone abroad in the Evening, to take the Air, at two and twenty. They call Men much by their Christian Names, *Signor Pietro*, *Signor Francesco*, *Signor Jacomo*, &c. and you may live whole Years with an *Italian*, and be very well acquainted with him, without knowing him, that is, without knowing his distinctive Surname. People of quality never visit one another, but they send first to know when they may do it, without troubling him they intend to visit; by this means they never rush into one anothers Chambers without knocking, as they do in *France*; nor cross the Designs or Business of him they visit, as they do in *England*, with tedious dry Visits; nor find one another either undressed in Clothes, unprovided in Complements

Nomen,
quasi no-
tamen,
St. Aug.

plements and Discourse, or without their Attendants and Train. In the Streets Men and Women of Condition seldom or never go together in the same Coach, except they be strangers, that is, of another Town or Country; nay, Husbands and Wives are seldom seen together in the same Coach, because all men do not know them to be so. In the Streets, when two Persons of great quality meet, as two *Ambassadors*, or two *Cardinals*, they both stop their Coaches, and complement one another civilly, and then retire; but still he that is inferior must let the other's Coach move first. If any man, being a foot in the Street, meet a great man, either in Coach, or a foot, he must not salute him in going on his way, as we do in *England* and *France*, without stopping, but he must stand still whilst the other passeth, and bend respectfully to him as he goes by, and then continue his march. In fine, of all the Nations I have seen, I know none that lives, clothes, eats, drinks and speaks so much with Reason as the *Italians* do.

Their
Riches.

As for their *Riches*, they must needs be great. That which is visible in their magnificent Palaces, Churches, Monasteries, Gardens, Fountains, and rich-furnish'd Rooms, speaks that to be great which is in the Coffers: and that which the King of *Spain* draws visibly from *Naples* every year, shews what the other parts of *Italy* could do for a need, if they were put to it by necessity. Nay, I am of opinion, that the very *Sacristy* of *Loretto*, the *Gallery* of the Duke of *Florence*, and the *Treasury* of *Venice*, would, upon an emergent occasion of a *Gothick*

or

or *Turkish* Invasion, be able to maintain an Army for five years space; and the Plate in Churches and Monasteries would be able to do as much more, if the owners of it were soundly frightened with a new *Gothick* Eruption. As for the *Riches* of particular *Princes* in *Italy*, I will speak of them as I view their States here below.

The Nobles and Gentlemen of *Italy* delight to inhabit their Cities, from whence it is that they are so great, and fine, and well built, so opulent and rich, great Persons chusing more to spend their Estates in building Palaces, and adorning them with Paintings and Statues, spacious Orchards, Gardens, and Walks, and in keeping Coaches, and fine Horses, and great Retinues of Servants, &c. than in keeping great Houses and plentiful Tables. They are such Admirers of Pictures and Statues, that they will give any rate for choice Pieces of either. They love very much a Theatrical Pomp, and are seen very often at publick Shows, &c. and the inferiour Gentry affect to appear in publick with all possible splendor, chusing to deny themselves many satisfactions at home, that they may better keep a Coach, and therein make the *Tour a-la-mode* about the Streets of their Cities, as it is the manner of the Gentry to do, especially in *Venice*. When there are many Brothers of one House, 'tis not usual for more than one to marry; nor any besides the eldest, if he shall please; but if he has no Inclination, then any other, as it can be agreed on among them; and all the rest do what they can to make him great that is married, there-

by to keep up the Port of the Family : But the Brothers that marry not, many of them keep and caress themselves in the wanton Embraces of lewd Courtesans.

There are Hospitals in many of their Cities, where Pilgrims and poor Travellers are entertained, and have Diet and Lodging given them for three days, besides, a piece of Money at their departure ; but we were told by some, that this Charity is very much abused of late, tho', having no occasion to make tryal, I could not find out any means of gaining certain information. There are also some Hospitals to receive Children that are expos'd, where care is taken of 'em : this is said to be done on purpose to prevent Peoples murdering their Children to conceal their Shame.

A Flesh-dinner in *Italy* shall be dress'd till one may shake it to pieces upon a Fork : it is naturally more lean and dry than ours, but by their over-roasting, &c. they leave in it no Juice at all ; and their Fires are made under the Spit, that the Fat may drop on them, and give the Meat a tincture. They scrape Cheese upon all their Dishes, even of Flesh, counting that it gives the Meat a good relish. Frogs serv'd up is a great Dish with them ; they are usually fry'd, and sent up with Oyl ; but at *Venice* they eat only the Loins and hind Legs ; as also at *Florence*, and that on Fish-days. *Snails* boil'd and serv'd up, with Oyl and Pepper put into their Shells, is very common, and in good esteem with them. They eat all manner of small Birds, as *Wrens*, *Titmouse*, &c. and many other great ones, which the *English* never

see feed on, as *Magpies, Jays, Woodpeckers, Jackdaws, &c.* and even in *Rome* 'tis common to see *Kites* and *Hawks* lying on Poulterers Stalls. They have many excellent Fruits, which come to a greater perfection than ours. They esteem very much of *Chestnuts* roasted, and the Kernels serv'd up with Juice of Lemons and Sugar: Roasted *Chestnuts* are a great part of the Diet of the poor *Pesants* in *Italy*. In their second Courses they frequently serve up *Pine kernels*. They often use *Water-melons*; and, at the time of the Year, *green Almonds*. They prize extreamly a kind of Sweetmeat or Confection made of Mustard and Sugar, which they call *Italian Mustard*; they use it to cool and refresh themselves. And for their Wines they use Snow, or Ice, which they keep all Summer; they that are much us'd to this way will not in this Country, even in Winter, drink without Snow.

I could not observe any Vice which the *Italians* had been guilty of so much as these; they are most extravagant in their Revenge, never forgiving any Injury; most secret and treacherous in the Design, making no discovery of the least Displeasure, till they find an Opportunity to assault; and if then prevented by some unexpected Accident, at the same time implacable in their Hatred, resolving to execute their design even in the very moment when they say they will forgive, and at that instant when they promise Pardon; whence it is that they so prophanelly say, That *Vengeance is so sweet a thing, that the Almighty reserves it to himself, because he will have no Mortal partake*.

with him in so great a Good. I took notice of their Lust also, which I observ'd to rage amongst them both naturally and unnaturally. Their extraordinary Jealousie I believe to be an unhappy Effect of the former, by reason of which I took notice that their Women for the most part live miserably. Add to these, that they are great Swearers, Priests and Monks themselves being scarce able to abstain from it.

The Language which they speak is a corrupt Latin, the *Goths*, *Vandals*, *Lombards*, and many other Nations, having mix'd with 'em, and taught 'em their several harsh and unpleasant Jargons; the most polite manner of expression is used chiefly at *Tuscany*; but this Dialect ought to be pronounced by a *Roman*, who sets it off with the most delicate accent, which gave occasion to that Proverb among this People, *Lingua Toscana in Bocca Romana*. Indeed the *Italian* is a very elegant Language, and deserves well to be studied by an ingenious Linguist; it is reckon'd the most harmonious and sonorous of all modern Languages, and the fittest for Songs; it is not spoken in all *Italy*, for, in *Savoy* and *Piedmont* the French Tongue is most used. in fine,

The Religion of this Country is that which we call *Roman Catholick*, or the Religion of the Papists, which they derive from *Papa*, and it signifies *Father*, the Title of the universal Pontif, tho' they do generally assume to themselves the name of *Catholicks*, how notorious soever it be, that there are Churches in the World, and those not a few, that have like Pretensions to be of the Church Catholick, who yet are not
of

of her Communion. Their Religion is professed all over *Italy*, and the Inquisition is in most places so strict, that it is very dangerous to be of any other, for only some few *Jews* are tolerated, on the account of Trade : however, in the Valleys of *Piedmont* there are many *Protestants* that are called *Vandoi's*, in number about Fifteen thousand, which have maintain'd the Purity of their Religion more than Twelve hundred years, tho' they have suffer'd very great Persecutions most part of the time by the Dukes of *Savoy* ; they have lately obtain'd Liberty for the exercise of their Religion, from the present Duke.

Having said thus much of *Italy* in general, I will now come to a particular Description of it, according to the ocular Observations I made of it in five several Voyages through it ; in which description, if I be a little prolix, it is because I rid not post through *Italy* when I saw it ; nor will I write post through it in describing it ; being assur'd that Epitomes in Geography are as dissatisfactory as Laconick Letters would be in State Relations ; and that the great *Atlas*, in nine great volumes in folio, is not only *Atlas major*, but also *Atlas melior*.

*The several Ways by which a Man
may go into Italy.*

THE ordinary ways which an English-man may take in going into *Italy* are five, to wit, either through *Flanders* and *Germany*, and so to fall in at *Trent* or *Treviso*, and so to *Venice*. Or else by *France*, and so to *Marseilles*, and thence to *Genoa* by Sea. Or else by Land from *Lyons*, through *Switzerland*, the *Grisons* Country, and the *Valtoline*, and so pop up at *Brescia*. Or else from *Lyons* again through the *Valesians* Country over *Mount Sampion*, the *Lake major*, and so to *Milan*. Or else, in fine, from *Lyons* still over *Mount Cenic*, and so to *Turin*, the nearest Post-way. I have gone or come all these ways, in my five Voyages into *Italy*, and tho' I prefer the last for speed and conveniency, yet I will describe the others too, that my young Traveller may know how to steer his course, either in time of Plague or War.

My First Voyage into Italy.

MY first Voyage was through *Flanders* and *Germany*, and so to *Trent*. The way is, from *England* to *Dunkirk*; from thence to *Furnes*, *Newport*, *Ostend*, *Bruges*, *Ghent*, *Brussels*, *Lovain*, *Liege*, *Cologne*, *Mayence*, *Francford*, and so crossing to *Munichen*, the Court of the Duke of *Bavaria*, and from thence to *Ausburg*, and *Inspruck*, you come soon to *Trent*, which stands
up-

upon the Confines of *Germany*, and lets you into *Italy*, by *Treviso*, belonging to the *Venetians*. To describe all these foreſaid places, would take me too much time from my deſign of deſcribing *Italy*, and therefore I content my ſelf only to have named them.

My ſecond Voyage.

MY *ſecond Voyage* was by the way of *France*, where I ſtarted from *Paris*, and made towards *Lyons*; in the way I took notice of theſe places.

Yſſone a neat houſe belonging then to *Monſieur Yſſone*. *Eſſolin*. The Houſe is ſo pretty, that I think it worth the Travellers ſeeing, and my deſcribing. It ſtands in the ſhade of a thick grove of Trees, and is wholly built and furniſhed *al-Italiana*. Under the ſide of the Houſe, runs a little Brook, which being received into a Baſon of Free-ſtone, juſt as long as the Houſe, and made like a Ship, (that is, ſharp at both ends and wide in the middle) it is cloven, and divided into two by the ſharp end of this Ship, and conveyed in cloſe Channels of Free-ſtone, on both ſides of the Ship or Baſon, into which it empties it ſelf by ſeveral Tunnels, or Pipes: ſo that all this Water ſpouting into the open Ship on both ſides, by four and twenty Tunnels, makes under the Windows of the Houſe, ſuch a perpetual purling of Water, (like many Fountains) that the gentle noiſe is able to make the moſt jealous Man ſleep profoundly. At the other end of the Houſe, this Water iſſueth out of the other end of the ſaid Ship, and

is courteously entreated by several hidden pipes of Lead, to walk into the House, instead of running by so fast : which it doth, and is presently led into the Cellars, and Buttery ; and not only into these, but also into the Kitchen, Stables, Chambers, and Bathing Room, all which it furnisheth with Water either for Necessity or Pleasure. Then being led into the curious Garden, it's met there by a world of little open Channels of Free-stone, built like Knots of Flowers ; all which it fills brimful, and makes even Flowers of Water. Then running up and down here and there among the fragrant Delights of this Garden, as if it had forgotten its Errant to the Sea, it seems to be so taken with those sweet Beds of Flowers, and so desirous of resting upon them, after so many miles running, that it offers to turn it self into any posture, rather than be turned out of this sweet place.

Fountain-bleau.

From Yffore I came to *Fountain-bleau*, where I saw that Kingly House, the *Nonfuch of France*. It stands in the midst of a great *Forest* full of Royal Game, and a place of Delight of *Henry the Fourth*. The House is capable of lodging four Kings with several Courts. The Court of *Cheval Blanc* is a noble square of Buildings : but the lowness of the Buildings and Lodgings shews, they are for the lower sort of People, and the *Servants-Lodgings* to the Royal Apartments.

The Court of the Cheval Blanc.

The Oval Court.

The Gallery of Staggs Heads.

The *Oval Court* is a good old Building. The Kings and Queens Lodgings with their *Cabinets* groan under their rich gilt Roofs. The *Gallery of Staggs Heads* is a stately Room, than which nothing can be more Cavalierly furnished ;
except

except such another Gallery hung with Turkish Standards won in War. The other long Galleries of Romances and Fables, painted by Simon Vouet and others, are much esteemed: the only pity is that such true painting should not have been employed upon true Histories.

The Salle of the Conference is a stately Room, where the Bishop of Evreux (afterwards called the Cardinal du Perron) in presence of King Henry the Fourth, the Chancellor, five Judges of both Religions, and the whole Room full of learned Men, disputed with Monsieur Plessis Moray, the Achilles of those of Charenton. The Hall of Maskes, and the Lodgings of Madam Gabrielle with her Picture over the Chimney like a Diana Hunting, are fine Rooms: yet the fair Picture cannot hinder Men from blaming her foul Life; nor from censuring that Solæcism of the Painter, who made Chaste Diana look like Madam Gabrielle. There are also here two Chapels, the old and the new. The old one is a poor thing; and seems to have been built for Hunters: but the new one is both neat and stately, and built upon this occasion, as a Bishop in France told me. A Spanish Ambassador residing in Paris in Henry the IV. his time; went one day from Paris to Fountain-bleau, to this French Escorial. Arriving, he lighted after his Country fashion, at the Chappel Door (the old Chappel) and entering in, to thank God for his safe arrival, he wondred to see so poor and dark a Chapel, and asking with indignation, whether this were the Casa di Dios, the House of God? he turned presently away with scorn, saying, *No quiero ver mas*; I care for

The Galleries of Romances.

The Salle of the Conference. See the publick Acts of this Conference printed Anno 1601.

Madame Gabrielle's Picture.

The Chapels.

see.

seeing no more : not staying to see that place, where the King had so fine a House, and God so poor a *Chapel*. This being told the last King *Lewis* the XIII. he commanded forthwith the new *Chapel* to be built in that sumptuous posture we now see it.

Going out of the House, you find a handsome *Mail*, and rare *Ponds* of Water, which even baptize this place with the name of *Fountain-bleau*. In these *Ponds*, as also in the Moat about the House, are kept excellent *Carps*; some whereof were said to be an hundred years old; which, though we were not bound to believe, might make Men believe that there are *gray scales*, as well as *gray hairs*; and decayed Fishes, as well as decrepit Men: especially when *Columella* speaks of a Fish of his acquaintance, in *Casars* Fish-ponds near *Pausilippus*, which had lived threescore years; and *Gesnerus* relates, that in a Fish-Pond near *Haylprum* in *Srabië*, a Fish was caught *Anno* 1497, with a Brass Ring at his Gills, in which were engraven these words: *I am the first Fish which Frederick the second, Governour of the world, put into this Pond the 5 of October 1203.* By which it appears, that this Fish had lived two hundred and sixty odd years. But to return again to our *Carps* of *Fountain-bleau*. It's an ordinary divertisement here, to throw a half-penny loaf into the Moat among the *Carps*, and to see how some will mumble and jumble it to and fro; how others will puff and snuff, how such hot Passions should be found in cold Water: but every thing that lives, will fight for that whereby it lives, its *Victuals*.

Ha-

Having seen *Fountain-bleau*, I saw one extraordinary thing in the rest of the way to Lyons, it was an old *Inscription* in Letters of Gold, upon a Wooden Fabrick, a mile before I came to *Montargis*, importing, that the *English* being encamped here, had been forced to raise their Siege before *Montargis*, by reason of great Rain and sudden Inundations. Some of the French Historians will have it, that it was the *Count de Dunois*, that forced the English to raise the Siege here: but I had rather believe publick *Inscriptions*, than private flattery: and it was more honourable for the *English* to be overcome by God than by Men.

From hence I passed through *Montargis*, a neat pleasant Town; in the great Hall of whose Castle is painted the History of the Dog that fought a *Duel* with the Murderer of his Master; and it is not strange that the Dog that had put on Humanity, overcame him that had put it off, to espouse the devouring humour of a Dog. This is the chief Town of the *Gastinois*.

From hence I went to *Briare*, where I saw the cut Channel that joyns *Loire* and *Sene* together in Traffick, whose Beds otherwise stand wide from one another in situation.

From thence to *Cosne la Charite Pongues* famous for wholesome stinking waters: *Neures* famous for Glass Houses; *Moulins* famous for Knives and Scissors; *La Palisse*, where they make excellent Winter-Boots; *Roanne*, where *Loire*, begins to be navigable, and so over *Terrara Hills* to *Lyons*.

Lyons is one of the greatest and richest Towns in France. It stands upon the Rivers *Saone* and *Rhosne*, (*Araris* and *Rhodanus*) and in-

An old In-
scription
concerning
English
Men.

Montargis.

Briare
The Con-
junction of
Loire and
Sene.

A noble
Chapter.

intercepting all the Merchandise of *Burgundy*, *Germany* and *Italy*: here you have handsome people, noble houses, great jollity, frequent balls, and much bravery; all marks of a good Town: and could it but intercept either the Parliament of *Aix* or *Grenoble*, it would be as noble as its name, or as its Cathedral Chapter, whose Dean and Prebends are all Counts, and noble of four descents. They got the Title of Counts thus: A great contest arising between the Chapter of St. John's Church, and the Count de Forreſts, called *Guigo*, for some rights over the Town of *Lyons*, which they both Pretended to; at last Anno 1166, they came to an agreement, upon this condition, that the Count should leave to the Chapter his Country of *Forreſts*; which he did; and so ever since the Dean and Prebends have been called Counts of St. John.

The chief things to be seen in *Lyons* are these.

S. John's
Church.

1. The great Church, or Cathedral called *John's Church*. It's the Seat of an Archbishop, who is Primate of *Gaul*. St. *Irenæus* was a great Ornament of this Church, as was also *Eucherius*. Upon Solemn Days the Canons officiate in *Miters* like Bishops. They sing here all the Office by Heart, and without Book, as also without Prick-Song Musick, Organs, or other Instruments, using only the antient plain song. The High-Altar is like those of *Italy*, that is open on all sides, with a Crucifix and two little Candlesticks upon it. I never saw any hangings in this Church, not upon the greatest days, but venera-

venerable old Walls. The Clock here is much cryed up for a rare piece.

2. The stately new *Town-house*, of pure white Free-stone, able to match that of *Am-ster-dam*; and indeed they seemed to me to be *Twins*, for I saw them both in the same year as they were in building. The curious Stair-Case, and *Hall* above, are the things most worthy taking notice of, the one for its contrivance; the other for its painting.

3. The Jesuits College and fair Library.

4. The *Carthusians* Monastery upon a high Hill. *Other Re-rities.*

5. The *Minimes* Sackristy well painted.

6. The rest of the old Aqueduct upon the Hill.

7. The *Mail*, and the sweet place of *Belle Cour*.

8. The Heart of *St. Francis de Sales* in the in the Church of the Visitation in *Belle Cour*.

9. The *Charite*, where all the poor, who are kept at work with admirable Oeconomy: It looks like a little Town, having in it nine Courts, all built up with lodgings for the poor, who are about fifteen hundred, and divided into several Classes, with their several Refectories and Chapels.

10. The Head of *St. Bonaventure* in the *Cor-deliers* Church.

11. The Castle of *Pierre Ancise*, built upon a Rock.

12. *Nostre Dame de Fourier* standing upon a high Hill, from whence you have a perfect view of *Lyons*.

13. Last-

13. Lastly, the rare Cabinet of *Monsieur Ser-
vier*, a most ingenious Gentleman; where I saw
most rare experiments in *Mathematicks* and *Me-
chanicks*, all made by his own hand; as the Sym-
pathetical Balls, one springing up at the ap-
proach of the other, held up a pretty distance
off: the demonstration of a quick way how to
pass any Army over a River with one Boat, and
a Wooden Bridge easily to be folded up upon
one Cart: the *Mouſe-dial*, where a little thing,
like a Mouſe, by her insensible motion, marks
the hours of the day. The *Lizard-dial* is much
like the former, only the *Mouſe* moves upon
a plain Frame of Wood which hath the hours
marked on it; and the *Lizard* creeps upward
from hour to hour. The *Night dial*, shewing
by a lighted Lamp set behind it, the hours of
the night, which are painted in colours upon
oyled Paper, and turn about as the time goes.
The *Tortoise-dial*, where a piece of Cork cut
like a Tortoise, being put into a Pewter-dish
of Water, which hath the twelve hours of the
day marked upon its brims, goeth up and
down the Water awhile, seeking out the hour
of the day that is then, and there fixing it self
without stirring. The Rare Engine, teaching
how to throw *Granado's* into besieged Towns,
and into any precise place without failing.
The way how to set up a Watch-Tower with
a Man in it, to look into a Town from without,
and see how they are drawn up within the
Town: A way how to change Dining-Rooms
three or four times with their Tables, the Seats
and Guests being by the turning of a wheel
transported sitting, out of one Room into ano-
ther:

ther, and so into three or four more Rooms variously hung, with Tables cover'd. The *Desk-Dial*, which throws up a little Ball of Ivory without rest, and thereby marketh the hour of the day, and sheweth what a clock it is; the Dial of the *Planets*, representing the Days of the Week by several Figures of the Planets in Ivory; the *Oval Dial*, in which the Needle that marks the Hours shrinketh in, or stretcheth out it self, according as the Oval goes; the Dial shewing to every one that toucheth it his *predominant Passion*; with a world of other rare Curiosities, all made by this ingenious Gentleman.

Leaving *Lyons*, I embark'd in a *Cabanne*, or little cover'd Boat, and descending the rapid *Rhofne*, I came post by Water to *Vienne*, where *Pontius Pilate*, banish'd hither, threw himself off a high Tower, and kill'd himself. The Cathedral of this Town is a fair Church, dedicated to God, in the honour of *St. Maurice*; there are neither Pictures nor Hangings in this Church.

From hence I went to *Tournon*, where I saw *Tournon*. a good Library in the College.

Thence to *Valence* in *Dauphine*, where Law *Valence*. is taught.

From whence I came to *Pont Saint Esprit*, *Pont S.* famous for its long Bridge of thirty three *Ar-Esprit*. ches, and for the Bones of a Gyant, which are conserved in the *Dominicans* Convent here; and from hence to *Avignon*.

Avignon is the head Town of a little Country call'd vulgarly the *Contad le Contad d'Avignon*. *Avignon*. It belongs to the Pope, having been purchas'd by

by one of his Predecessors anciently of *Jane* Queen of *Naples*, and Countess of *Avignon*; and it served for a safe retreat to divers Popes consecutively, during the Troubles of *Italy*, which lasted above seventy years. At last *Italy*, and the Pope's Territories there, being clear'd by the admirable Courage and Conduct of brave Cardinal *Albornozzo*, who conquered again all the Pope's Estate, the Pope *Gregory* the XI. returned home again to *Rome*. Of the fore-said Cardinal *Albornozzo* I cannot omit to tell one thing; That after his great Services render'd to the Pope, being envied by some of the Court, who had perswaded his Holiness to call him to an Account for the great Summs of Money he had spent in reducing again the whole State of the Pope unto its Obedience; he brought the next morning a Cart laden with *Chains*, *Bolts*, *Locks* and *Keys*, belonging once to those Towns which he had retaken for the Pope, and placed it under the Pope's Window; then going up, one desiring his Holiness to draw to a Window, to see his Accounts the better, he open'd the Window, and shew'd him below, the Cart laden with *Chains*, *Bolts*, *Locks* and *Keys*, saying, *Holy Father, I spent all your Money in making you Master again of those Towns whose Keys, Locks, Bolts and Chains you see in that Cart below.* At which the Pope admiring, desired no more Account of him, who proved his Honesty by whole Cart-loads of Services. Ever since that time, *Avignon* hath belong'd to the Pope, and he governeth it by a *Vice-Legate* immediately, the Pope's Nephew, *pro tempore*, being always *Legate* of this Town.

The

The things I saw here were these: 1. The *Cathedral Church*, with divers Tombs of Popes ^{The Rari-} in it that died here. 2. The Church of *S. Didier*, with the Tomb of *Petrus Damianus*, who follow'd the Pope hither: He was famous for his learned Works, and his known Sanctity. 3. The Church of the *Celestins*, with the Tomb and neat Chapel of *Cardinal Peter of Luxemburg*, a young Man of a great Family, and of a greater Sanctity. 4. The *Carthusians* Monastery in the Bourg of *Villeneuve*, where you shall see much good painting. 5. The *Dominicans* fair Convent, with the Chapel and true Picture of *St. Vincentius Ferrerius*, a holy Man of this Order. 6. The *Cordeliers* Church, famous for its wideness, and yet not supported by any Pillars: Here lies buried *Madam Laura*, render'd so famous by *Petrarch's* Verses; not that she was a dishonest Woman, but only chosen by him to be the Poetical Mistress of his Sonnets. 7. The Church of the Fathers of the *Christian Doctrine*, with the Body, yet entire, of the Founder of their Order, *P. Cesar de Bus*, a Man of such singular Sanctity, that *Cardinal Richlieu*, banish'd hither, whilst he was only Bishop of *Lyon*, offer'd and vow'd a Silver Lamp to God at the Tomb of this holy *Beato*. 8. The fine Free-stone Walls of this Town, the admirable Bridge, many handsome Palaces, and curious Gardens. 9. The Trading of this Town, which consists much in Silk-stuffs, perfumed Gloves, Ribbons, and fine Paper. 10. The Inhabitants here, who love to go well adjusted and appear in fine Clothes.

Aix.

From *Avignon* I went by Land to *Aix* in *Provence*, an University, a *Parliament Town*, and one of the neatest Towns in *France*: of the Parliament of this Town Monsieur *du Vair* was the first President, and a singular Ornament, by reason of his famous Eloquence. This Town is the Seat of an Archbishop, and is now possessed by Cardinal *Grimaldi*, who is Archbishop here. From hence I went to *Marseilles*.

Marseilles.

Marseilles is a very ancient Town, built 633 years before our Saviour's time, and so famous anciently for learning, that it was compared with *Athens*. It stands upon the *Mediterranean Sea*, and hath a most neat Haven and Harbour for Ships and Gallies. I stay'd here eight days to wait upon the return of two Gallies of *Genoa*, that had brought an Embassadour from thence into *France*, and were to return within a few days. In this time I had leisure to make a little excursive Voyage to the famous place of Devotion called *La Sainte Beaume*, where *S. Mary Mag'dalen* lived a most penitential life in these Mountains and Desarts, even after she had been assured of her Pardon by our Saviour himself: the place it self is able to make any Man that considereth it well melt into some Pennance too, and sigh, at least, to see how much she (a Woman) did, and how little he (a Man) doth; for *excellentissima animadvertenti, ne mediocria quidem prestare, rubori oportet esse*, saith a great Author. In *Marseilles* it self there remain some prints of her begun Pennance; but she that had been a Sinner in the City (and perchance by that occasion only) thought the *Desart* a safer place, and so shew'd her Conversion

La Sainte
Beaume.See Baro-
nius ad An.35.
Gordon's
Chronolog.
Gerard of
Nazareth,
in a Trea-
tise ex pro-
fesso.Val. Max.
Mulier p
catix in
civitate.

sion to be true, by flying the occasions of her former Sins.

If you ask me how *Mary Magdalen* came hither, I must ask you how *Joseph of Arimathea* came into *England*; and learned *Baronius* will answer us both, by telling us, that upon a Persecution raised against the *Christians* in *Hierusalem*, *Mary Magdalen*, her Sister *Martha*, her Brother *Lazarus*, with *Joseph of Arimathea*, and divers others of the first *Christians*, were exposed to Sea in a Ship without Sails, without Rudder, without Anchor, without Pilot, and yet the Ship came happily to *Marseilles*, where *Lazarus* preaching the Faith of *Christ*, was made the first Bishop of this Town, and *Joseph of Arimathea* came into *England*.

See Baron.
An. 35.
Genebrad
Gautier.
Chassanus,
and Mons.
du Vair.

Near to *Sainte Beaume* stands the Town of *S. Maximin*, famous for the Church of *S. Maximin*, govern'd by *Dominican* Friars. In this Church are to be seen many famous Relicks of *S. Mary Magdalen*, as her Head in a Crystal Case enchased in Gold; her Body in a gilt Chasse, and divers other rich things.

Having seen *Marseilles*, I embarked in the foresaid Gallies, and was nine days in them before I arrived at *Genoa*, having seen in the way *Toulon*, *Nice*, *Antibo*, *Monaco*, *Savona*, which brought us to *Genoa*.

Thus I passed, though tediously yet securely, from *France* into *Italy* by Sea; and I could almost wish my Traveller to take the same course if he were sure to find two Gallies so well manned, as I did, to carry him thither; otherwise to venture himself (as Men ordinarily with extraordinary danger do) in a little Feluca,

a Boat little bigger than a pair of Oars, is a thing I would wish none to do but *Pyrrhonians*, and *Indifferents*, who think danger and security to be the same thing. For my part, though I dare not say with that cowardly *Italian*, who being laughed at for his running away in a *Battel*, answer'd, *I was not afraid, but only had a mind to try how long a Man's Skin well kept would last*: Yet I dare say with generous *Cato*, that I repent me soundly, if ever I went by Water when I could have gone by Land.

My Third Voyage.

MY third Voyage into *Italy* was again by the way of *Paris* and *Lyons*, but now by *Geneva* and *Switzerland*.

Parting then from *Lyons*, I passed over the *Grand Credo*, a smart Hill, through *Nantua* standing upon a Lake, and in two days came to *Geneva*.

Geneva.

Geneva is built at the bottom of *Savoy*, *France* and *Germany*.

The Rarities.

The things which I saw in *Geneva* were these:
 1. The great Church of *S. Peter*, the Cathedral anciently of the Bishop of this Town. In the Quire I saw yet remaining the Pictures of the twelve *Prophets* on one side, and the Pictures of the twelve *Apostles* on the other side, all engraven in Wood; the Pictures also of the Blessed Virgin *Mary*, and *S. Peter*, in one of the Windows. Here also I saw the Tomb of the Duke of *Bouillon*, General of the Army of *Germans*, called then in *France* the *Reiters*, who in the *Battel* of *Aulnean* were beaten by the Duke of *Guise*,

Guise, and forced to fly to *Geneva*, having lost 1800 of their Men upon the place, most of them with Charms about their Necks, which they thought would have made them shot-free. Mounting up to the Steeple, I saw a fair Bell with a *Crucifix* cast upon it, and four good pieces of Ordnance, that none may say, the Church of *Geneva* wants Ecclesiastical Cannons. And a little below, in the *Belfrey*, there live in several Chambers three or four Families. From the top of this Church you have a fair prospect upon the Lake and neighbouring Countries; which makes them brag here, that they can see from their Steeple into six several Principalities, to wit, their own, *France*, *Savoy*, *Switzerland*, the *Valesians*, and the *Franchecounty*: but I told them, it would be a greater Brag to say, that they could see into no other Country or Dominion but their own.

2. I saw the *Arsenal*, little, but well stored with defensive Arms. They never forget to shew the Ladders of the *Savoyards*, who attempted to surprize this Town by scaling, but were themselves taken and beheaded *a la chaude*, lest some Prince should have interceded for them.

3. The *Town-house*, with the Chamber where the Magistrates sit in Counsel.

4. They shew'd me here a *Library*, but none of the best.

The Government of this Town was anciently Monarchical, and the Bishop was Prince of it under the Duke of *Savoy*; but it is govern'd by Laymen and Ministers of *Calvin's* way; yet the Bishop keeps his Title still, and the Chapter its Revenues and Lands, which

lie in *Savoy*, out of the Jurisdiction of *Geneva*: Both the Bishop and Chapter have, as I was told, their Residence at *Amsy* in *Savoy*, and officiate in the Church of the *Cordeliers*. *S. Francis de Sales*, who made Four thousand Sermons to the People, was Bishop of this See.

Having thus seen *Geneva*, I made towards *The Lake of Swisserland*, leaving the Lake on my right hand, *Geneva.* or rather taking it on my right hand, for it would needs accompany me to *Lausanna*.

This Lake is absolutely the fairest I have seen; it's fairer than either the Lake *major*, the Lake of *Como*, the Lake of *Zuric*, the Lake of *Wallinstade*, the Lake of *Isee*, the Lake of *Murat*, or the Lake of *Garda*. In some places this Lake of *Geneva* is eight miles broad, and well nigh fifty miles long. I have read of a stranger who travelling that way alone in Winter, when the Lake was all frozen over, and covered with Snow, took the Lake for a large Plain, and rid upon it eight or ten miles, to the Town, where lighting at his Inn, and commending the fine Plain, over which he had ridden, was given to understand, that he had ridden, if not in the Air, at least fifteen fathom above ground; at which the poor man, reflecting upon the danger he had been in, fell down dead with the conceit of it. Thus we are troubled not only at evils to come, but at evils past, and are never so near the danger of death, as when we are newly past it. No Animal, but Man, hath this Folly.

Lausanna. *Lausanna* is a Town in *Swisserland*, belonging to the Canton of *Berne*. Here I saw an ancient Church of a noble Structure; and once a Bishop's

shops Cathedral, but now possessed by Ministers of *Calvin's* Communion; and the man that shewed us the Church (tho' not a *Papist*) told us, That the *Records* of that Church bore, that Mass had been said in it thirteen hundred years ago.

From *Lausanna* I went towards *Soleur*, skirt-^{Swiss}ing through the Cantons, sometimes of *Berne*,^{land.} sometimes of *Friburg*, and sometimes in one days Journey I passed into a *Papal Canton*, and by and by into a *Protestant Canton* again, for here *Papist* and *Protestant* Villages are mingl'd together, and make the Country look like the back-side of a pair of Tables, chequer'd with white and black. In one Village you have a Cross set up, to signify that it is *Papal*, belonging to the Canton of *Friburg*; by and by, in another Village, a high Flag with the picture of a Bear in it, to signify that it belongs to the Canton of *Berne*, and is *Protestant*; and yet they live civilly and neighbourly together, without quarreling about Religion.

Passing thus along, I came to *Soleur*, (*Solotur-*^{*Soleur.*}
num in Latin) a neat Town, and head of a Canton: they are all *Papists* here; and here it is that the *French Embassadors* to the *Swissers* alwaies reside, as the *Spanish Embassadors* do at *Lucerna*. This Town is very ancient, as the golden Letters upon the Clock testify, for those words make *Soleur* to be only younger than her Sister *Trevers*, which, as *Aeneas Syl-*^{*Petrus Re-*}
vinus writes, was built 1300 years before *Rome*.^{*mualdus in*}
As for *Soleur*, I find in good Chronologers that it was built 2030 years after the Creation of the World.^{*Cronolog.*}
^{*Tresor. 10.*}
^{*1. pag. 83.*}
^{*in fol.*}

Murat.

From *Soleur* I went to *Murat*, a little Town famous for a great Battle fought hard by it, by the Duke of *Burgundy* and the *Swissers*; for the Duke of *Burgundy* besieging *Murat*, the *Swissers* came upon him with a great Army, and defeated him. I was told here, that the Duke seeing his Army defeated, and himself environ'd on one side by a Lake that is here, and on the other side by the Enemies conquering Army, chose rather to trust himself to the Lake than to his Enemies; whereupon spurring his Horse into the Lake, one of his Pages, to save himself also, leaped up behind him as he took Water; the Duke out of fear either perceived him not at first, or dissembled it till he came to the other side of the Lake, which is two miles broad: the stout Horse tugged through with them both, and saved them both from drowning, but not both from death; for the Duke seeing in what danger his Page had put him, stabbed the Page with his Dagger. Poor Prince! thou might'st have given another Offering of Thanksgiving to God for thy escape than this; nay, thou might'st have been as civil as thy Horse; thou might'st at least have sav'd thy Honour, hadst thou sav'd a wretched Page, who had offended rather out of fear of Death than out of Malice; and thereby too have truly said, thou hadst not lost all thy Men in that Battel: but Passion is a blind thing; nothing is so dangerous to Man as Man; and as I observed above, we are never in greater danger than when we think our selves escap'd. The Bones of the *Burgundians* slain in this Battel are seen in a great Chapel, which stands a little

The Lake
of Murat.

little distant from the Town, and upon the Road, with an Inscription upon it touching the time and circumstances of this Defeat.

From *Murat* I made towards *Zuric*, a head Town also of a Canton. It stands most sweetly upon a Lake, whose CrySTALLINE Waters would delight any body else but *Swissers*. They are all here Followers of *Zwinglius*, and they tell us, when *Mareschal d'Estree*, the *French Ambassador* to *Rome*, passed that way, and lodged at the great Inn of the *Sword*, as he was combing his Head one morning in his Combing-cloth, with his Chamber-window open, some of the Townsmen, who saw him (from another opposite Window) putting on that Combing-cloth, and thinking it had been a Priest putting on the Amice, and vesting himself for to say Mass before the *Embassador* in his Chamber, began with a Dutch clamour to stir up the People to a Mutiny about the *Embassador's* House, and to call for the Priest that was saying of Mass: the *Embassador* at first, not understanding the cause of this Uproar about his House, ran down with Sword in hand, and in his Combing-cloth, to check the first Man that should dare to enter his Lodgings; but understanding at last that his Combing-cloth had caused this Jealousie, he laughed at their Folly, and retired away contented.

The best things to be seen in *Zuric* are these:

1. The neat *Arsenal*, furnish'd with store of fair Cannons and Arms of all sorts.
2. The great *Library*, but in this much less esteem'd by me, because a *Woman* had the Key
of

of it, and let us in to see it. This piece of false Latin at the entrance disgusted me with all that I saw there, and made me hasten out quickly: Good Libraries should not fall *en quenouille*.

3. The Wheels which draw up Water from the Lake of themselves, and empty it into several Pipes, and so convey it all over the Town.

4. The publick great *Drinking Hall*, where there are a world of little tables for Men of several Corporations or Trades to meet at, and either talk there of their Business, or make drinking their Business. Over every Table hangs the sign of each Trade; as, a *Last* for Shoemakers, a *Saddle* for Sadlers, a *Sword* for Cutlers, &c. there is a great Bell that rings to this meeting-place every day at two a clock, and when I heard so solemn a ringing, I thought it had been to some *Church-devotion*, not to a drinking Assembly.

A long
Bridge.

From *Zuric* I went by Water, that is upon the Lake, a whole days Journey, and passed under a Bridge of Wood which crossed quite over the Lake for two miles. It's entertained at the cost of the King of *Spain*, to pass the Souldiers which he often raiseth in the adjacent Countries.

Coire.

From hence I went to *Coire*, or *Cear*, the head Town of the *Grisons*; the Bishop and the Clergy of the great Church, with some few other living within the Precincts of the Cloyster of the great Church, are *Papists*, and perform their Devotions in the Church without controul; the rest of the Inhabitants are

Zwin-

Zwinglians do possess the Town, yet they suffer the *Pope* and his Clergy to live quietly in the midst of them. They shewed me here in this Church divers fine Relicks, especially the Head (enchased in Silver) of our ancient *British King Lucius*, the first Christian King S. Lucius the first Christian King. that ever made profession of Christian Religion, and the first who help'd to plant it here. The ancient *Church-Office* here relates all this, as their Books shewed me.

From the *Grisons* I went to the Country of The Valtaline. the *Valtaline*, a Country subject to the *Grisons*, and keeping its Fidelity to them, even when it would not have wanted assistance from *Spain* and *Italy*, if it would have been false to its Superiours the *Grisons*, under the colour of Religion; those of the *Valtaline* being all *Papists*, and their Sovereigns the *Grisons*, *Calvinists*. In a little Town of the *Grisons* (called *Herberga*) I was shew'd a Cheese (and given to tast of it too) by mine Host, the Mayor of the Town, a *Calvinist* in Religion, and a venerable old man, who assured me seriously, that that Cheese was an hundred years old: a Venerable Cheese indeed.

Between these two Countries of the *Grisons* and the *Valtaline* stands the great Hill *Berlino*, Mount Berlino. over which I passed, and fell from thence upon *Posciavo*, a little Bourg, and so to our Ladies of *Tirano*, a neat Church, with a fair Inn hard by it.

Others, to avoid the Snow of *Berlino*, are forced now and then (as I was once) to pass over the Mountain *Splug*, which is Hill enough Le Splug. for any Traveller.

From

Mount
Aurigo.
The Lakes
of Wallin-
stade, and
Isee.

From our Ladies of *Tirano* I went up a smart Hill called *Mount Aurigo*, and so making towards the Lake of *Wallinstade*, I passed it over in a Boat, as I did also soon after that of *Isee*, and so fell into the Territories of *Brescia* in *Italy*, belonging to the State of *Venice*.

My fourth Voyage.

MY fourth Voyage into *Italy* was from *Lyons* again and *Geneva*, where I now took the Lake on my left hand, and passing along the skirts of *Savoy*, I came to *Boveretta*, a little Village, and so to *St. Maurice*, the first Town in the *Valesians* Country. This Town is so called from *St. Maurice*, the brave Commander of the *Theban* Legion, in the primitive times, and who was martyr'd here for the profession of Christian Religion, together with his whole Legion. Hence an Abbey was built here by *Sigismund* King of *Burgundy*, and called *St. Maurice*.

The Vale-
sians.

Now this Country is called the Country of the *Valesians*, from the perpetual Valley in which it lieth. The People have for their Prince the Bishop of *Sion*, the chief Town of the Country: their Valley is above four days Journey long, besides their Hills, which are two more: Most of their little Towns and Villages stand upon Hill-sides, leaving all the plain Country for tillage and pasturage: their Houses are low and dark, many of them having no Windows, and the rest very little ones. *Sed casa pag-naces Curios angusta tegebatur.* As for the People here, they are all *Papists*, and seem to be honest Men,

Men, of stout courage, and of innocent lives, much Snow quenching their Lust, and high Mountains staying off from them all Luxury and Vice: they have short Hair on their Heads, but Beards in *folio*: they are got so far into the *grande mode*, as to wear Breeches and Doublets, but that's all, for otherwise their Clothes look as if they had been made by the *Taylors* of the old *Patriarchs*, or as if the Fashion of them had been taken out of old Hangings and Tapestry. In fine, both Men and Women here are great and massive, and not easily to be blown away; so that I may justly say of this People as Cardinal *Bentivoglio* said of the *Swissers*, that *They are good for the Alpes, and the Alpes for them*. One thing I observed particularly in this windy Country, which is, that they have many natural Fools here, which makes me think it no vulgar Error which is commonly said, that *the Climates that are most agitated with Winds produce more Fools than other Climates do*.

As for their Strength, upon a defensive occasion, they can assemble Forty thousand Men together under their known Commanders, who are oftentimes the Innkeepers, in whose Houses we lodge; but out of their own Pit they are not to be feared, having neither Spirits nor Sins, that is, neither Ambition nor Money to carry on a foreign War. Their Strength.

From *S. Maurice* I went to *Martigni*, a great Inn in a poor Village, and from thence to *Sion*. Martigni.

Sion (anciently *Sedunum*) is the chief Town of the Country, and stands in the center of it. Here the Bishop, who is Prince, resideth with his Sion.

*The best
Guards of
a Prince.*

*Plus tuta-
tur amor.*

Lucia.

Briga.

*Mount
Sampion.*

his Chapter and Cathedral on one Hill, and his Castle stands on another Hill hard by. The Court of this Prince is not great, because of his and his Peoples quality. A good Bishop hath something else to do than to be courted, and good plain People must follow their *Trades*, not *Courts*. This Prince hath no Guards, because no Fears; and if Dangers should threaten him, his People, whose Love is his only Arsenal, have hands enough to defend him. So that the Prince and People, that is, the Body Politick of this State, and the Soul that animates it, seem'd to me like the Body natural in Man, where the Soul and the Body conspire together for their mutual Felicity.

From *Sion* I went to *Lucia*, but lodged a quarter of a mile from the Town, and from thence I reached *Briga* at night.

Briga is a little Village, standing at the foot of great Hills; where having rested well all night at the Colonel's House (the best *Inn* here) we began the next morning to climb the Hills for a Breakfast. For the space of three hours our Horses eased us, the ascent not being so furly as we expected from so rugged a brow of Hills; but when we came to the steep of the Hill it self, *Mount Sampion*, (one of the great Stair-cases of *Italy*) we were forced to complement our Horses, and go a foot. It was towards the very beginning of *October* when we passed that way, and therefore found that Hill in a good humour, otherwise it's froward enough. Having in one hours time crawl'd up the steep of the Hill, we had two hours more riding to the Village and Inn of *Sampion*, where

arriving, we found little Meat, and poor Drink; cold Entertainment, tho' in a hot Season.

At last, having paid for a Dinner here, tho' we saw nothing we could eat, we were the lighter in Purse, as well as in Body, to walk well that afternoon, rather than that after-dinner. To describe you the rough way we had between *Sampion* and *Devedra*, down Hill always, or fetching about Hills upon a narrow way artificially made out of the side of those Hills, and sometimes sticking out of them, as if it had been plaister'd to them, were able to make my Pen ake in writing it, as well as my Legs in walking it. And here I found the Proverb false, which saith, That *it's good walking with a Horse in ones Hand*; for here we could neither ride nor lead our Horses securely, but either the one or the other were in danger of stumbling, that is, of falling five hundred fathom deep; for here, as well as in War, *semel tantum peccatur*, a Man need but stumble once for all his life-time: yet by letting our Horses go loose, with the Bridle on their Necks, and making a Man go before each Horse, lest they should jumble one-another down, as I once saw the like done by Horses in *Swisserland*, we arrived safely at *Devedra* that night. You would do well also to light from Horse at the going over all the little trembling Bridges of Wood which you will find there, remembering the *Italian Proverb*, which saith, *Quando tu Vedi un Ponte, falli piu honore che tu non fai a un Conte*.

Devedra.

Ha-

*Domodo-
scela.*

Having repos'd all night in the House of the Signor *Castellano*, we went the next Morning to *Domodoscela*, a little Garrison Town of the State of *Milan*, troublesome enough to Travellers that pass from *Milan* this way, and carry Pistols and Guns without License.

*Marguzzi.
Lake Ma-
jor.*

From *Domodoscela* we pass'd through a fine plain Country to *Marguzzi*, a little Village standing upon the *Lake Major*, (anciently call'd *Lacus Verbanus*) where making our bargain with our Boat-men, to carry us in one day from thence to *Sesto*, and keep aloof off from the command of all the Castles, which now and then warn Boats to come in, and under pretence of searching them for Merchandise, stop Passengers till they have screw'd a piece of Money out of them.

Sesto.

*Civita Ca-
stellanza.*

Arriving safe at *Sesto* that night, we took Coach the next day for *Milan*, and Dining at *Civita Castellanza*, arriv'd betimes at that great Town which was call'd anciently *Altera Roma*, a second Rome.

My Fifth Voyage.

MY Fifth Voyage into *Italy* was still from *Lyons*, but now by the way of *Mount Cenis* and *Turin*, the ordinary Post-road, and I think the easiest way of all the rest.

*Mount Ai-
guebelle.*

Parting, then from *Lyons* on Horseback, we pass'd through *Verpillier*, *La Tour du Pin*, *Beauvoysin*, (whose Bridge parts *France* and *Savoy*) and came in two days to the foot of *Mount Aiguebelle*, the Threshold of the *Alpes*: this is a pretty breathing Hill, and may be call'd

a foil

a foul Draught of the *Alpes*, or the *Alpes* in a running Hand, and not in that fair Text-hand which I found *Mount Cenis* to be in. It hath all the Lineaments and Shapes of the great *Alpes*; that is, much winding and turning, deep Precipices, Marons, or Men with little open Chairs, to carry you up and down the Hill for a Crown, and much stumbling work. In fine, this Hill resembles *Mount Cenis*, as a proper Man may do a Giant.

Having passed this Hill, and by it through the very Clouds, we fell as it were out of the Skies upon *Chambery*, the chief Town of *Savoy*, *Chambery*. and where the Parliament resides.

We cast to be there at the solemn Entry, which this Duke made for his new Spouse, the third Daughter of the late Duke of *Orleans*, when she came first into this Country. To describe all the *Triumphal Arches* in the Streets, with their Emblems and Motto's rarely painted; the stately *Throne* a little out of the Town, where the *Duke* and *Duchess* received the complements of their Subjects; the rich Liveries of the young Townsmen on Horseback; the Gallantry of the *Noblemen* and *Gentlemen* of the Country (800 in all) with their Horses as fine as they; the *Parliament-men*, and other Officers of *Justice* all in black Velvet Gowns; the *Clergy* and *Religious* marching in the mean time humbly a foot, and in procession; the *Duke's* two Companies of Horse in Velvet Coats of crimson colour, embroider'd with Gold and Silver, the Pages and Footmen of the *Duke* and *Duchess* in crimson Velvet laid thick with Gold and Silver Lace: in fine, the *Duke* and *Duchess* on Horse-
E back,

*The Entry
of the Duke
and Du-
chess of
Savoy.*

back, as brilliant as the Sun; would fill a Book alone, which I have no mind to do, seeing there is one extant already in a just Volume.

Montme-
lian.

Here.

Leaving then *Chambery* the next day after the Show, we went to *Montmelian* to dinner. This is a strong Castle upon a high Rock, overlooking the River *Isere*, and commanding the passage here, which is streight between the hills. The Strength of this Castle appear'd when it withstood the Royal Army of *Lewis the XIII.* of *France* for fifteen months, and made him raise the Siege when he had done. Here is still a strong Garrison in it, and store of Ammunition, and all things necessary for the defence of a strong place. They shew'd us in it their deep Well for fresh Water, in the midst of a high Rock; their excellent pieces of *Artillery*, one of which is said to carry four miles, that is, to *Fort Burreau*, a little Fort belonging to *France*, which is two leagues from hence, and which you see from this Castle.

Aiguebell:
S. John
Morian.
Lasne-
bourg.

From *Montmelian* we had rough way to *Aiguebelle*, thence to *S. John Morian*, to *S. Michel*, and at last to *Lasnebourg*, which stands at the foot of *Mount Cenis*, the highest of all the Hills I pass'd over in my several Voyages into *Italy*, or out of it, to wit, *Sampion*, *Berlin*, *Spug*, and *S. Godarde*.

This Hill of *Mount Cenis* parting *Savoy* and *Italy*, shall be the place where I will now begin my Description of *Italy*, having hitherto only describ'd the several Ways into it.

Italy

Italy described, in a Voyage thither.

Being arriv'd at the foot of *Mount Cenis*, Mount Cenis. anciently called *Cinifum*, and having rested all night at *Lafnebourg*, we agreed with the Marons to carry us up the Hill, and down the Hill, as also over the Plain, and in fine, all the way to *Novalese* it self. All this is to be expressed in your bargain with them, otherwise they will cavil with you, and make you go over the Plain a foot: the price is, a *Spanish Pistole* for every Man that's carried; those that are strong and vigorous ride up upon Mules, and walk down on foot.

We began to mount at our going out of our Inn at *Lafnebourg*, and having passed by *La Ramassa*, (where Men are posted down the Hill upon the Snow in Sledges with great Celerity and Pleasure) after two hours tugging of our Chairmen or Marons, we came to the top of the Hill, and a little after to the *Posthouse*, and a little *Hospital* upon the Plain; thence passing by the *Chapel* of the *Transis*, (that is, of those who are found dead of cold in the Snow, and are buried here) we came to the *great Cross* and *Tavern*, where we began to descend. This Hill of *Mount Cenis* is four miles

in the going up, four miles upon the plain, and two in its descent to *Novalese*.

Novalese. Arriving about noon at *Novalese*, we dined, horsed, and went that night to *Susa*.

Susa. *Susa*, anciently *Segesium*, is a strong Town, and one of the Gates of *Italy*; for this reason the *French*, in their long War with *Spain*, kept it a long time in their hands, as well as *Pignerol*, to let them into *Italy* when they pleas'd. Its Strength consists wholly in a Castle built upon a high Rock close to the Town, and commanding all the passage betwixt the two Mountains. This Town is famous in the latter History for the smart Action of the *French*, when they beat down the twelve several *Barriers*, whereby the Duke of *Savoy* thought to have choaked their passage: this Action is famous in History, by the name of *le pas de Susse*. Here at *Susa* begins *Piedmont*.

Le pas de Susse.

Piedmont.

S. Ambrosio.

Rivolle.

From *Susa* we went to *S. Ambrosio*, and pass'd by *Rivolle*, a fine House of the Duke's, standing in a good Air, and at night we came to *Turin*.

Turin.

The River Po.

Turin, anciently called *Augusta Taurinorum*, is situated in a Plain, near the foot of the Hills, and upon the Banks of the River *Po*, which begins here to be navigable, and from hence carries Boats to *Ferrara*, *Chiossa*, and *Venice*. This *Po* is a noble River, and very large in some places, especially a little below *Ferrara*; yet I have read, that in a great drouth which happen'd in the year of the World 2470, it was dry'd up and render'd innavigable.

Petrus a S. Romualdo, Cro. 10. 1.

This

This *Turin* is the Seat of one of the greatest Princes in *Italy*, the Duke of *Savoy*, and Prince of *Piedmont*, who is also treated with the title of *Altezza Reale*, and *Vicario Generale del Imperio in Italia*. This House of *Savoy*, which now governs here, came anciently from *Sigward*, King of *Saxony*, in the year of Christ 636, and hath conserved it self ever since, that is, for a thousand and odd years, in a continual series of Heroical Princes, whose Pedigree was never vitiated nor interrupted by any degenerate Offspring. Five Emperors and four Kings have issued out of this House.

Anciently the Dukes of *Savoy* kept their Court at *Chamtery*, or else at *Bourg en Bresse*, a Country now belonging to *France*, upon exchange with the Marquisate of *Saluzzo*, as many of their tombs curiously cut in Marble in the *Augustins* Church there, yet shew. It was *Amadeo*, the fifth of that Name, Duke of *Savoy*, that transferr'd the Court to *Turin*. It was also this *Amadeo*, who in the memory of his Grandfather *Amadeo* the IV, who had defended *Rhodes* so bravely, instituted the Knighthood of the *Annunciata*, with this single Motto in the Collar of the Order, *F. E. R. T.* signifying, that *Fortitudo Ejus Rhodum Tenuit*.

The Subjects of this Prince are said to be about eighteen hundred thousand Souls. His whole Country with *Piedmont* and all, is judged to be two hundred miles long, and fifty broad. His Forces thirty three thousand Foot, and five thousand Horse: and his Revenues to be about a million of Crowns, besides what he can now and then raise out of that fat Country of *Pied-*

His Sub-
jects.His Coun-
tries ex-
tend.His Forces.
Reverend.

His Interest. His Interest is to keep well with *France*, and not fall out with *Spain*.

The Town of Turin. As for the Town it self of *Turin*, it's almost square, and hath four Gates in it, a strong *Cittadel* with five Bastions to it; its well furnished with good Provisions in the Market,; it stands in a fat soil, which makes it a little too dirty in Winter; and it is a University.

The things to be seen in Turin. The chief things which I saw here, were these.

The Holy Syndon. 1. The *Domo*, or Great Church, in which is kept with great Devotion the *Holy Syndon*, wherein they say our Saviour's Body was wound up and buried: It's kept in a Chapel over the High Altar, and shown publicly upon certain days, and privatly to *Embassadors* and *Prelates* as they pass that way. The late Dutches, *Madam Christiana*; began to make a fine Chapel for to keep it in, but it was not quite finished when I passed that way last. The Chapel is all of black Marble, adorned with stately black Marble Pillars: Indeed winding Sheets (such as this *Relick* is) are things of mourning, and are best set out in a mourning way.

The Cittadell. 2. The *Cittadell*, standing at the back of the Town, and keeping it in awe. This Duke and his Mother found the Convenience of this *Cittadell*, when by Factions within the Town against them, they were forced to this *Cittadell*, and there weather it out stoutly, still succour coming to them from *France*, made them Masters again of the Town, and their Enemies.

3. The Duke's new *Palace* handsomely built *The Palace*
 with a fair Court before it, a great *Piazza*, and
 a large open street leading up it. The *Cham-*
bers are fair, and hung with hangings of Cloth
 of *Tyssue*, of a new and rich Fabrick, with rich
 embroidered Beds, Chairs, Stools, Cloth of
 State, and Canopies. Here you have the
Dutchesses Cabinet, the curious *Bathing place* a-
 bove, hung round with the true Pictures in
 Little of the prime Ladies of *Europe*. The cu-
 rious invention for the Dutchess to convey her
 self up from her Bed-Chamber to that Bathing
 Room, by a Pully and a swing, with great
 ease and safety: the great Hall painted curi-
 ously: the Noble Stair Case: the old long
 Gallery 100 paces long, with the Pictures in it
 of the *Princes* and *Princesses* of the House of *Sa-* *The old*
voy, with the Statues of the antient Emperours *Gallery.*
 and Philosophers in marble, with a rare Library
 locked up in great Cupboards: These are the
 chief Rooms and Ornaments of this Palace. I
 saw also the Apartments or Lodgings of the
 old Dutchess, *Madam Christina*, which joyn
 to the Old Gallery, and in her Cabinet I saw
 many choice pictures.

4. The New-street, which runneth from the *The New*
Palace to the *Piazza Reale*, is a fair street, and *street.*
 built uniformly. The shops below afford great
 conveniency to the Towns-men, and the fair
 lodgings above to the Noblemen and Cour-
 tiers.

5. The *Piazza Reale* is built handsomely up- *The Piazza*
 on Pillars, like our *Covent Garden*: and is full *Reale.*
 of nothing else but Noblemens Houses.

The Augustins Church.

6. The *Augustins Church*, called *St. Carlo*, standing in this *Piazza*, adorns it much, being a neat Church, and the best contrived that I saw in this Town.

The Capuchins Church.

7. The *Capuchins Church* upon a hill out of the Town, is above the rate of *Capuchins*: but you must know who gave it, not who have it. From hence I had a perfect view of *Turin*, with the Country about it.

La Venerie Royale.

8. Some three miles out of the Town, I saw a neat House of the Dukes, called *La Venerie Royale*. The Court set round with *Staggs-Heads*; the Chambers full of good Pictures; the Hall painted with great Pictures of the Duke, his Mother, his Sisters, and other Ladies all on Horseback, as if they were going a Hunting; the Place where they keep *Pheasants*, *Partridges*, and other suchlike Birds; the Stable for 100 Horse, and the neat Dogkennel, are the best things to be seen in this House.

La Valentine.

9. On the other side of the Town, about a mile off, I saw the old Dutchesse's House called *La Valentine*. It stands pleasantly upon the Banks of *Po*, and is adorned with great variety of Pictures. In five or six Rooms, on the right hand of the House, they shewed me a world of Pictures of all sorts of Flowers: on the left hand as many of all sorts of Birds, with other Pictures curiously painted. The four Pictures representing the four Elements, with all that belongs to them; as, all the Birds that fly in the Air; all the Beasts that are found upon the Earth; all the fishes and shells, that are found in the Water; and all things that belong to Fire, are so curiously painted in their several particular

cular shapes and colours, that these four Pieces are an abridgment of all Nature, and the admiration of all that behold them. There are some other good pieces here too; as, the *Magdalen* fallen into an extasie; the *Rapt* of the *Sabins*, and divers others.

The other Houses about the Town, as *Millesieur*, belonging to the Duke; the *Villa* of the Princess *Mary*; with divers others which shew themselves upon the Hill side, are very stately, and worth seeing.

Having thus seen *Turin*, we left the ordinary Road which leads to *Milan*, to wit, by the way of *Vercelle* and *Novara*, two strong towns, frontier to one another, through which I passed in another Voyage, and to avoid two Armies which lay in the way, chose to steer towards *Genoa* by the low way of *Savona*; and passing through a melancholy Country, by *Altare* and other little towns for the space of three days, we came at last to *Savona*.

Savona (anciently called *Sabatia* or *Sabarium*) is the second Town, or eldest Daughter of *Genoa*, and like a good Daughter indeed she stands always in her Mothers presence, yet keeps her distance; it being within sight of *Genoa*, yet five and twenty miles off. It stands upon the *Mediterranean Sea*, or, as they call it here, upon the *Riviera di Genoa*. It's fortified both by Art and Nature, that is, by regular Fortifications towards the Sea, and by lusty *Appennine Hills* towards the Land. Yet whilst *Savona* fear'd no danger from either Sea or Land, it was almost ruin'd in the year 1648, by Fire from Heaven, to wit, *Lightning*, which falling upon a great
Tower

Tower in the midst of the Town, where Gunpowder was kept, blew it up upon a sudden, and with it threw down two hundred Houses round about it, and Houses of note. For, passing that way six months after, and walking among the Ruins, I saw in many of the Houses, which were but half fallen down, curious painted Chambers, and fine gilt Roofs, which shew'd me of what House many of these Houses had been; and of what weak defence gilt Roofs and painted Walls are against the Artillery of Heaven, Thunder and Lightning.

This Town is famous in History for the Interview of two great Kings here, to wit, *Lewis* the XII. of *France*, and *Ferdinand* King of *Naples*. This Interview passed with demonstrations of mutual civilities, not ordinary in Interviews of Princes; for *Lewis* feared not to go into the Gallies and Ships of *Ferdinand* without Guards and unarm'd; and *Ferdinand* remain'd for many days together in this Town, belonging then to *Lewis*, whom he had lately stripp'd of the Kingdom of *Naples*, and beaten him to boot in a Battel.

Of this Town were *Julius Secundus* and *Sixtus Quartus*, two Popes of the House of *Roueri*; and two great Cardinals, *Peter* and *Raphael Riarii*.

Embarking at *Savona* in a Felucca, we row'd along the Shore (call'd *la Riviere di Genoa*) unto *Genoa* it self; and all the way long we saw such a continual Suburbs of stately *Villas* and *Villages*, that these scantlings made us in love with the whole piece it self, *Genoa*. I confess, I never saw a more stately abord to any City than

*La Riviera
di Genoa.*

than to this, and if we had not had *Genoa* full in our sight all the way long, we should have taken some of these stately Villages for *Genoa* itself, and have imitated *Hoftingus*, the Leader of the *Normans*, who coming into *Italy* about the year 860, with a great Army, and finding *Luna* (a Town in the Confines of *Genoa*) so sumptuously built, thought really it had been *Rome*, and thereupon taking it, he gloried that he had sacked the Mistress of the World; *Gratatur te Dreido o nere se Monarchiam totius Imperii, per urbem quam putabat Romam*, saith his Historian. *S. Quintino lib. 1, de merib. & Ad. Norm.*

Sailing thus along this pleasant Coast, we came betimes to *Genoa*. *Genoa.*

Genoa is one of the chief Towns that stands upon the *Mediterranean Sea*, and one of the best in *Italy*; the common *Italian* Proverb calls it *Genua la Superba*: and if ever I saw a Town with its Holiday Clothes always on, it was *Genoa*. It stands upon the side of a Hill, and rising by degrees, appears to those that look upon it from the Sea, like an Amphitheatre. Heretofore it was only fortified by Marble Bulwarks, that is, great Hills of Marble; which backt it up, but some forty years ago it was environ'd with new Walls, carrying six miles in compass, and yet finish'd in eighteen months. *The Walls.*

The Haven heretofore was very unsafe, and many Ships which had tug'd through the most dangerous Seas abroad, were seen to sink here in the Haven and at home; the *French*, then Masters of *Genoa*, not suffering her to shut up her Haven, lest she should shut them out. But since she hath shaken off the French Yoke, she hath lock- *The Haven*

locked up her Treasures, and bolted the door on the inside, by that admirable *Mola*, which crossing almost quite over the Bay or Haven, doth not only bolt out all Enemies, but even locks up the boisterous Sea it self, and makes it tame in the Haven. It's a prodigious Work, and able to have puzzl'd any two Kings in *Europe* to have done it.

At one end of this *Mola* stands the *Pharos*, upon a little rock, with a *Lantern* upon it, to give notice, by known signs, what Ships, how many, and from what side they come; or else to guide their own Ships home safely in the night. At first it was only a little Fort, that might help to bridle *Genoa*, and it was built by *Lewis XIII.* of *France*.

As for the Town it self of *Genoa*, it's most beautiful to behold, many of the Houses being painted on the outside, and looking as if they were turned inside out, and had their *Arras* Hangings hung on their outsides. The tops of their Houses are made with open Galleries, where the Women sit together at work in clusters, and where also they dry their *Hair* in the Sun, after they have wash'd it in a certain wash us'd on purpose to make it yellow, a colour much affected here by all Women.

The Streets are very narrow; so that they use here few Coaches, but many Sedans and Litters: this makes the noise in the Streets less and the expence in the Purse smaller. But, for want of Ground and Earth, they make Heaven pay for it, taking it out in the height of their Houses, what they want in breadth or length; so that *Genoa* look'd in my Eye like a proud

a proud young Lady in a strait-bodied flower'd Gown, which makes her look tall indeed and fine, but hinders her from being at her ease, and taking breath freely.

Yet I must except the *Strada Nova* here, which for a spirt surpasseth all the Streets I ^{*Strada Nova.*} ever saw any where else for neatness and proportion; and, if it had but Breath enough to hold out at the same rate a little longer, it would be the true *Queen-street* of Europe: Ordinary Houses are so out of countenance here, that they dare not appear in this Street, where there's nothing but Palaces, and Palaces as fine as Art and Cost, or as Marble and Painting, can make them.

Having said thus much of *Genoa* in general, I will now come to the particulars that are to be seen in it.

1. The *Domo*, or great Church of St. Lawrence, ^{*The Domo.*} presents it self to my sight; it's the Cathedral of the *Archbishop*. This Church is of a noble structure, all of black and white Marble intermingled, and all massive square Stones. In a Chapel over against the Pulpit is kept reverently an authentick Relick of St. *John Baptist*, under the Altar, as we are told; and the great Dish of one *Emeraud*, in which, they say here, our Saviour eat the *Paschal Lamb* with his Disciples. Both these were given to the *Genoese* by *Baldwin* King of *Hierusalem*, for their great Service done against the *Turks* in the *Holy Land*. Of the Relick of St. *John Baptist*, *Baronius* speaks boldly in his Ecclesiastical History; But for the Dish of *Emeraud*, I find no Authority at all for ^{*Baron. ad An. 1101.*} it, either in *Baronius* or any other Author, that ^{*n. 13.*}

our

our Saviour used it ; especially seeing venerable *Beda* writes, that the Dish in which our Saviour eat the *Paschal Lamb* was of Silver.

Beda, l. de loc. sanct. c. 2. 2. After the *Domo*, I saw the Church of the *Annunciata*, which draweth up the Ladder after it for neatness. It's still in building, and not quite finish'd. It's thus beautified at the cost of two Brothers, rich Gentlemen, and Merchants of this Town, who allow the third part of their Gains to the adorning of this Church. The Roof of it is all gilt, and set with curious Pictures in *Platfound* ; the Altars round about the Church are chequed with exquisite Pillars, and adorn'd with rare pictures ; the two rows of *vast Pillars* which hold up the Roof of the Church, are so beautiful, being of a red and white Marble, that they look like Jasper, and ravish the Beholders, whilst they gaze on their curious Work.

S. Ambrosio. 3. The Church of *S. Ambrosio*, belonging to the *Jesuits*, is neatly overcrusted with Marble, and gilt above in the Roof. It wants a little length, for want of room to build on ; it being too near the *Doge's Palace* ; and not daring to advance a step further, for fear of treading upon his Heels.

S. Cyro. 4. The Church of the *Theatins*, call'd *S. Cyro*, Is very handsom, with its double row of white Marble Pillars, which set it out very gracefully. The Cloyster also is very neat, and the Fathers very civil.

The Palaces. 5. The *Palaces* here are most sumptuous : those of *Strada Nova* are the best, and the best of those is that of the Prince d' *Oria* ; it's built upon white round Marble Pillars, which support

port its Galleries, and those Galleries let you into noble Rooms, adorn'd with all the *Abbellimenti* of Italian Palaces. The other Palaces too in this Street deserve particular mention in this description of *Genoa*, and may take it ill I say nothing of them; but they must excuse my brevity, and impute the fault partly to themselves, seeing admirable things are liable to this inconvenience, that they are also unexpressible.

6. I saw also the two Palaces of the *Signori Balbi*, in the Street of the *Annunciata*; in the one whereof (on the left hand) I saw, among other rich things, a Looking-glass, valued at threescore thousand Crowns; it's much of the size of those Looking-glasses which *Seneca* calls *specula toti corpori paria*, that is, as big and brittle as those that look themselves in them: the Frame of it is all of Silver, set thick with a thousand little armed Figures like *Cupids*, as if the plain Mirrour of this Looking-glass were the plain Field where *Cupid* pitcheth his *Tents*, and begins his Conquests over fair Ladies. The round Pillars set in the Porch of this House, and the *Ginocchi di Acqua* in the Garden, will make themselves be taken notice of.

7. The Palace of the *Doge*, or biennial Prince here, with the several *Chambers* of *Justice*, and the *Armory* in it for thirty thousand Men, ought to be carefully seen. In one of the great Halls of this *Palace* you have twelve *Statues* of white Marble, representing twelve famous Men of this Town, who had render'd great Service to the Commonwealth. In the foresaid *Armory* you see a Halbard with two Pistol-barrels in the

The Palaces
of Signori
Balba.

The Doges
Palace.

The Armo-
ry.

the lower end of it. You see also the Armour of the *Genoesian Amazons*, who went to the War in the *Holy Land*, and carried themselves gallantly. Here's also a Cannon of Leather so light, that a Man may carry it.

*San Pietro
in Arena.*

8. But that which is the most taking in *Genoa*, is that which is out of *Genoa*, I mean, the stately Suburbs of *San Pietro in Arena*, where for a mile together Villa's adorn'd with Marbles, Painting, Statues, Gardens, Arbours of Gelsomin, Orange and Limon Trees, Grotts, Ponds, *Giuochi d'Acqua*, Fountains, high Walls, with Shades born up by Marble Pillars, &c. compos'd of many Palaces and Gardens, such a beautiful Landskip, that the whole place seem'd to me to be the charming Paradise of the King of the *Mountains* anciently, and I was almost going to say, that we durst not bless our selves, lest this enchanted place should have vanish'd. The best Villa's or Palaces here, are those of *Hieronymo Negro*, and that of the *Imperiali*; the first beautified with all the graces of *Italian Furniture*, as also with Gardens, Walks, Ponds, Water-works, Allys, &c. the other, besides all these, hath an excellent prospect; for the Master of this House can see out of one Window of it, Twelve thousand Crowns a year of his own, only in let Houses. The other Palaces here expect I should say something of them, and they deserve it well; but really, to give them their full due, I can only say this of them, That they ought to be seen by the Eye, not described by the Pen.

9. As you return from *San Pietro in Arena* The Villa of the Duke d'Oria. to the Town, not far from the Gates, stands the *Villa*, or Palace of the Duke d'Oria. I reserved this for the last, *pour fair bonne bouche*. It stands upon the Seaside, and its Garden towards the Sea is built upon three rows of *white Marble Rails*, born up by *white marble Pillars*, which ascending by degrees, is so beautiful to behold from the Sea, that Strangers passing that way to *Genoa*, take this Garden for a second *Paradise*. In the midst of it stands the rare *Fountain of Neptune*, representing the true looks of brave *Andrea d'Oria*, the *Neptune* of the *Ligurian Sea*, and the man who put his Country out of *Livery*, and taught it not to serve. All along one side of this Garden stands a *Cage of Iron*, about a hundred paces long, and so high, that it fetcheth in a world of *Laurel* and other Trees, clad with chirping Birds of several sorts; and, to make the poor Birds believe that they are rather in a Wood than in a Prison, the very Cage hath put even the Wood itself in Prison. Then entering into the Palace, we found it most curiously adorn'd with Rarities and Riches suitable to the Country's humor and the Master's purse. It's true, when this *Queen of Spain* passed from *Germany* into *Spain*, by way of *Milan* and *Genoa*, the *Governor of Milan* told her, that she should see in d'Oria's Palace here many fine things, but all borrow'd of the Townsmen. Which d'Oria hearing of beforehand, caused to be written over the great Gates of the Palace, where the Queen was to enter and lodge, these words in Spanish, *By the Grace of God, and the King's Favour, there's nothing here borrow'd*. It may be the

cunning Governor of *Milan* thought by telling the Queen this, to oblige the Duke d' *Oria* to present some of his best things to the Queen, to shew her that they were his own; as it's said the late Duke of *Buckingham* did in *France*, by breaking his Diamond Hatband among the Court Ladies, who said he had only borrow'd it; but the wise *Italian* by this trick both kept his own, and yet satisfied the Queen. Indeed he hath things here both too good to be given away, and too great to be carried away; witness those rare *Silver Tables* which are in his *Wardrobe*, one whereof weigheth twenty four thousand pound weight. From the Palace we were led over the Street to his great Garden upon the Hill side, where all the Graces that can make up a Garden are found.

As for the Government, Fashions, Wealth, Strength, and Interest of *Genoa*, I found them to be thus:

The Government.

Their Government is *Democratical* or *Popular*, by a *Doge* (chosen every two years) and eight *Senators*, who live with him in the *Palace*, and assist him with their Counsel. The Great Council here, which is the Foundation of the Government, consists of Four hundred men chosen indifferently out of all the Families of the Town; these deliberate with the *Signiora*, of all things that belong to War or Peace. Anciently, as I hinted before, *Genoa* was under the French Domination, till *Andrea d'Oria* set it free. Historians write of it, that *Berengarius* the third, and the *Saracens*, so ruin'd *Genoa*, that they left it swimming in its own Blood; which Ruin was forewarn'd by a Prodigy of a Fountain of

of Blood, which ran in the very Streets of *Genoa*. It had like to have swam a second time in its Blood, when *Lewis XII.* of *France* entering into *Genoa* victoriously with Sword in hand threatening the utter ruine of that People, was pacified by the mournful Cries of Four thousand little Children, who, clad in Sackcloth, and placed in the great *Piazza*, cry'd out to the King in a piercing accent, *Misericordia è Pieta, Mercy and Pity.* But since *Genoa* shook off the French Yoke, it hath lived perpetually jealous of the French, especially since it discover'd, some years past, divers attempts of *France* against it, whilst the French had *Portolongone* and *Piombino*.

For this reason the *Genoese* lean much to the Spanish Faction; and Fashions following Factions they lean much to the Spanish Fashion both in Humor and Apparel. Hence I found here broad Hats without Hatbands, broad Leather Girdles with Steel Buckles, narrow Breeches, with long-waisted Doublets and hanging-sleeves to be *a la mode*, as well as in *Madrid*. And I found all the great Ladies here to go like the Donna's of *Spain*, in * *Guardinfant's*; * *Child-preserver.* that is, in horrible overgrown Fartingals of Whalebone, which being put about the Waist of the Lady, and full as broad on both sides as she can reach with her hands, bear out her Coats in such a huffing manner, that she appears to be as broad as long. I was told by one of their Noblemen, that a certain Lady of a Noble House, when her Son was a condemn'd Prisoner, deliver'd him both from Captivity and Death, by taking him under her *Guardinfant's*;

fantas, and carrying him thence, supported by her Women, from whence she could privately send him out of the State. So that the Men here with their little close Breeches looked like Tumblers that leap through the Hoops; and the Women like those that danced anciently the *Hobby-horse* in Country Mummings.

Their Ri-
ches.

As for their *Riches*, I am told they pass not a Million and two hundred thousand Crowns a year. Indeed the King of Spain, Philip the II. above a hundred years ago, borrowed of this *Republick* the sum of eleven Millions, and keeps them still in his hands to keep this *Republick* in awe; yet paying the interest duly unto them. So that the *Common Purse* here, is nothing so rich as that of *Venice*, though the particular Men here are far richer than those of *Venice*. They have great Trading both with *France* and *Spain*; and are great *Bankiers*, making the Change in all the Banks of *Europe*, go as they please. Besides they utter a world of *Taffataes*, *Velvets*, *Satins*, *Points* of needle work, and divers other things of Value.

Their
Strength.

As for their *Strength*, it's enough to defend themselves, scarce enough to offend others. For *Genova* is back'd up by the *Appennines*, where all passages are easily made good against Invaders; and it is so well fortified on the other side by the *Sea* it self, twelve or fourteen good Gallies, twenty Ships of War, and it's incomparable *Molo*, that they could scuffle notably in their own defence. Besides, *Genova* is fortified not only with its Hills and Sea, but also with its new Walls and bull-warks of Stone; nay, and with its Bone-walls too, that is, with

a La-

a *Lacedemonian Wall* of a world of Inhabitants, and with the illustrious Families of *d' Oria*, *Spinola*, *Grimaldi*, *Sauli*, *Durazzi*, *Catanei*, and others, whose several names would go almost for several Armies. Yet for a need, they can raise thirty thousand Men, and arm them well out of their *Arsenal*. I confess heretofore they were strong enough to offend others; for they made War against the *Pisani*, and worsted them: They set also upon the *Island of Corsica*, distant from *Genoa* about a hundred miles, and took it. This *Island* gave the *Republick of Genoa* more honour than profit: for, it being once a Kingdom, gives still to *Genoa* the Title of *Serenissima*, and a Close Regal Crown over its Coat of Arms. In fine, the *Genoese* were strong enough heretofore, to lend great Succours to *Godfrey of Bullen* in his holy Conquest of *Hierusalem*. Hence upon the very *Arca* of the Holy Sepulchre in *Hierusalem*, are written these words: *Præpotens Genoensium præsidium*.

As for their Interest, it seemed to me to be ^{their Inter-} far more *Spanish* than *French*, by reason of the ^{rest} great profit they draw from *Spain*, which corresponds with the rich *State of Milan* in Men and Moneys, by means of the *Genoese*: yet they are well with all Christian Princes, except with the Duke of *Savoy*, who pretends to *Savona*.

As for the learned men of this Town, I find ^{their Par-} them not to be so many. The rich *Banquiers* ^{and Men.} is more esteemed here, than the learned *Divine*. Yet I find here also some famous for learning, to wit, *Baptista Fregosus*, or *Fulgosus*, who for his singular parts being chosen *Doge*

of *Genoa*, and by his own disloyal kindred chafed from Government and Country, comforted himself in his Studies ; and having observed many particular things in History, he reduced them to Heads, and left us a just volume of Memorable Sayings and Deeds of the Antients: for which work, he is stiled by *Alberto Leandro*, the *Valerius Maximus* of *Italy*. He wrote in *Italian*, and dedicated his Book to his Son. The other learned Men of this Town are *Justinianus*, *Balus*, *Mascardi*, and *Christopher Columbus*.

Genoa also hath given to the Church of *Rome* three Popes, *Adrian* the V. *Innocent* the IV. and *Innocent* the VIII.

The Academy of Wits. Here is an *Academy of Wits* called the *Adormentati* ; which together with the other *Academies* of the like nature in all the Towns of *Italy*, I would wish my Traveller to visit particularly, that he may see how far the *Italians* excel us, in passing their time well ; and how it's much better to spend the week in making of *Orations* and *Verses*, than in drinking of *Ale* and smoaking of *Tobacco*.

Their Historian. He that desires to know more of *Genoa*, let him read *Augustinus Justinianus* of the History of *Genoa*.

Monferrat. Having spent six days in *Genoa*, we agreed with an honest *Vetturino* to conduct us to *Milan*, which is about four little days journey from hence. In another Voyage I went from *Genoa* to *Turin* by *Montferrat*, and saw in my way *Novi* (of which by and by) *Trino Cassale*, one of the strongest places of *Italy*, having a strong *Cittadell*, a strong *Castle*, strong *Town-walls* and

and Ditches; and *Alexandria della Paglia*, a ^{Alexan-} strong Town standing upon the Po. ^{dria.}

But now at this time leaving *Genoa*, and intending for *Milan*, we rid through *San Pietro d' Arena*, by the *Carthusians Monastery*, over the *Apennine Hills*, and in a day and a half came to *Novi*.

Novi is a little strong Town belonging to the *Nobles*. *Genoese*, and Frontier to *Milanese*. It's some twelve Miles distant from *Tortona*, the first Frontier Town of the State of *Milan*: and because these Frontiers were then pester'd with *Bandits*, a Nobleman of *Genoa*, who was in our company, begg'd of the Governour of *Novi* a Convoy for himself and us, to secure us to *Tortona*: The Governour presently granted us a Convoy of eight or ten Horse-men: but, those very Men he gave us for our Convoy, were *Bandits* themselves, who being banished from the State and Town of *Genoa* for their misdeemeanors, had two Months a year allowed them to come freely into Frontier Towns, and negotiate with the State. These Men were thought by the Governor to be our safest Guards in danger. Having been thus convoyed by our honest Rogues past all danger, we paid them some three Pistoles; and feared no more danger, till we should meet with such Servants as these another time. I confess, it seem'd at first a fearful thing, to see our selves in the hands of those, who had their hands oven in Blood: yet there is such a charm in a Governors Parole, that we thought our selves as well armed with it, as if we had been *shot free*, and had had all the *Spells of Lapland* about us.

Tortona.

We had no sooner parted from these our Guards, but passing over a little River on Horseback, we entred into the *Milanese*, and came at night to *Tortona*, a strong Frontier Town of the *Milanese*; where *Charles the VIII. of France*, in his return from the Conquest of *Naples*, beat the *Venetians*, and the *Milanese* in a Battle.

Pavia.

From *Tortona* we went the next day to *Pavia*, the second Town of the State of *Milan*, and once the Seat of twelve Kings of the *Longobards*.

Ticinum.

It stands upon the River *Ticinum*, and hence it's also called in Latin *Ticinum*. Here's an University, either founded or furnished at first, with Readers, or by Readers of the University of *Oxford*. The chief Colleges;

The Domo.

are, that of *Pius Quintus*, and that of *S. Charles Borromeus*. The other remarkable things here, are, 1. The *Domo*, in which lieth buried the Body of a holy Bishop of this Town, called *Sauli*, who was contemporary to *S. Charles Borromeus*, and of the same spirit and zeal. Near the great door of this Church (on the inside) they shew you a little Mast of a Boat, which they make ignorant people believe (for sport) to have been the Lance of *Orlando Furioso*.

The Eque-
stris Sta-
tua of An-
toninus.

2. Near the *Domo*, in the *Piazza*, stands a *Brazen Statue*, which some affirm to be the Statue of *Constantine the Great*; others, more probably, of *Antoninus Pius*. It was brought from *Ravenna* hither by Victory; and it had like to have been carried back again to *Ravenna* by Victory. For *Lotrech the French General* in the taking of this Town, having granted this
Statue

Statue to a Soldier of *Ravenna* (who served under him, and who having mounted the Breach first, asked nothing for his recompence but that Statue, taken antiently from his Native Town.) Yet afterwards moved with the generosity of the Townsmen (who having left all things else with some patience, to the prey of the Souldiers, burst into Tears, when they heard that this Statue was to be taken from them.) *Lotrech* changed his Gift to the Souldier, and left the Citizens of *Pavia* their dear Statue.

3. I saw the *Augustins Church*, where the S. *Augustin* Body of that great Father of the Church S. *Augustin* lieth buried. It was translated hither out of *Sardinia* by *Luitprandus King* of the *Longobards*; an Arm of which S. *Augustin* a King of *England* redeemed at a great rate, and yet cheap too, if it were his writing Arm, wherewith he wrote such admirable Books. The new Tomb in the *Sacristy* is all of white Marble, most exquisitely carved with Historical Statues representing the most remarkable actions of that Doctor.

Baron. an.
725.
Baron. an.
1025.

4. In the same Church we were shown the Tomb of *Severinus Boetius*, Author of that great little Book *de Consolatione Philosophica*, which he wrote in his Exile, to comfort himself. He was a *Consul* of *Rome* for dignity, another *St. Denys* for Learning and Losing his Head: and held a Martyr by many.

The Tomb of Severinus Boetius.
See Baron. an. 525.

5. In the Cloister of this Convent of the *Augustins*, lie buried two *Englishmen* of note, the *Duke of Suffolk*, and an *English Bishop* called *Parker*, of the House of *Morley*, upon whose Tombs are handsome Epitaphs.

6. The

6. The Chapel where the *Bones* of the *Frenchmen* killed in the *Battle of Pavia* are kept and shown to Strangers.

7. In the *Franciscans Church* here, lies buried *Baldus* the famous *Jurisconsult*.

8. The long *Wooden-Bridge*, covered over head with a perpetual *Penthouse*, to defend men as well from the *Sun*, as from the *Rain*.

Learned
Men.

Of this *Town* were *Ennodius Ticinensis*, and *Lanfrancus*, *Archbishop of Canterbury*, who wrote against *Berengarius* for the *Real Presence*.

The Histo-
rians.

He that desires to know the particular *History of Pavia*, let him read *Antonio Spelta*, and *Sacco*.

The Battle
of Pavia.

From *Pavia* we went to *Milan*, some twenty miles off; and in the way, saw the famous *Monastery of the Carthusians*, near unto which, upon *S. Matthias* his day (a day favourable to *Charles the V.* seeing he was born on that day, *Crowned Emperor* on that day, and got this *Victory* on that day) was fought that memorable *Battle* between the said *Emperours Forces*, and the *French King*, Anno 1525. where *Francis the I. of France* was taken *Prisoner*, having lost the day, not for want of courage, but conduct: for he had a little before, sent away half of his *Army* to the *Conquest of Naples*; by which he so weakened the rest of his *Army* here, that he both lost the day, and did nothing against the *Kingdom of Naples*; a great fault observed by one that was present there, to wit, *Monsieur Monluc*. *Francis* being thus taken prisoner, was presently conducted to the *Carthusian Monastery*, which was hard by. Entering into the *Church*, and finding the *Monks* sing-

See Mon-
luc's Com-
mentaries.

singing in the *third hour* this *verse* of the *Psalm*, *Coagulatum est sicut lac cor eorum, ego vero legem tuam meditatus sum*, he struck up with them at the next *verse*, and sung aloud with a piety as great as his loss, or courage, *Bonum mihi quia humiliasti me, ut discam justificationes tuas* : that is, it's well for me, that thou hast humbled me, that I may learn thy *Justifications*. After he had heard *Mass* here, he was carried to Dinner in the *Monastery*, and was served by three *Generals* of the *Spanish Army*, *Launoy*, *Bourbon*, and the *Marquis of Vasti* ; the one holding the *Basin*, the second pouring *Water* upon his hands, and the third presenting him the *Towel*. Some say he refused to be served by *Bourbon*, looking upon him as a revolted *Traytor*, rather than as an *Enemy* : indeed the brave *French Knight Bayard* (surnamed the *Chevalier sans peur*, who died in the *Battle*,) being found expiring in the *Field* by *Bourbon*, who said to him, *Poor Bayard ! I pity thee* ; answered him with all the courage and life that was left him ; *No, Traytor, I am not to be pitied, who die nobly, serving my King and Country : but, thou rather art to be pitied, who livest a Traytor to thy King and Country*. As for the *King* he was led *Prisoner* into *Spain*, where he was kept at *Madrid* till he paid his *Ransom*. Hence the *Spaniards* brag, that they had once a *French King Prisoner*, and the *French* had never any *King of Spain Prisoner* : but the *French* answer ; that their *King* had not been *Prisoner* had he fought as the *Kings of Spain* do of late, that is, by *Proxy*, and not in *Person*. However this *Francis* the first deserved better *Fortune*, being a *Prince* of great
Cou-

Courage and Honour, and a great lover of his Soldiers. For not long before, he had beaten the *Swissers* in the Battle of *San Donato*, where his Soldiers fought for him with singular Courage and Zeal. And he had deserved it all: For he was so good to his Soldiers in that expedition, that he would ride up and down the Camp in the night to visit the wounded Soldiers, and help them to all necessaries, commanding even His own *sheets* to be cut in pieces to bind up their Wounds.

The Car-
thusians
Monastery.

As for the Monastery it self of the *Carthusians*, it's one of the most stately Monasteries of *Italy*, and, I believe, the second of that Order. The great Cloister is all covered with Lead. The Church is one of the handsomest of *Italy* though built *a la Tedesca*. The Frontispiece of it is adorned with a world of Heads and Figures of white marble. The Chapels within are richly adorned and painted. The Tabernacle is worth fourscore thousand Crowns. The Tomb of their Founder, *John Galazzo Visconti*, Duke of *Milan*, which stands a little without the Quire, with the cumbent Statues of *Ludovico Moro* the last Duke of *Milan* and his Wife, lying under the other, is a stately Monument. In the Sacristy we were shown many fine Relicks, much rich Church-plate, and the curious back of an Altar of Ivory cut into Histories after a rare manner.

Milan.

Passing from hence we came to *Milan*. This Town is surnamed the *Great*; and rightly, seeing it carries full ten miles in compass within the Walls. It hath ten Gates to it; two hundred Churches within it, and three hundred thou-

thousand souls dwelling in it. Hence it was antiently called *Alter a Roma* a second Rome, both because of its Greatness, and because of its other Titles, which made it look like Rome. It's the Head of the best *Dutchy* in Europe, which is a hundred miles long from North to South, and containeth four hundred Towns in it. It's called *Miland quasi Midland*, being a pure *Mediterranean* Town, and having (which is a wonder not so much as a River of its own running in it; but is only served by two Channels cut out of the *Ticine* and the *Adder*. This Town hath heretofore suffered much by War; great Towns being the fairest marks to shoot at, and *Milan* hath been forty times shot at by Sieges, and twenty times hit, and taken, having had the misfortune to have been under divers Factions and Rulers: as the Emperours, the *Turriani*, the *Visconti*, the *Sforze*, the French and the *Spaniards*, who now keep it, *merce al Castello*, which staveth off all attempts of Strangers. France pretends to this Dutchy as Heir of *Valentia Visconty*, who was married to *Lewis Duke of Orleans*, whose house was excluded from this Dutchy by *Francis Sforza*, who possessed himself of this State.

The Dutchy
of Milan.

As for the things which I saw in *Milan*, they are these.

1. A great number of Gentry and Nobility here, which I perceived to be very numerous, because of an hundred Coaches (no Hackneys) which I saw standing before a Church upon a private *Festival-day* of that Church.

Store of
Gentry.

2. Great

Store of
Artizans.

2. Great store of *Artizans*, as Goldsmiths, Armourers, Gunsmiths, Weavers, Silkstockin-makers, Refiners of Gold, those that work in Crystal, and a world of others ; which gives occasion to the Proverb, which saith, That he that would improve all Italy, must destroy Milan first ; for if *Milan* were destroy'd, the many Artizans that are there, would spread over all Italy, and furnish the other Towns, which want Artizans.

S. Am-
brose's
Church.

3. The Churches here, and first that of *S. Ambrose*, where that glorious Father of the Church refus'd stoutly to *Theodosius* the Emperor, entrance into that Church, because of his passionate commanding the Massacre at *Theffalonica*, where seven thousand Men were murder'd for the fault of a few. Under the high Altar of this Church lieth the Body of *S. Ambrose*, as also the Bodies of *Gervasius* and *Protasius*, two primitive Saints, whose Bodies were said to be found whilst *S. Austin* liv'd at *Milan*, and who also relates a famous Miracle, which, they say,

S. Am-
brose his
Tomb.

was known to have been wrought by God, at the translation of those holy Martyrs Bodies into this Church. In this Church also is seen upon a high Pillar of a round form, a Brazen Serpent, like that erected by *Moses* in the Desert, and commanded by God himself to be made : I imagine it was set up here for the same end for which it was commanded by God to be set up mystically in the Desert, that is, to put Men in mind of our Saviour's exaltation upon the Cross for Mankind, the frequent memory of which is a sovereign Antidote against the stings of the infernal Serpent, the Devil.

Read S.
Augustin,
lib. 9.
Conf. c. 7.

Numb.
11. 8.

John 3.
4.

4. Near

4. Near unto the 'foresaid Church of S. *Ambrose* stands the little *Chapel*, where S. *Augustin* with his little *Adeodatus*, and his Friend *Alippius*, was baptiz'd, as the Words over the Altar testifie; and from this little *Chapel* it's said S. *Ambrose* and S. *Augustin* (then become *Christians*) going processionally to the *great Church*, made the Hymn *Te Deum*, as they went, one making one Verse, the other another.

The Hymn
Te Deum.

5. The other little *Chapel* on the other side of S. *Ambrose's Church*, is built upon the place where S. *Augustin* was first converted by a Voice, which said to him, *Tolle lege, Tolle lege*: meaning S. *Paul's Epistles*: Which he doing, pitch'd just upon those Words to the *Romans*, *Non in cubilibus & impudicitiiis, sed induimini Jesum Christum, &c.* And so of an impure *Mannichean* he became a chaste *Christian*.

The place of
the Con-
version of
S. *Austin*.

6. I saw adjoining to this *Church* of S. *Ambrose*, the stately *Monastery*, with two curious *Cloysters* built upon round *Pillars*. The *Monastery*, as well as S. *Ambrose's Church*, belongs to the *Cistercian Monks*.

The Cister-
tians Mo-
nastery.

7. Then I saw the *Church* of S. *Victor*, belonging to the *Olivetian Fathers*, with the admirable Picture of S. *George* killing the *Dragon*, of the hand of *Raphael Urbin*. This is a neat *Church* when it is adorn'd in its best Hangings, as it was when I saw it. The double *Cloysters* here of the *Monastery*, built upon round *Pillars*, ought to be seen.

S. *Victor*
his Church.

8. In the *Church* of S. *Nazarius* are to be seen the *Tombs* of the *Trivultii*; stately *Monuments*.

S. *Nazario*

S. Eustorgio.

9. In the Church of *S. Eustorgius* I saw the *Arca*, or old Tomb, in which reposed the Bodies of the three *Magi* who came to adore our Saviour in *Bethlem*, whose Bodies were said to be translated from hence to *Colen* in *Germany*, where I have seen them, by reason of the destruction of *Milan*.

10. I saw also the Church of *S. Lawrence*, built like that of *Sancta Sophia* in *Constantinople*. Here lies buried *Placidia*, the Sister of *Honorius* the Emperor.

11. There are divers other Churches here, all worth particular visiting, by reason of some rare thing in them ; as in that of *S. Mark*, the rare piece of *Simon Magus's* fall from the Skies. In that of the Passion, the rare Picture of the last Supper, by *Christophoro Cibo*. In that of *S. Celso*, a rare Picture of *Raphael's* hand in the Sacristy. The *Theatins* and the *Jesuits* Churches are very neat.

The Domo.

12. But the best of all the Churches of *Milan* is the new *Domo*, in the midst of which lieth buried the new *S. Ambrose* of *Milan* ; I mean *S. Charles Borromeus*, another *S. Ambrose* in Pastoral Dignity, Zeal and Sanctity. This Church I take to be the second in *Italy* for solid work, being built all of white Marble, with Isles and Pillars, each Pillar worth ten thousand crowns, and there are a hundred and threescore such Pillars in all, of massive white Marble, not candied and frozen over with a thin crust of Marble, as most of the other fine Churches of *Italy* are. There are also six hundred white Marble Statues set round about the outside of this Church, each of them cost a thousand crowns.

S. Lorenzo.

That

That of *S. Bartholomeus*, with his Skin upon his Arm, and that of *Adam*, are two pieces much admir'd, and are of the hand of *Christophoro Cibo*. The Frontispiece is not yet finish'd, but if that be the true design of it, which I have seen in Pictures in the *Capuchins* Cloyster in *Rome*, it will be most stately. The Church itself is said to be 250 cubits long. Near the Quire, and almost in the middle of the Church, lieth the Body of *S. Charles Borromeus*, in a low Vault, turn'd now into a Chapel, open at the top, with low Rails round about it: The inside of this Chapel is hung with Hangings of Cloth of Gold, over which runs a Cornish of silver Plate nailed to the Wall. Upon the Altar lieth the Body of *S. Charles* at length in a fair *Crystal Coffin* made of several great Squares of Crystal, thro' which (the wooden Case being open'd by special leave from the Archbishop) we saw his Body lying all along in his *Episcopal Robes*; his Face, Hands, and Feet are only seen, and his *Nose* and *Lips* are shrunk and parched. The true Picture of this Saint hangs at the entrance below into this Chapel, and his History and wonderful Actions are hung up in painting round about the Church, on high. Over the high Altar, in the very Roof of the Church, is kept one of the *Nails* of the *Cross* of our *Saviour*, given anciently to the *Milanese*, by the Emperor *Theodosius*. There burn always before it a number of little Lamps, set cross-wise, and drawn up thither with a Pulley, to shew the people where that holy Relick is. In fine, the Steeple of this Church is not to be forgotten, it's not quite finish'd yet, but it's high enough

enough to tire any man, and to shew him from the top of it the whole Town of *Milan*, the whole compass and circumference of the rare Castle, and the whole Country round about for twenty miles on every side ; a sight so pleasant, that I would wish my Traveller not only to mount up to the top of this Steeple, but (for this Steeples sake) to make it his constant practise (as I did) to mount up the chief Steeple of all great Towns.

The Hospital.

13. The great *Hospital*, built in a quadrangle upon arches and round pillars, is a most magnificent thing. Really, if Sickness were not a little unwholesome and troublesome, a Man would almost wish to be a little sick here, where a King, tho' in health, might lodge handsomely. The place where the sick people are kept, is built cross-wise, and in the middle of that cross stands an open Altar, where all the sick people from their several quarters, and from their very beds, may hear the Divine Service at once. Four thousand Men are entertained daily in this Hospital, and therefore it hath great Revenues. *S. Charles* was a great Benefactor to it, and gave away to it and other pious uses, in half an hour, five and twenty thousand crowns of Inheritance, which were fallen to him (being a man of eminent birth) half an hour before. Indeed he had no other Wife than his *Church*, nor other Children than the *Poor*.

The Seminary.
The College
of the
Swissers.

14. The stately *Seminary*, and the College for the *Swissers*, are noble Buildings, and the eternal Works of *S. Charles*.

15. The

15. The *Lazaretto* is a vast Building, carrying in compass a thousand and eight hundred yards. It stands near the Town Walls, yet out of the Town, and is to receive into it those that are sick of the Plague. There are as many Chambers in it as there are Days in the Year. In the middle of the square of this vast Court, or Quadrangle, stands a round Chapel, cover'd at the top, but open on all sides in such a manner, as that all the People, from their several Chambers and Beds, may behold the Priest saying Divine Service, and joyn their Devotions to his. I have read in the life of *S. Charles Borromeus*, that in a Plague time he visited those that were infected, and ministr'd the holy Sacraments to them himself in person, and went in a solemn Procession in the head of the Clergy, with a Rope about his Neck, and barefoot upon the Stones, to move stony Hearts to repentance, and to appease the Wrath of God, angry with his People.

The Lazaretto.

16. The *Bibliotheca Ambrosiana* is one of the best Libraries in Italy, because it is not so coy as the others, which scarce let themselves be seen; whereas this opens its Doors publicly to all comers and goers, and suffers them to read what Book they please. It was begun to be built by *S. Charles*, and continued by his Nephew Cardinal *Frederico Borromeo*; but it was much augmented since by the accession of *Vincentius Pinelli's* Books, which, after his death, being ship'd by his Heirs for *Naples*, and taken by the *Turks*, were many of them thrown overboard by those *Analphabet Rogue*, who looked for other Merchandise than Books; yet many

The Library.

of them were recover'd again for Money, and set up here. Over the heads of the highest Shelves are set up the Pictures of learned men, a thing of more cost than profit, seeing with that cost many more Books might have been bought, and learned men are best seen in their Books and Writings: *Loquere ut te videam.*

The Gallery of Pictures.

17. Behind the Library stands the Gallery of Pictures, where I saw many choice *Originals* of prime Masters, and some exquisite Copies, as those four pieces of the *four Elements*, which certainly are copied after those that I describ'd above, in the House of the Duchess of Savoy near *Turin*, called *La Valentin*. But the rarest Piece of all, either in the Library or here, is the rare Manuscript kept here, of *Alberto Dureo*. Three hundred pounds have been refused for it.

The Dominicans Library.

18. The *Dominicans* Library is very considerable too: But you must not omit to see the *Refectory* here, where you shall find an admirable Picture of the Last Supper, made by rare *Laurentius Vincius*. The painted Cloyster here deserves a Visit too.

The Gratie.

19. The Monastery also called the *Gratie*, is one of the best in *Europe*, in whose Church is a rare picture of Christ crown'd with Thorns, of the hand of *Titian*.

The Cabinet of Canonico Setali.

20. The famous Gallery and Curiosities of *Canonico Setali*, far better than that of Monsieur *Servier* in *Lyons*, of which above. And here I wish my Pen were as ingenious to describe all the rare things of this Gallery, as the noble *Canon Setali* hath been in gathering them, and courteous in shewing them: some of these curious

rious things I yet remember, for my Reader's sake; as, a great variety of *Burning-glasses*, and yet not *Convex*, as ours ordinarily are, one of them set fire presently to a piece of board an inch thick that was brought forth. 2. A *Mandragera*. 3. A Bird without Feet, called by *Aristotle*, *Apodes*. 4. A Stone, out of which is drawn a thread, which being spun and woven, makes a Stuff-like Linnen, but of an incombustible nature: The Stone is called *Asbestos*, and the Stuff *Amyanthus*, which being foul and soil'd, is not to be made clean by washing in Water, but by throwing into the Fire. *Baltazar Bonifacius* in his *Historia Ludicra* tells of many who had such Stuff. 5. A world of rare Medals of the old Consuls and Emperors in Silver, Gold, and Brass. 6. A world of wooden things, as also Fruits and *Fungi*, all putrefied and turned into Stone, and yet no Metamorphosis neither, the things retaining their pristine forms. 7. Divers curious Clocks, whereof one shews the time of the *day* (strange) even in the *night* by a *quadrant*. 8. The little round *Cabinet*, flat above like a Child's Drum, with a smooth Glass; the Master setting little Ships, Coaches, &c. upon the Glass, they wheel and move up and down as it were of themselves, when all is done by a sympathetic vertue, and by the Master's turning secretly a little Wheel, where there is fasten'd some Loadstone, and the little Ships and Coaches having also some piece of Iron in their bottoms which touch the Glass, and so the Iron running after the Loadstone moved by the Wheel, makes these Ships and Coaches seem to move of themselves. 9. A piece of a *Thunderbolt*,
G 3
which

which the Canon himself said he cut out of a Man's Thigh stricken with it. 10. Livers pieces of Coral just as it grows in the Sea. 11. A little Pillar two handful high, of Marble, so cracked, that it gapeth wide on one side with the crack, and is yet firmly united on the other. 12. A world of rich Jewels, strange Stones, Camoes, pictures, Crystals, little Infants in Wax in glass Cases, and many other exotick Rarities, which are better seen than described.

Some Palaces.

21. There are some Palaces here; as that of the *Governers*, rather vast than curious, and fitter to lodge *Regiments of Guards* in, than *Viceroy*s. The Palace of *Marini* is of a noble structure: That of the Archbishop is very handsome. I saw also the Palace of the *Borromaei*, painted within at the entrance, with the *Motto* of S. Charles, (who was of this Family) *HUMILITAS*. It's related in the Life of this holy Prelate, that in twenty years space that he was Archbishop and Cardinal here, he went but twice to visit his own near Relations in this Palace, and descended but twice into his own Garden in his Archiepiscopal Palace. The Palaces also of the *Visconti* of the *Sforze*, of the *Trivulzii*, and many others, deserve to be seen.

The Castle.

22. The Castle or *Cittadelle* is one of the best in Europe, in the opinion of the Duke of Rohan, who was a competent Judge. It is situate on the back of the Town, and commands on every side. It's guarded by a Garrison of five hundred natural *Spaniards*, with a special Governor of its own, independant of the Governor of *Milan*. It looks more like a Town than a Castle, being a mile and a half about, and furnished

nish'd with all Conveniences a Soldier can require. The large Streets in it, the stately Houses and Palaces for the chief Commanders, the neat Piazza's, the number of well-furnish'd Shops in all kinds, even Goldsmiths too, the five Fountains or Wells not to be dried up, the Mill, the Hospital ; the Church, with eight or ten Chaplains in it, and a Curate ; the fair place of Arms, capable of six thousand Men ; two hundred great pieces of Canon upon the Walls ; the six Royal Bastions, the regular Fortifications or Outworks ; the underground way from one Bastion to another ; the infinite heaps of Cannon bullets, some whereof weigh 800 pound weight ; the three large and deep Ditches round about the Castle ; the stately Entrance, Gate, and two strong Towers, make this Castle one of the most Cavalier Curiosities a Man can see in *Italy*. They shew'd me here the Cannon which kill'd Mareschal *Crequy* before *Erme*, and for that Service it's allow'd to rest here for ever.

23. The Shops of Crystals, where you have *The Shops.* a world of Curiosities in Crystal ; as Watch-cases, Twizer-cases, little Boxes, Pictures cut in Crystal, Crosses and Beads of Crystal, &c. The Shops also of Silk-stockings, which are hugely esteem'd in *Italy*, because they are twice as strong as ours, and very massive. The Shops, in fine, of *Embroiderers*, whose Embroidery in Gold and Silver is the best in the World, and the cheapest.

24 Here is an *Academy of Wits*, call'd the *The Academy of Wits.* *Nasosci*, or *Hidden Men*. But why hidden? *Wit*, like the Sun, should shine publicly, and

not bury it self, except it be to shew us, that as the Sun never shines brighter than after he hath been hidden in a Cloud, so Wit never shines more, than after it hath been hidden in Study. Hence was that Saying of a grave Philosopher, *absconde vitam*, that is, lye hidden a while, at the Dug of the Book. Indeed Demosthenes caused his Hair to be shaved off, that by that Deformity he might be asham'd to go abroad, and so be obliged to study at home. As for this Academy, it helps much to animate with Wit this great Town, which otherwise would look like *Polyphemus*, (having lost his Eye) great, but blind; *Tumor non est magnitudo*.

The learned
Men.

25. The most famous Men of this Town for learning have been these: *Valerius Maximus* for History; *Alciatus*, *Decius* and *Jason*, for Law; *Cardan* for Philosophy; *Panigarola* and *Paulus Aresius* for Sermons; *Bonacina* for Canon Law; and *Octavius Ferrarius* (whom I knew lately in *Padua*) for *belle lettere*.

A strong
body.
Leandro
Alberto.

26. Two other Men here are famous for other things, to wit, *Uberto Crucio*, and *Guilielmo Pusterula*; the first so strong, that he could stop a Horse in his full gallop with one hand, lift up upon his Back a Horse laden with Corn, and stand so stily upon his Legs that no Man, tho' running against him with all his force, could push him out of his place or posture. The other without any Learning at all, except his first Grammar Rudiments, could with his natural Wit only, decide Law-cases, and make such good Orders, that the best Lawyers could not find what to add to them. It's

A strong
mind.

pity

pity these two Men had not been melted into one, to have made one excellent Man, by their clubbing *Wit* and *Force* together, and their mingling of *Sana mens* with *Corpore sano*.

The *Revenues* that *Spain* draws from *Milan* yearly are two millions and four hundred thousand Crowns, besides the Thirds, to which they are obliged in time of War *Its Revenues.*

This State, for a need, can raise fifty thousand Men. *Its Strength.*

He that desires to know the History of *Milan*, let him read *Corio* of the History of *Milan*, *Its Historians.* *Ripamontius*, *Scipio Barbo* of the Lives of the Dukes of *Milan*, and *Paola Morigi*.

Having thus seen *Milan* in six days time, we took Horse for *Bologna*, six days Journey from hence, and passed through *Marignano*, *Lodi*, *Piacenza*, *Parma*, *Regio*, *Modena*, *Fort Urbano*, and so to *Bologna*; of each I will say something.

Marignano is a little Town about ten miles distant from *Milan*, and from thence to *Lodi* the way is most pleasant, and level as an Alley. Near to this Town *Francis* the First of *France* fought with the *Swissers* a famous Battel, and killed 16000 of them, and took *Ludovicus Sforza* the Duke of *Milan*, who thought to have escaped in the *Swissers* Clothes, but was discover'd. *Marignano.*

Lodi is a good Town, and Frontier upon the *Venetians*; the River *Adda* runs under its Walls. It's call'd *Lodi* either because it's built upon the Ruins, or near to old *Lodi*, which was call'd *Laus Pompeia*, because *Pompey* had restor'd it. This Town is famous for excellent Neats Tongues, and Cheeses as big as Millstones. A Gentleman of this Town caus'd four *Lodi.*

Cheeses

Cheeses to be made, each one weighing 500 pound weight. The People here mow their Hay three times a year, and I am afraid they are polled as often with Taxes.

Piacenza.

Piacenza, or *Pleasance*, deserves its name, by reason of its sweet situation in a rich Country near the *Po* and *Trebia*, two great Rivers. Near the last of which *Hannibal* overcame *Sempronius* the Roman Consul. The Country round about this Town is very rich in Pasturage; hence their excellent Cheeses and rare Cream. It aboundeth also in Salt-pits, which afford no small profit. This Town belongs to the Duke of *Parma*.

Its Rarities.

The best things to be seen here, are, the *Equestrian Statue* of the second *Alexander the Great*, or the first *Alexander of Parma*. It's in Brass in the Market-place. The old Fountain made by *Augustus Caesar*; the rare Picture of *Raphael's* hand, in the *Benedictine* Church, behind the high Altar; the Churches of the *Dominicans*, and *Canon Regulars*, are no contemptible ones.

A piece of Thrift.

I observed in this Town a notable piece of Thriftiness used by the Gentlewomen, who make no scruple to be carried to their Country Houses near the Town in Coaches drawn by two Cows yoked together; these will carry the *Signora* a pretty round trot under her *Villa*; they afford her also a dish of their Milk, and after collation, bring her home again at night, without spending a penny.

Its History.

He that desires to know more of *Piacenza*, let him read *Umberto Loccati*.

OF

Of *Piacenza*, where *Cornelius Musso*, Bishop of *Bitonti*, a great preacher, and a *Trent* Father ; as also *Ferrante Pallavicini*.

Parma belongs also to the Duke of *Parma*, of *Parma*. the House of *Farnese*. This Dutchy was given to *Pier Luigi Farnese*, by *Paulus III*, upon condition it should hold of the Pope, and pay him yearly ten thousand Crowns ; it's worth to the Duke two hundred thousand Crowns. This Town of *Parma* is three miles in compass, hath the River *Parma* running thro' it, over which is built a handfom Stone Bridge. The Country round about the Town is most fertile, and begets such credit to the Cheeses, that *Parmesan* Cheeses are famous over all the World.

The chief things to be seen in *Parma*, are *The Duke's* these ; the Duke's Palace, with the Gardens, *Palace*. Fountains, wild Beasts, the admirable Theatre to exhibit *Opera's* in ; the exquisite Coaches of the Duke, one whereof is all of beaten Silver, with the Seats and Curtains embroider'd with Gold and Silver ; another so well gilt and adorn'd, that it's almost as rich as the former. Lastly, the Stables, where I saw Horses suitable both in strength and beauty to the 'foresaid Coaches.

Then I went to the *Domo*, whose *Cupola* was *The Domo*. painted by the rare hand of *Coreggio*.

Lastly, to the *Capuchins*, in whose Church *The Capuchins*. lies buried my noble Hero *Alexander Farnese*, *Alexander Farnese*. Duke of *Parma*, whom I cannot meet in this my Voyage without a Complement. He was the *third Duke of Parma*, but the *tenth* *Worthy*. Indeed his leaping the first Man into the *Turks* Galleys, in the Battel of *Lepanto*, with Sword in

in hand, and in the eighteenth year only of his age, was such a Prognostick of his future worth, his reducing *Flanders* again, with the prodigious Actions done by him at the taking of *Antwerp*, was such a making good of the Prognostick; and his coming into *France* in his Slippers and Sedan, to succour *Rouen*, besieg'd by *Henry IV*, was such a crowning of all his other Actions, that his History begets belief to *Quintus Curtius*, and makes Men believe, that *Alexander's* can do any thing.

Some Critics hold *Quintus Curtius* to be a Romance.

The Revenues of this Prince are said to be Six hundred thousand Crowns a year. He is now of the French Faction, and in all his Territories he can raise 28000 Men.

The Duke's Revenues. His Interest. His Forces. The Academy of Wits

Here is an Academy of Wits, call'd the *Innominati*, as they that had rather be wise than be talked of, or famed for such.

This Town hath furnish'd lately with two excellent Painters, *Coreggio* and *Parmigiano*.

Its History

He that would know the particular History of *Parma*, let him read *Bonaventura Arrighi*.

Regio.

From *Parma* we went to *Regio*, a Town belonging to the Duke of *Modena*; here is a neat Cathedral Church, of which Church *S. Prosper* was Bishop. Of this Town were these three learned men, *Guido Pancirola*, Cardinal *Tosco*, and frarling *Castelvetro*.

Modena.

Modena is the Town where the Duke keeps his Court. It's a handsome Town, and by its high Steeple shews it self to Travellers long before they come to it. It hath also a strong Cittadel, which lying flat and even with the Town, sheweth the Town, that indeed it can be even with it whensoever it shall rebel.

The

The Palace of the Duke hath some Rooms in it as neat, and rich, as any I saw in *Italy*, witness those Chambers hung round with the Pictures of those of his Family, and Wainscoted with great *Looking-Glasses* and rich guilding.

This Duke is of the Family of *Este*, but not of the true Line: Wherefore for want of law-^{The Family of Este.}ful Heirs Male, *Ferrara* and *Commachio* fell to the Church in *Clement* the VIII's time, and remain there ever since.

Of the true House of *Este*, was the brave ^{Countess Matilda.} *Countess Matilda* the Dry-Nurse, as I may say, of the *Roman Church*. For it was she defended *Gregory* the VII. against the *Emperor Henry* the VI. and brought him to acknowledge his fault, and cry the *Pope* mercy. It was she also that by Will and Testament left the *Pope* *Parma*, *Regio*, *Mantua*, and *Ferrara*. Hence *Urban* the VIII. out of gratitude to this Princess, caused her Statue and Tomb to be set up in *St. Peter's Church* in *Rome*. The Will and Testament of this Princess are kept in *Lucca* to this day.

Hard by *Modena* was fought the famous Battle where *Hirtius* and *Pansa* being Consuls, the Senate lost in them its Authority.^{The last true Consuls.}

Of *Modena* were these Famous Men in learning, Cardinal *Sadoletus*, *Carolus Sigonius*, and ^{Its Learned Men.} *Gabriel Falopius*.

In *Modena* are made the best Visards for Masquerades; and it's no small profit which they draw from this foolish Commodity, seeing *Stultorum plena sunt omnia*.

The Revenues of this Duke are Three hundred thousand Crowns a year: and he is now of the *French Faction*. He can raise 30000 Men.^{The Duke's Revenues. His Interest.}
From

His Forces
Fort Ur-
ban.

From thence passing the River we came soon to *Fort Urban*, a Cittadal most regularly built by the Command of Pope *Urban* the VIII. from whom it's called. It's so strong, that it is not afraid to stand night and day alone in the fields, and upon the *Frontiers* of the Pope's Estate. Passing from hence through *Castel Franco*, anti-ently called *Forum Gallorum*, we arrived be-
times at *Bologna*.

Castel
Franco.

Bologna.

Bologna is one of the greatest Towns of *Italy*; and one of the handsomest. It's the second of the Pope's Dominions; and the chief Univer-
sity of *Italy* for Law. Hence the *Jurists* say it is, *Musarum domus, atque omnis nutricula Juris*; and the very common Coin of the Country tells you that *Bononia docet*.

It's named by the Common Proverb, *Bologna la grassa*: because of the fertil Soyl in which it stands, to wit, in the very end of *Lombardy*; and the many Springs which humect it from the *Apennine Hills*, at whose feet it stands.

This Country was anti-ently called *Felsina*, *Gallia Cisalpina*, *Gallia Togata*, to distinguish it from *Gallia Braccata*, the Country in *France* near *Narbonne*, and from *Gallia Comata*, the Country in *France* called *La Guienne*. In middling Ages it was called *Romagnola*, be-
cause *Bologna*, *Ravenna*, *Cezena*, *Forli*, *Faenza*, and *Imola* stood constant to the City of *Rome* against the *Lombards* for a long time.

The Town
is self.

As for the Town of *Bologna* now, it's excel-
lently well built, and for the most part upon *Arches*, like the *Covent-Garden* in *London*; only the Pillars are round. These *Arches* bring great
conveniency to the Inhabitants, who can walk

all the Town over cool and dry, even in July and January. It's five miles in compass, and an excellent Summer Town, were it not that the Air is not altogether so pure, and the Wines heating. It's governed by a *Legat a Latere*, sent hither by the Pope, and in change, it sends and Embassador to Rome to reside there: so that *Bologna* is treated by Rome rather like a Sister, than a Subject: and deservedly, seeing *Bologna* fell not to the Church any other way but by her free giving her self to the Pope, reserving only to her self some particular Privileges; as power to send Embassadors to Rome; and that if any Townsman kill another, and can but escape away, his goods cannot be confiscated.

Its Government.

Its Privileges.

I staid six days here, in which time I saw these things.

The Dominicans

1. The Dominicans Church and Convent. In the Church, I saw the Tomb of S. Dominick Founder of that Order. It's all of White Marble cut with curious Figures relating to his Life. In this Church is kept a Famous Manuscript, to wit the Bible it self written in Parchment by *Esdra* himself, saith *Leandro Alberto*, the *Cambden* of Italy, and a Friar of this Convent. They shew you also here a curious Lamp sent to St. Dominick's Tomb by the new converted Indians. It's of a most rare Workmanship. Behind the high Altar stands the Quire, so famous for the Seats, which are of rare Mosaick work of Coloured Wood, inlaid into Pictures representing the Old and New Testaments, and all wrought by one Lay Brother called Fra. *Damiano di Bergamo*. This kind of Mosaick Work in Wood was anti-ently (saith *Vasari*) called *Tarsia*, and in this kind

Church.

kind of Work *Brunelleschi* and *Maiano* did good things in *Florence*. But *John Veronese* improved it much afterwards by boiling Wood into several colours, and then inlaying it into what Postures and Figures he pleased. This *Quire* is shewn to Strangers as a rare thing; and worthily, since the Emperor *Charles* the V. had the curiosity to see it, and with the point of his Dagger to try whether it was inlaid, or only painted; and the piece which he picked out with his Dagger, was never put in again for a Memorandum. In this Church, as also in the Chapterhouse and Cloister of this Convent, lie buried many Readers of the Law; who having lived here by the Law, died here also by the Law of Nature.

The Dominicans
Convent.

2. The Convent here is one of the fairest in Europe, in which 150 Friars constantly live and study. The little Chapel, which was once *S. Dominick's Chamber*; the vast *Dormitory*; the fair *Library*; the great *Refectory*, and curious *Celler* are shewn courteously to Strangers.

The Body
Beata Catherine.

3. The Nunnery of *Corpus Christi*. It's of *S. Clare's Order*, and famous for the Body of *Beata Catherine di Bologna* a most holy Nun of this Order and Convent. I saw her Body sitting straight up in a Chair, in her Religious Habit: She holds her Rules in her right hand; and we see her Face and Feet plainly, but those black and dried up.

The Corso.

4. From hence I went on to the Town Gate, a little out of which Gate lies a fair Street where they make the *Corso* of Coaches in Summer Evenings.

5. Turning from hence on the left hand, I ^{S. Michael} went to S. *Michael* in *Bosco* a stately Monastery ^{in Bosco.} of *Olivetian Fathers*, standing upon a high Hill. From this Hill I had a perfect view of *Bologna* under me, and of all the Country about it : which being level and strowed with a world of white Houses and *Villa's*, looked like a Sea loaden with Ships under sail. Entering into this Monastery, I saw the Oval Court painted by several Prime Masters, of which *Guido Rheni* of *Bologna* was one. Then mounting up to the Dormitory, I found it to be one of the fairest I had ever seen.

6. The Monastery, or Convent of the *Fran-* ^{Other State} *ciscans*, with the rare row of Pillars, and Por- ^{ly Monaste} tico towards the Street, the excellent Cloisters, ^{rics.} and the curious Cellar.

7. The Monastery of St. *Salvatore* with its two vast Courts or double Cloister built upon Galleries above, it's a noble Building.

8. The Monastery of the *Servits*, that of the *Augustins*, and that of the *Carmalites*, are all of them such stately Buildings, that I may boldly say, that no Town in *Europe* is comparable to *Bologna* for fair Monasteries.

9. Then I visited *San Petronio*, standing in ^{S. Petro-} the end of the great Piazza. of which Church ^{nio's} *Leandro Albarto* writ a hundred years ago, that ^{Church.} he thought it would not be ended but with the World. And I am half of his opinion : for when I passed that way last, I found the Scaffolds yet standing, which I had found there one and twenty years before ; and yet in all my five Voyages into *Italy*, I found them always knocking and making as much noise and

dust, as if this Church should be finished within half a year, when as yet half of it is only finished. In this Church *Charles the V.* was crowned Emperor by *Clement the VII.*

The Domo.

10. The *Domo*, which is not yet half finished neither: yet that part which is finished promiseth fair for the rest.

Other Churches.

11. The New Church of *St. Paul* hath a curious High Altar. In the Church of *St. Giovanni in Morte* is the rare Picture of *St. Cecily* of the hand of *Raphael Urbin.* The *Jesuits* Church, the Church of *St. Stephen*, and that of the *Passion*, deserve to be seen.

The Legats Palace.

12. After the Churches and Monasteries, we went on with visiting the rest of the Town, and saw the Palace of the Popes Legate: in this Palace I saw the rare Cabinet and Study of *Aldrovandus*, to whom *Pliny* the Second if he were now alive, would but be *Pliny* the Sixth, for he hath printed six great Volumes of the nature of things, each Volume being as big as all *Pliny's* Works. They shewed me here two or three hundred Manuscripts, all of this Mans own hand-writing, and all of them Notes out of the best Authors; out of which Notes he compiled his six great Volumes which are now in print. Seeing these Manuscripts, I asked whether the Man had lived three hundred years, or no, as it's said *Joannes de Temporibus* in *Charles the Great's* time did: but it was answered me, that he lived only fourscore and three: a short age for such a long Work: but it sheweth us how far a Man may travel in Sciences in his Life time if he rise early and spur on all his Life time with obstinate Labour. Certainly had he

Aldrovandus his Study and Cabinet.

wrote

wrote before *Solomon*, that wise Man would have changed his saying, and instead of sending the slothful Man to learn of the *Pismire* how to labour, he would have sent him to *Aldrovandus* his Study and Example: *Vade ad Aldrovandum piger.*

13. The Great Schools here where the Doctors of the University read, are stately both within and without. *The Schools*

14. The Spanish College founded here by noble Cardinal *Albernozzo*, deserves to be taken notice of. It's well built with a handsome Church and five Priests to serve it. The intention of his College is to furnish all the King of *Spain's* Dominions in *Italy* with able Magistrates and Officers of Justice. None can live in it but natural *Spaniards* (except the Chaplains,) and those *Spaniards* must be Doctors of the Law before they can be admitted here; they only learn the language and Customs of the Countries, and perfect themselves in the study of the Law, that they may be fit to fill up the first vacant places of Judicature that fall either in the State of *Milan*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*, or in *Sicily*. They have a revenue of twelve thousand Crowns a year. They keep two Coaches, live very nobly, and lodge all *Spanish* Embassadors, Cardinals and Prelates of their Nation that pass this way. In the College you see the Pictures of many great Statesmen and Cardinals and others who have been of this College: but no Picture pleased me like that of their brave Founder, Noble Cardinal *Albernozzo*, which is in the Church,

and representing him in the same posture he was in, when he recovered all the Pope's State in *Italy*, unto the Pope then at *Avignon*; of which I have spoken sufficiently above in describing *Avignon*.

The two
Towers.

15. The two *Towers* here in the midst of the Town, the one very high and streight, called *De gli Asinelli*; the other low and bending, called, *La Carissenda*. They would make us believe that this bending *Tower* was made crooked a-purpose; and it's strange to see how most Men make it their business rather to see this low crooked *Tower*, than the other, which is both higher and streighter. But there's no Mystery to make things ill, and to miss of our aims; and I rather think the *Carissenda* or low *Tower* went not up higher, because the Architect perceiv'd it went up awry. But we strangers admire every thing in strange Countries, and that makes that none admire us; upon which occasion I would wish my young Traveller never to admire any thing in outward shew, but to look curiously at every thing, with crying out, *O che Bela Cosa!* This will get him and his Nation far more honour, for *Admiration* is but the Daughter of *Ignorance*; and *Magnanimus* (saith *Aristotle*) *nihil admiratur*.

The Houses
in Bologna

16. Then the *Houses* here, which are generally well built, and in Summer-time setting open their Doors and Gates towards the Street, you may look quite through their Courts. Entries, Porches, Houses, and a huge way into their Gardens, which, even from thence, will salute your Eye with a fair prospect of Fountains, and fresh Verdure; and your Nose too with de-

delicate smells of Jesomin and Orange flowers. Now the best Palaces here are those of *Malvezzi, Campeggi, Pepoli, Fachinetti, Cespi*, and others.

17. These fine Houses are full also of Nobility, and I remember to have seen here at a *Corso di Paglio* upon *Midsummer-day*, the long great Street lined quite through with Coaches on both sides, and those Coaches double lin'd with Ladies and Cavaliers of *Garbo*. Indeed it would be pity that such a stately Town as *Bologna* should, like *Leyden* in *Holland*, be full only of Houses and Borens. The Nobility.

18. Their Traffick here consisteth much in Silks, Velvets, Olives, Leather-bottles, Gellies, Washballs, and little Dogs for Ladies, which here are so little, that the Ladies carrying them in their Muffs, have place enough for their Hands too. The Traffick

19. Their Markets here are also well furnish'd with all Provisions; witness their *Salicci* only, which are a *Regalo* for a Prince. The Market.

20. But that you may not think them better fed than taught; they have erected here an *Academy of Wits*, called *Gli Otiosi*, or *Idlemen*, per *antiphrasin*, because they are not idle. It's this *Academy* (I believe) which hath helpt to set out three excellent modern Writers of this Town, Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, the Marquis of *Malvezzi* and *John Baptista Manzini*; the first, a *Titus Livius*; the second, a *Lucius Florus*; and the third, a *Marcus Tullius* of his time. To whom I may add *Leandro Alberti*, the *Camden* of *Italy*. The Academy of Wits. The Learned Men.

The Historians.

21. He that desires to know the particular History of *Bologna*, let him read *Bartholomeo*, *Galeotti*, and *Giovanni Garzo*, where he shall find how *Bologna* suffer'd much anciently by the two opposite Factions of the *Lambartazzi* and the *Ceremei*. But now they enjoy quiet and repose under the Pope.

Remember this Bolettina, Traveller.

The Apennine Hills.

Having thus seen *Bologna*, and being arm'd with a *Bolettina di Sanita*, taken here, to make us be let pass into the State of *Florence*, we steer'd on Horseback towards *Florence*, and reach'd it in two days, the first days Journey by *Pianora*, *Loiano*, *Scargo*, *L'Azino*, *Pietra Mala*, and over the *Apennines*, was long and tedious enough, till the night came, at which time we were much recreated with the sight of a Fire which appeared some two miles off, in the side of a Mountain on our left hand. This Fire appears here frequently, especially in cloudy weather; and it appear'd to me for an hour together as I rode along, to be still of the same bigness, and of the same glowy colour (Furnace like) and of a perfect round form, and not pyramidial, as other flames are: the Country People here call this Fire, *La Bocca d' Inferno*, *Hell's Mouth*; and I know not why they may not as well call this Fire so, as *Tertullian* calls *Vesuvius* and *Ætna* (two burning Mountains *Fumariola Inferni*, *Hell's Chimneys*. Taken in fine, with this fixed Meteor, we forgot the tediousness of the way, and came to *Fiorenzuola*; the next morning passing by *Scarperia* and *Il Ponte*, we arriv'd betimes at *Florence*.

Tertul. l. de Penitent. c. 12.

Fiorenzuola.

I confess I stirred not out of my Inn that night, because *Fair Florence* (as the Proverb calls her) is not to be seen in foul Linnen, and Riding-boots; but rising betimes the next Morning, I made my Eyes survey such Beauty, as even Princes Eyes might feast upon. *My arrival at Florence.*

But before I come to the particulars of what I saw in *Florence*, I will consider it in great, and then come to the retail of it.

Divers good Authors are of opinion that this Town was first built by *Sylla's* Soldiers, to whom he had given this Soyl, for their services done him in his Civil Wars. They built it near the Current of two Rivers (*Arno* and *Munio*) and from thence it was called at first *Fluentia* (as *Coblentz* in *Germany*, from the meeting of Rivers, is called *Confluentia*. Afterwards by the Inhabitants it was called *Florentia*, by reason of the fruitful soyl which made it flourish with all delicacies; as also for the flourishing Wits of the Inhabitants, who were so famous antiently in point of Wit, that the very *Romans* used to send their Children first into *Tuscany*, to be bred in *Learning* and *Religion*, and then into *Greece*, to learn *Greek* and *Philosophy*. *Florence.*

I spent a month in this Town, and the things I observed most were these:

1. The Chapel of *St. Lawrence*, which is the neatest thing that ever eye beheld. All the inside of it is to be over-crusted with *Jasper* Stones, of several Colours and Countries, with other rich Stones, all above Marble, and all so neatly polished and shining, that the Art here exceeds the Materials. This Chapel is round, and round about are to be fixed within

The Chapel of Saint Lawrence.

the Walls, as high as a Man can reach, the Tombs of all the great Dukes of *Florence*, in a most gallant manner, and of most exquisite polished Stones, with a great Cushion of some richer Stone, and a Ducal Crown of Precious Stones reposing upon that Cushion. Over these *Tombs* the Statues of all the Great Dukes, at full length, and in their Ducal Habits, all of Brass gilt, are to be placed in *Niches* round about the Chapel. The Roof is to be vaulted all over with an over-crusting of *Lapis Lazuli* (a blue precious Stone with veins of Gold in it) which will make it look like Heaven it self. Between each Tomb are inlaid in the Walls, the Arms, or Scutchions of the several Towns of the Great Dukes Dominions, all blazoned according to their several Colours in Heraldry by several precious Stones which compose them: and these are not made in little, but are fair great Scutchions made purposely of a large size for to fill up the void places between the *Tombs*: the Towns are these *Florence, Siena, Pisa, Livorno, Volterra, Arezzo, Pistoia, Cortona, Monte Pulciano, &c.* which contributed (I suppose) something each of them to this Costly Fabrick. In fine, this Chapel is so rich within with its own shining bare Walls, that it scorns all Hangings, Painting, Gilding, Mosaick Work, and such like helpers off of bare Walls, because it can find nothing richer and handsomer than its own precious Walls. It's now above threescore years since it was begun, and there are ordinarily threescore Men at work daily here, and yet there's only the Tomb of *Ferdinand* the Second, perfectly finished. The ve-

ry Cushion which lieth upon his Tomb, cost threescore thousand Crowns, by which you may guess at the rest. Indeed these stately Tombs make almost death it self look lovely, and dead mens ashes grown proud again. As for the Altar and Tabernacle of this Chapel, I will speak of them by and by, when I will describe the Gallery of the Great Duke, where they are kept till the Chapel be finished.

2. The Church of St. *Laurence*, to which be- The Church
of St. Lo-
renzo.
longs the Chapel, or rather to which this Chapel belongs; is a very handsome Church designed by *Brunelleschi* himself. The things that grace this Church are the neat double row of round Pillars which hold up the Roof of this Fabrick. The Picture over the Quire painted in the Roof, representing the general Judgment. It's a bold piece, and of *Pontorno*: The two *Brazen Pulpits* wrought into Histories by rare *Donatello*: The curious designed Picture of S. *Anne* and our Blessed Lady, in *chiaro è oscuro*, by *Fra. Bartolomeo*, commonly called *Del Frate*, is so well a designed Piece, that a Duke of *Mantua* having seen it, offered to buy it at any rate, but was refused. The new *Sacristy* made to serve the fine Chapel described above) deserves to be carefully visited, because of the Bodies of the Princes of the Family of *Medices*, which are deposited here, till the Chapel mentioned above be finished. In this new *Sacristy* also are seen the four Statues made by *Michael Angelo*, representing the *Day*, the *Night*, *Aurora*, and the *Evening*; the four parts which compose Time, by which all Men are brought to their Graves: That which re-
presents

presents *Night* is a rare Statue, and hugely cryed up by all Sculptors and Virtuosi. See also in the Wall of the old Sacristy the neat Tomb of *John* and *Peter Medices*, Sons of *Cosmus*, firnamed *Peter Patria*: It's the work of *Andrea Varochio*. In the midst of this Church before the High Altar, lies buried *Cosmus Peter Petria*, the raiser of the *Medicean* Family. In the Cloister joyning to this Church, is erected the Statue of *Paulus Jovius* the Historian; and near to this Statue you mount up a pair of Stairs to the rare Library of Manuscripts, called *Bibliotheca Laurentiana*, the Catalogue of whose Books is Printed at *Amsterdam* Anno 1622. in *Octavo*.

The Library.

The great Dukes Gallery.

3. The Gallery of the old Palace. This is that Gallery so famous, and so frequently visited by all Strangers. At your entrance into this Gallery you see a vast long Room made like an L: on the left hand of this Gallery, there runs a perpetual glass Window; on the other side are set a row of Pictures in great, of those of the *Medicean* Family: under the Windows, and also under the said Pictures stand a row of curious *Marble Statues*, antient ones all, and of prime hands. Over the said Windows and Pictures runs a close row of less Pictures, representing to the Life, the most famous Men of Latter times for Learning and Arms; the Soldiers being on the right hand, and the Scholars on the left. The Statues aforesaid are well nigh a hundred in all, but all rare ones: Some whereof I yet remember, and they are these; that of *Leda*, of *Diana*, of *Bacchus*, of *Hercules*, of the *Gladiator* standing on his Guard,

Guard, of *Scipio Africanus* in Brass, shewing the ancient Habit and Dress of the old *Romans*, far different from our modes, that of a little young youth in Brass, with his Sword in his hand, that of a little Boy sleeping upon a Touchstone, the Head of *Cicero* in Marble, that of *Seneca*, the Head of *Michael Angelo Bonarota* in Brass of his own hand making : in fine, the Head of *Brutus*, one of *Cesar's* Murderers. It was begun in Marble by *Michael Angelo*, but informidly ; and so left by him : If you will know the reason why he finished it not, read the distich written in Brass, under this Head by the said sculptor himself, thus :

M. *Dum Bruti effigiem Sculptor A.*
de marmore ducit,

B. *In mentem sceleris Venit, & F.*
abstinuit.

The four Corner letters signifying that *Michael Angelus Bonarota Fecit*. Among the Pictures I took particular notice of these Soldiers, of *Hannibal* that frightened *Rome*, of *Scipio* that took *Carthage* and vanquished *Hannibal*, of *Pyrrhus* that made the *Romans* glad to make Peace with him, of *Scanderbeg* that made the great *Turk* afraid to fight with him, of *Venerius* that helpt to win the Battle of *Lepanta*, of *Alexander Farnese* that never lost Battle, of *Cortefus* that found out new Countries, of *Magellanus* that found out new Seas, of *Andread' Oria* who beat the *French* by Sea, of *Guston de Foix* who had beat the *Spaniards* by Land, if he had but known how to use his Victory, of the Duke of *Alva*,
 who

*Pictures of
 Famous
 Soldiers.*

who only lamented dying, that he had never fought a pitch'd Battle with the *Turks*, of *Anne de Montmorancy*, who died in a pitch'd Battel against the *Hignots*, of *Ecclino* the *Panduan Tyrant*, of whom no Man can speak any good, of *Castrutio*, of whom no Man can speak any ill; with a world of other brave *Heroes*, with whose true looks I was very glad to be acquainted. Among the Pictures of the learned Men, I took particular notice of these *Italians*, to wit, *Petrarch*, *Ariosto*, *Joannes Casa*, *Poggio*, *Macchiavel*, *Guicciardin*, *Paulo Jovio*, *Sannazario*, *Bocaccio*, *Platina*, *Brunelleschi*, *Michael Angelo*, *Raphel Urbin*, *Columbus*, *Americus*, and *Galileo*, with many others too long to relate, and too many to be remembred. Having thus gazed our fill at these Statues and Pictures, and by particular taking notice of them, complimented the great Worthies they represent, we were let into the great Cabinets, or Chambers which joyn upon this Gallery.

Pictures of
Learned
Men.

The Armory.

First, we saw the Armory, that is, three or four great Chambers full of exotick curiosities: as the Habits of two *Indian Kings* made of Parrats Feathers sowed together; the Habits of some Janisaries in *Turkey*, of red Velvet set thick with little Nails of gold, which they can take out and dress up other suits with; the habit of the King of *China*; the skin of a Horse pasted upon a Wooden Horse, the Mane of which Horse is kept there in a Box all at length, and it is above five Ells long: This Horse had been sent to the Great Duke by the Duke of *Lorain*. Then we were shown *Hannibal's* Helmet; the
Helmet

Helmet of *Charles* the V. the Sword of *Henry* the IV. of *France*, a curious Helmet thin and light, and yet of Musket proof, a huge heavy Helmet and Sword of one of the old *Paladins* of *France*; the true Sword of *Scanderbeg*, a world of Cimeters, Scabbards, Caps, Saddles, and other *Turkish* Furniture set thick with *Turquoises* in Gold, a great Gun, whose thick Barrel is of pure Gold, and yet as long as an ordinary fowling piece, and as heavy as a strong Man can well level with: It's valued at 1500 Pistols, and shoots twice as far as another Gun of Iron doth, but kills (I believe) with the same pain that others do, though with a little more honour. Here is a great Pistol of Gold. Then the *buona notte*, or Set of Pistols, (five Pistol Barrels set together in an Iron Frame) to put into your Hat, and to be all shot off at once from thence, as you seem to salute your Enemy, and bid him Good night. The Pistole with eighteen Barrels in it, all to be shot off at once, and scattering desperately about a Room, six little Cannons set in Star-wise. The little *Brass Cannon* which may be taken in pieces presently, and set together as soon, and so be carried easily into any Steeple, or Tower: such Cannons as these might easily be carried in deep Countries, and over high Mountains, every Soldier carrying a Piece. The Statue in Brass of the *King of Spain*, *Philp the Fourth* on Horseback, just of the brightness of that of Gold which the Great Duke sent to the said King of *Spain* for a Present: It was made by rare *John di Bologna*. Then I saw the Armour for Horse and Man of two Kings of *Persia*. The Armour of the *Great Duke Ferdinand*, a good-ly

ly Man. The King of *Swede's* Cornet taken in *Germany* in a Battle. The *Buckler* with the *Mедуsa's* Head on it, painted by *Michael Angelo*. A *Turkish Bell* to ring in time of Battle. A Horn used in *Turkey* to call Men to their Mosques instead of *Bells*, as we have. The head of a Halbard ringing like a Bell. A Halbard to fold up in three, and to carry under your Cloak privately. A *Staff of white Cane*, in which are curiously engraven in black, the Histories of the *Apocalypse*. It was the Duke of *Urbins*. In fine, the *Loadstone* holding up threescore pound weight of Iron; and holding one Key to another, for a matter of five or six Keys.

The 1. Cabinet.

After the Armory, we were let into the five Cabinets full of precious Jewels, Pictures, and other rare curiosities. In the first Cabinet I was shown a curious Candlestick to hang up in the middle of a Room, with several Branches spreading from it, and all of yellow *Amber*, including within it a world of little figures of white Marble or Wax, neatly cut in little, and appearing through the transparent yellow *Amber*: This Candlestick was given by the *Dutchess of Lunenburg*, to the Duke of *Saxony*, and by him to Prince *Matthias* Brother to this Great Duke of *Florence*. In the same Cabinet I saw a Table of polished stones of several colours and lustre, inlaid into Birds and Flowers. The head of *Tiberius Caesar* in one *Turkey stone*, as big as a Ducks egg, and of an inestimable value. A curious Cabinet, or two of *Ivory Cups*, brought out of *Germany* by Prince *Matthias*. In the same Cabinet I saw the picture of Cardinal *Bembo* in a neat *Mosaick* work; and another piece of
divers

divers Birds in Mosaik also, rarely done by *Marcellus Provincialis*. I saw also there divers little old Pagan Idols in Iron and Brass, a design of *Raphael's* own hand; and some good Pictures.

In the second Cabinet I saw two great Globes, which were made in this Room, being too great ever to be carried out, or brought into it by the Door. I saw also here a curious Table of polish'd stones, representing a Town in *Bohemia*, with divers Pictures of Men, Horses, and Landships: where there is a Tree represented most naturally, because it is represented by the very Wood of a Tree Petrified into stone, and looking like Wood as it was; and shining like polished stone, as it now is. The Statues, or Busts of three or four of the Great Dukes, in *Porphyry*. A curious looking Glass over the inside of the Door, which placed directly over the Picture of a Man, contracts into it the Picture of a Woman (that Man's Wife) which you see plainly in it; drawing thus *Eve* out of *Adam* again by a curious reflexion.

In the third Cabinet I was shown a curious Table of polished Stones representing perfectly the Town and Haven of *Legorne*, A great Cabinet of *Ebony* beset with precious Stones on the outside, and with the History of the Holy Scriptures curiously expressed in miniature in several little Squares of rich Stones set here and there. In the top of it there is a *German Clock*, now out of order, and no Man dare mend it. Within this great Cabinet I saw the passion of our Saviour curiously cut by *Michael Angelo* in Ivory (say they) but I believe it's in white Wax. There is

is also in it the figures of our Saviour and his twelve Apostles in yellow Amber, with their Heads in white Amber: All these several pieces are not seen at once, but come up into sight one after another, as the Man turns them.

This *Ebony Cabinet* was sent to the *Great Duke* by the Duke of *Bavaria*, and it's valued at four score thousand Crowns: I believe, if it were to be sold, it would not yield forty thousand Crowns; but it's handsome, saith *Seneca*, for those that receive courtesies, to value them high. Here are also some Pictures of great value, as the *Adam* and *Eve* of the hand of *Alberto Dureo*, an Original piece, valued at 1500 Crowns. An original *Venus* of *Titian*, that in the *Poggio Imperiale* here (of which below) looking but like a good copy of this. Here are also several *Persian* Chairs, and other good Originals of prime Hands.

The 4th.
Cabinet.

In the 4th Cabinet, called *Il Tribuno* we saw more riches than in all the others. This *Tribuno* is a great Room built round with a *Cupola*, whose Vault is painted with a deep sanguin red, set full with the shells of Mother of Pearl. The Walls of this Room are hung with green Silk, and loaden with excellent Pictures of the prime Masters of the World, *Titian*, *Raphael*, *Andrea del Sarto*, *Vinci*, *Hans Holbain*, *Vandike* and others. The *St. John Baptist* is of *Raphael's* hand; as is also that of *Leo the X.* with two Cardinals, *Julio Medici*, and Cardinal *Rassi* behind him. The Picture of *Southwel*, Privy Counsellor to *Henry the VIII.* is of the hand of rare *Hans Holbain*. The Picture of our Lady with our Saviour in her Arms, is of the hand of *Andrea del Sarto*.
The

The Picture of Cardinal *Bentivoglio* sitting in a Chair, is of the hand of *Vandike*. There is also a rare Picture in *miniature* of *Giulio Clorio's* hand, and three fair pieces in *miniature* of an *Augustin Friar* yet living, and a Man of great esteem, having taken the right course to be famous, that is, to make but few pieces, but these finished with all the patience which *miniature* requires. In this *Tribuno* I saw also the famous Nail, half Gold, half Iron; made by the famous *Alchymist Thurnheuser*. They shewed me also a great Lump of Gold, not yet stamped into Coyn; two shells of Mother of Pearl with their two Pearls still sticking to them, and just as they grow: The Pearls are rich Pearls and round. The two pieces of Emerald-Rock, the one scarce formed yet into perfect Emerald, but only begun: the other quite finished and green. Then two close Cupboards within the Walls of this Room, in which I saw a world of curious Cups and Vases of Crystal, *Agate*, *Lapis*, *Lazuli*, and other such curious, but brittle matter, yet of rare Fabrick and Shape: they value them at two hundred thousand Crowns. The *Unicorns Horn*, and the *Alabaster Pillar*, are not to be forgotten. The great *Cabinet* of *Ebony* standing at the further end of this *Tribuno*, full of ancient Medals of Gold, Silver and Brass, of the ancient Consuls and Emperours, all digested into their several Series; and yet this *Cabinet* is almost as rich without, as it contains riches within; being set without with precious stones of a vast bigness and value; to wit, a *Saphir* as broad as a twenty shillings piece, and half an inch thick; a *Ruby* full as great, but far richer; an E-

merauld

merauld not inferiour to the rest; a *Pearl* as big as an ordinary Walnut; a world of Diamonds and other lesser Stones, but all of so great value, that this *Cabinet*, with that which is in it, is valued to be worth five hundred thousand Crowns. Lastly, I saw here the great round Table made of inlaid precious stones polished neatly; A Table would make the most hungry Stomach forget its grumbling, whilst the eyes are fed upon the unroasted Birds, which together with curious flowers compose this admirable piece; *Pearls*, *Rubies*, *Sapphires*, *Cornelian*, *Emeraulds*, *Lapis Lazuli* &c. are employed here artificially to the making of these Birds and Flowers. You'll conceive better of this Table, when I shall tell you, that it's worth a hundred thousand Crowns, and that it was fifteen years in making, and yet thirty Men wrought at it daily. In the midst of it is the great Ball of the Arms of the Duke of *Florence* in precious stones.

The 5th.
Cabinet.

The 5th. Cabinet standing at the further end of this Gallery, containeth the Altar and Tabernacle, which are to be set up in the new Chapel of *S. Laurence* described above. The Crystal Pillars curiously wrought, and being a full Ell long, with their *Capitelli* of pure Gold; the four like Pictures of precious Stones which were five years each of them in cutting: the Variety of other precious stones set thick here and there, and of great size: the neat texture of other polished Stones of several colours and lustre: the pictures of inlaid precious stones, which compose the *Antependium* of the Altar: the variety of rich *Cameos* which
are

are set here and there, and cut into Pictures : In fine, the whole compofure of this Altar and Tabernacle, being the height of Wit and Riches, I can neither describe enough, nor you admire fufficiently.

4. Having thus feenthe *Gallery* and adjoining *Cabinets*, I was prefently led into another quarter of this Palace, where I faw the Great Duke's *Argentaria*, or *Plate*. Enttring into this great fquare Room I faw *twelve great Cupboards*, as high as the Room, fet with excellent Plate in all kinds. In one of them they fhewed me a whole fervice of beaten Gold, as Dishes, Plates, Forks, Spoons, Knives, with a world of other rich Veffels fet in Gold ; alfo little Pictures in *miniature* ; curious little Cabinets befet with Gold and Jewels ; a *Turkish Scimitar* whole Handle and Scabbard of Gold, are thick fet with Diamonds and precious Stones ; two other Swords with their Hilts of Gold curioufly wrought with Diamonds ; a Dagger fuitable to one of them, and of the fame richnefs ; a great Crofs fet thick with Diamonds, and other precious Stones, a rare Cup of one great *Emerauld*, with a cover to it of the fame ; a Bafon and Ewre of Gold fet very thick with *Turky Stones*. In another Cupboard I faw great variety of Silver Plate in all kinds. In another they fhewed me a Saddle and Bridle with Stirrups of Gold, all fet thick with *Turky Stones*, Diamonds, Pearls, and other rich Stones, with the Saddle Cloth, or *Houffe*, all embroidered with Gold and Pearl ; this was a Prefent from the Emperor to the Grand Duke. In another Cupboard they fhew-

The Argentaria.

ed me the four great Silver Bed-posts enam-mel'd here and there, and set with polished Stones of divers Colours: They were made for the Marriage Bed of the Great Princess, Daughter to the late Duke of Orleans. In another they shewed me a curious *Antependium* for for an Altar, all of beaten Gold set with Pearl, precious Stones, and the Picture of *Cosmus* the Second in the middle of it, of curious enam-mel'd work, with his Ducal Crown set with Diamonds very richly: all along this *Antependium* above runs an Inscription in Letters composed of many Rubies each Letter being two fingers long, and importing these words:

COSMUS II. DEI GRATIA MAGNUS
DUX ETRURIÆ EX VOTO.

In another Cupboard I was shown the Foot of an *Elan*, and a *Visard* all set, and covered with *Turky* Stones.

The great
Hall.

5. Descending from hence, we were led into the great Hall of this Palace, a vast Room, painted on all sides of the Walls with bold Painting, representing the Victories of the *Florentines* antiently. Here it is that on *Midsummer-day* the Country People come and Dance before the Great Duke, and the best Dancers are recompensed with an Honourable reward.

The long
Corridor.

6. From hence I was let into the long *Corridor*, or close Gallery, which runs from the New Palace to the Old, over the River, and over the tops of Houses, for the space of half a mile, with many Turnings and Windings. It's
very

very usefull for the Prince when he will go see his precious Treasure in the old Palace, or else go privately and hear how Justice is ministred there. For the Great Duke *Francis* gave order to *Buontalenti*, a rare Architect, to break a Window from this *Corridor* into the great Room in the old Palace, where the Magistrates render Justice, but yet so privately, that none should perceive it. The Architect did it, by setting up there the Dukes Arms at large, and breaking a Window behind them so imperceptibly, that the Great Duke thro' the little Holes made in the six Boule's of his Arms, could both hear and see how Justice was rendred there by his Officers. And one day hearing a poor Woman oppressed by an unjust Sentence, he sent for the Judges, and reprehending them severely, he reversed the former Sentence, and hearing the Cause a-new himself, pronounced Sentence for the poor Woman.

7. This long *Corridor* led us to the new Pa-^{The new} lace, called the *Palazzo di Pitti*, because it was ^{Palace.} begun to be built by *Luca Pitti*, after the design of *Brunelleschi*: but the expences growing too great for *Pitti's* Purse, it was bought by the Mother of great *Cosmus* the II. and afterwards carried on by her to that perfection we now see it in, and which makes it one of the prime Palaces of *Europe*. The design of it (for it is not yet all quite built) is to be a perfect Roman H, with double Rooms on all sides. As you ascend up to it, by an easie ascent from the street, it presents you with a fair Broad-side of building, in which I counted two and twenty great Windows all in a row, and all alike, and all of them

cheekt up on either side by fine Stone Pillars. The fashion of building in this Palace, as in most of the best Palaces of *Florence*, is that which they call in Architecture, *la maniera rustica*; where great Free-stones are made advancing a little one over the other. Entering into the Palace, we saw the fair Court; and in the end of it, the *Grotta* or Fountain with a large Bason, in which they keep Fish for present use. This Court is square, and open only on one side towards the Garden, but hedged in with a high Terrass of Stone, whose top is level with the ground of the Garden. Beyond this Terrass and Court, lies a fine green spot of ground level with the first Story of the Palace, and half compassed about with a demicircle of Laurel Trees high and thick. Under these Trees of the demicircle, rise up stone seats, six rows high, like the seats in an *Amphitheater*, and capable of two thousand Men, who may all sit here with ease, and behold the sports of Cavalry which are often exhibited upon this fair green spot of ground by the Nobility: the Great Duke and the Court beholding all this from the Windows of the Palace, while the rest of the Nobility and Ladies are seated conveniently in the *Amphitheater* under the Trees. The rest of this Garden is curiously set forth with Thickets of Bays, close shady Walks, fine high open Walks over-looking both the Town and Country, great Ponds of Water, a world of Statues of Marble and Stone, a rare round Bason of Water, with Fountains, and much wetting sports; the place for Birds and Beasts, the curious Ice-House, and cool Cellar under it, where the melting

The Garden.

melting Ice dropping down upon the Barrels of Wine, refresh it so exceedingly, that in all my Life time I never drunk so cool as I did at the Tap in this Cellar. But to return again to the Palace from whence this Garden hath led me; from the Garden we ascended into the Chambers of the *Great Dukes Apartment*, and found them most sumptuous, both for contrivance and furniture. Some of them are painted over head by *Pietro di Cortona* the prime Painter now living: others expect his return again from *Rome*, and scorn to be painted by any hand but his: In another Chamber we were shown the History of *Seleucus*, giving to his only Son *Antiochus* (languishing and pining away with the love of his Mother-in-Law) his own beloved Wife *Stratonica*; shewing by this strange and unick example, that Paternal Love is greater than Conjugal. All this is rarely painted upon the Wall over the Hangings. In another Chamber (the *Great Dukes Chamber of Audience*) I saw a Suit of Hangings valued at a hundred and fifty thousand Crowns: The Ground of them is Cloth of Gold, upon which are embroidered a world of Birds, Beasts, Flowers, Trees, Rivers, Landskips in Silk and Silver; and in such a rich manner, that I take this to be one of the fairest Suits of Hangings in *Europe*. In another Chamber here I saw a rare Collection of Pictures, all Originals, and of the best hands in the world, *Titian's*, *Raphael's*, *Michael Angelo's*, *Andrea del Sarto's*, and many others. The best of them is that of *Raphael*, and painted by his own hand. This is the best Collection of Pictures that I ever saw, and

it belongs to Prince *Leopold* the Great Dukes Brother and a great *Virtuoso*. In the Great Dutchesſes Chamber I ſaw half a dozen of excellent pieces of *Raphael* and others. In another Chamber (the Dukes Bed-chamber) we ſaw his curious *Thermometers*, or Weather-Glaſſes, which are moſt curious. In another Chamber (the Doors being ſet open for the nonce) we looked through ſixteen Chambers at once, and all of them fair great Rooms upon one Floor. And after all the Rooms of this Houſe (as, the Cool, low Summer Room, the Masking Room, the ſeveral Apartments of the Great Prince Son of the Great Duke, and of Cardinal *John Carlo*, Prince *Matthias*, and Prince *Leopold*, all three Brothers of the Great Duke, and all lodging at once in this great Palace) by ſpecial favour we got the ſight of the Great Dukes fair Dia-

• The famous
Diamond.

mond, which he always keeps under Lock and Key. It's abſolutely the faireſt in *Europe*, it weigheth 138 *Carats*, and it's almoſt an inch thick: and then our Jewellers will tell you what it's worth. I am ſure *Monſieur Simonet* in *Lyons* (a famous Jeweller) to whom I ſhewed the weight and thickneſs of it, valued it to be richly worth a hundred thouſand Crowns between Merchant and Merchant, and a hundred and fifty thouſand Crowns between Prince and Prince.

The Au-
guſtins
Church.

8. Going from the Great Dukes Palace, we fell preſently upon the *Auguſtins Church*. This is a neat Church deſigned by *Brunelleſchi*, and much beautified with handſome Pillars. The Tabernacle and high Altar coſt a hundred thouſand Crowns, and yields to few in *Italy* for neatneſs and ſtate. Behind the High Altar in
the

the very end of the Church, is a rare Picture of our *Saviour* absolving the poor Woman catch'd in Adultery. The confusion that appears in the Face of this Woman, makes it appear what a rare Painter *Allori* was, who made this Picture.

9. Passing from hence over the Bridge (where *The Piazza* four white Marble Statues representing the four seasons of the year, stand, all made by *Michael Angelo*) we came to the *Piazza* of the *Gran Duca*, where I saw the *Equestrian Statue* of *Cosmus* the Great in *Bronze*, with his *Victories* and prime actions in the *Pedestal* of the same Metal. At the corner of the old Palace in this *Piazza*, stands the brave Fountain, with a *Nep-tune*, *Tritons*, and *Nereides*. Near the Gates of the Palace here, stand two Statues of more than *Gygantean* bulk: that of *David* is the hand of *Michael Angelo*: and that of *Hercules* killing *Cacus* is of the hand of *Bandinelli*. The other Statues here in the *Portico* hard by, are much cry'd up for rare Pieces, as that of *Persens* in *Brass*; that of the rape of the *Sabins* in *Marble*; and that of *Judith* in *Brass*, holding a *Sword* in one hand, and *Holofernes* his head in the other.

10. Looking up from this *Piazza* to the top of the Palace, I beheld the high *Tower* mounted thereupon. It's a hundred and fifty yards from the ground, and which is the wonder, it hath no other foundation than the Wall of the Palace and the top of the House: Hence it's said that the *Florentines* have three wonderful *Towers*: one in the Air, to wit, this *Tower*: another in the Water, to wit, the *Fanal* of *Legorne*: and

Three ad-
mirable
Towers,

and the third in the Earth, to wit, the *Campanile* of *Florence*, whose Foundations are exceeding deep in the ground.

The Church
of Saint
Michael.

11. Going from the *Piazza* towards the *Domo*, we were presently stopt by the Church of *S. Michael*, a square flat Church, whose outside is adorned with rare Statues. The best are, that of *S. Matthew* in brass made by *Laurentius Cion*: that of *S. Thomas* in brass touching the side of our Saviour, with great demonstration of diffidence in his looks, is of *Andrea Varrochios* hand. That of *S. Peter* in Marble is excellent for the *Drapery* of it. That of *S. George* in Marble is compared to the best in *Rome*, and hath been praised both in *Prose* and *Verse*: that of *St. Mark* hath so grave and honest a Countenance, that *Michael Angelo* (a competent Judge) stopping one day to behold it, and being asked what he thought of it, answered, if *St. Mark* had such a countenance as this, as it's likely he had, a Man might almost, for his looks sake, believe all that he wrote.

The Domo.

12. Going from hence we were presently at the *Domo*. This, I believe, was the finest Church in *Italy* when it was built. It was anciently called *S. Reparatas* Church; but since it is called *Santa Maria Florida*, a fit name for the Cathedral of *Florence*. The Foundations and Architecture of it were contrived by *Arrolfo di Lappo*, a Dutchman, and *a la maniera rustica*, saith *Vasari* of it, in his *Lives of Painters*. It's one of the neatest Churches without that I ever beheld; being clad in white, red, and black Marble, but it's only white plastered within, with
Pillars.

Pillars of a dark coloured Free-stone. It seems as if the Architect of this Church had been somewhat of *Diogenes* his mind : and as the latter thought the World would be turned up-side down one day ; so the former might be of opinion that the World would be turned inside out, and that then this Church would be the fairest in the World, and all lined with Marble : As it is, it looks a little Hypocritically ; tho' the Structure within be of a notable contrivance. On the top of it stands mounted a fair *Cupola*, (or *Tholus*) made by *Brunelleschi* a *Florentine*. This *The Cupola* was the first *Cupola* in *Europe* ; and therefore the ^{1st} more admirable for having no Idea after which it was framed ; and for being the Original even of that of *S. Peters* in *Rome*, after which so many young *Cupola*'s in *Rome*, and elsewhere, have been made since. Hence it is said, that *Michael Angelo* coming now and then to *Florence* (his Native Country) whiles he was making the *Cupola* in *Rome* of *S. Peters* Church, and viewing attentively this *Cupola* of *Florence*, used to say to it ; *Come te non voglio : meglio di te non posso*. It's said also, that *Brunelleschi* making this *Cupola*, caused *Taverns*, *Cook-shops* and *Lodgings* to be set in it, that the *Workmen* might find all things necessary there, and not spend time in going up and down : and he had reason, for this *Cupola* from the ground below, to the top of all the *Lantern*, is two hundred and two *Braccie* or yards high. The straight Passage from the top of the *Cupola* to the round *Brazen Ball*, is thirty six yards high. The *Ball* is four yards wide, and capable of four and twenty Men : and the *Crest* at the top of this *Ball* eight yards

yards long, The straight Passage upon the Ball is neatly contrived like a round Chimney of white Marble, with holes on both sides, and brazen steps cross those holes to climb up easily by hand and foot, the passage being clean and smooth. From the top of this *Cupola*, taking a perfect view of *Florence* under us, and of the whole Country about it, with the sight of two thousand Villa's or Country Houses, scattered here and there, round about the Town, we came down again to view the inside of this Church. It is about three hundred Foot long, from the great Door to the Quire, and from thence to the end almost two hundred more. The Quire is round and perpendicularly under the *Cupola*, being of the same bigness; and, upon solemn days, when the wax Candles are lighted round about it, it looks gloriously: otherwise in winter time it seems too dark. The High Altar, which stands in this Quire, is plain like those of ancient Cathedrals, and adorned with a rare Statue of a dead Jesus in white Marble, made by the hand of *Bandinelli*. Looking up from the Quire to the *Cupola*, you see it painted on the inside with a representation of Heaven, Hell and Purgatory. The Painters were *Georgio Vasari*, and *Thaddeo Zucchari*. Behind the Higher Altar are the rare Statues of *Adam* and *Eve*, by the hand of *Bandinelli*. Near the Door of the Sacristy you may read an inscription, importing how that in this Town of *Florence* had been held a General Council, where the Re-union of the *Latin* and *Greek Church* had been made. The Golden *Diploma* of this union written both in *Latin* and *Greek*, and subscrib'd

unto

unto by the hands of the Pope and Cardinals on the one side ; and by the Emperor of *Constantinople*, with the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, and the *Greek* Bishops on the other side ; to which are put the Leaden Seal of the Pope, and the Golden Seal of the said Emperor ; It is kept in the Archives, or Registers of *Bologna*. In this Council both the Pope of *Rome*, *Eugenius IV.* and *Paleologus* the Emperour of *Constantinople*, were present, with the Cream of Bishops, both of the Eastern and Western Churches ; and in this Council not only the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son was favourably vindicated, but also that there was an Essay that Purgatory should be proved to the *Greeks*, out of their own Fathers as well as from the *Latins* ; and divers other points of Ceremony and Practice were asserted and great endeavours made that they should be established. Unto all which it is pretended that the said Emperor and Patriarch, and the other *Greek* Bishops (except only *Marcus Ephesinus*) subscribed ; as did also the *Armenians*, *Ethiopians*, *Georgians*, and *Jacobites*, who all hereupon were admitted to Communion by the Roman Church. In fine, in this Church you see the Statues of divers Saints, who have been Archbishops of this Town ; and the Tombs of divers Famous Men ; as of *Marsilius Ficinus* the Platonick Christian Philosopher ; of *Dante* the *Florentine* Poet, whose true Picture is yet to be seen here in a red Gown : of *Joannes Acutius* an *English* Knight, and sometimes General of the *Pisani*, as the old Gothick Letters set high upon the Wall under his Picture on Horseback, told me. Yet

*Leandro
Alberti
Descript.
Ital.*

The Council of Florence-

Ver-

In his re-
stitution of
decayed In-
telligence.

See Baker
in Edward
the Third.

Vassari in
the Lives
of Painters,
in Cima-
bue.
The Cam-
panile.

Verstegan will not have him to have been cal-
led *Sir John Sharp*, but *Sir John Hankwood*. But
it imports little to me what his name was, see-
ing he was a brave *Englishman*, and deserved to
have his Tomb and Inscription here, and his
Picture among the other *Worthies* in the *Dukes*
Gallery. Here's also in this Church the Tomb
of *Brunelleschi*; or *Philippus Brunaltius*, who made
the *Cupola* of this Church; as also the Tomb
of *Giotto*, who made the *Campanile*; or fine
Steeple here. And in fine, here lies *Cimabue*
the famous Painter of his time. It was he that
first restored Painting again, which had been
lost for many year in *Italy*, and taught it to
Giotto; *Gaddi*, *Taffi*, and others, who carried it
on to a great height.

13. Near to the *Domo* stands the *Campanile*,
or high Steeple of *Florence* made by *Giotto*. It's a
hundred and fifty *Braccie*, or little yards high;
and half as deep in the ground. It's flat at top
and crufted all over with curious little polish-
ed Marble Stones, Marble Pillars, and Statues;
so that, (as *Charles* the V. said of it) if it had a
case to cover it withal, and hinder it from be-
ing seen too frequently, Men would flock thi-
ther at the taking off of this cover, as to see a
wonder. Indeed it's a kind of wonder, to see
that in three hundred years space, not the least
part of that Steeple (all crufted over with Mar-
ble) is perished. There are divers good Statues
on all sides of it, but the best of them all is that
of the *Zuccone*, or *Bald Man*, made by *Donatel-
lo*, which he himself esteemed so much, that when
he would affirm any thing seriously, he used to
say, *Alla fe ch'io porto al mio Zuccone*: and the
same

same *Donatello* having finished it, spoke to it, in Jest, and said; *Favella, horsu, favella; o ti venga il cacafangue*; such good conceits have fantastical Men of themselves and their own works.

14. Near to the *Domo* also, stands the Bapt- The Bapti-
 tistry, or round Church of St. *John*, where all sterio.
 the Children of the Town are Baptized. The
 Brazen Doors of it (three in all) are admirable,
 especially that which looks towards the Great
 Church, of which *Michael Angelo* being asked
 his opinion, answer'd, That it was so well made,
 that it might stand at the entrance of Paradise.
 These Doors are all of Brass historied into fi-
 gures, containing the Remarkable Histories of
 both the Testaments. They were the work of
 brave *Laurentius Cion*, who spent fifty years in
 making them: a long time, I confess; but, this
 is it which *Appelles* called *eternitati pingere*, to
 work things that will out-last Brass, and be fa-
 mous for ever. Within this Baptistry I saw
 a Statue of St. *Mary Magdalen* of the hand of
Donatello; and it's a rare piece, if you consider
Magdalen in her Pennance. Here's also a neat
 Tomb of *Baltassar Cossa*, once called *John* the
 XXIV, but deposed in the Council of *Constance*
 for the Peace of the Church. The Tomb of
 this *Baltassar* looking somewhat like a Cradle, Alfonso
 may be called the Cradle of the greatness of Loschi in
 the *Medicean* Family. For some Writers say, that his Com-
Cosmus Medices, firnam'd afterwards *Pater Patrie*, pend. Hi-
 being Heir of this *Baltassar Cossa* (who died at sto.
Florence, in the House of *John Medices*) with
 the Money that he found belonging to him af-
 ter his death, did such good Deeds to the peo-
 ple

ple, that he won to himself the name of *Pater Patriæ*; and to his Family that credit, which got it afterwards the supream command.

15. I cannot omit here to take notice of a little round *Pillar* in the *Piazza*, near this Baptistery, with the figure of a Tree in iron nail'd to it, and old words engraven upon it, importing, that in this very place stood anciently an Elm-Tree, which being touched casually by the Hearse of St. *Zenobius*, as they carried it here in Procession, the Tree presently hereupon budded forth with green Leaves of sweet Odour, though in the Month of *January*. In memory of which Miracle, this Pillar was set up in the same place for a memorial.

The Church of S. Mark. 16. From thence going to the Church of S. *Mark* belonging to the *Dominicans*, I saw there the Tomb of S. *Antoninus*, Archbishop once of this Town, and Friar of this order. The Tomb is under the Altar, in a neat Chapel on the left hand, made by *John di Bologna*. In this Church also I saw a rare Picture of S. *Mark*, made by *Bartholomeo del Frate*, it stands full in your sight as you enter into the Church; and a Man must be blind not to see it, and dull not to like it. On the left hand, as you enter into the Church, is the Tomb of *Picus Mirandula*, commonly called the Phoenix of Princes, with this Epitaph written upon the side of the Wall;

*Joannes jacet hic Mirandula, cetera norunt.
Et Tagus & Ganges, forsam & Antipodes.*

Neat

Near this Tomb is a fine Picture upon an Altar, where two little Angels are made playing upon Musical Instruments. These Angels are held to be the rarest Pieces that can be seen in Painting. They are of the hand of *Bartholomeo del Frate*. In the Convent of these Friars I saw often their Still-House, where they make and sell excellent Extractions and Cordial Waters. There is also a neat Library here filled with good Books.

17. Turning from hence on the left hand, I ^{The An-} came presently to the *Annunciata*, a place of ^{nunciata} great Devotion. The Pictures of Faith and Charity over the Arch in the *Antiporto*, or open Porch built upon Pillars, are of the hand of *Jacomo Pontorno*, being but yet nineteen years old; which, when *Michael Angelo* first saw, he said, This *Jacomo*, if he continue thus, will carry up Painting to the skies. Entering into the little Court that stands before the Church Door, you see it painted round about in *Fresco* by rare hands. Those Pieces that *Andrea del Sarto* made, are the best, and his Head in white Marble is set in the Wall. In the Cloister, over the door that goes into the Church, is seen a rare Picture in *Fresco*, upon the Wall of the hand of *Andrea del Sarto*. It represents the Virgin Mother with our Saviour upon her knee, and St. *Joseph* in a cumbent posture, leaning upon a Sack full stuff and reading in a Book. The Picture is admirable for sweetness and majesty, and is called *La Madonna del Sacco*, and it got *Andrea* such credit, that *Titian* himself preferred it before all the pieces he had ever seen, and used often to say, that it grieved him, that he could not

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often

often satiate his sight with the beholding of so rare a Picture; and *Michael Angelo* talking once in *Rome*, with *Raphael Urbin* concerning Painters, said thus to him: There is *un huom corto*, a little fellow in *Florence* (meaning this *Andrea*) who had he been employed in great matters as thou art, would make thee sweat again. *Virtuosi* make a great dispute which of those three Painters was the most excellent: *Raphael Urbin*, *Michael Angelo* or *Andrea del Sarto*. But the wisest give every one his particular praise or excellency: *Raphael* was excellent in *colori*; *Michael Angelo* in *design*: and *Andrea* in making things seem to be of *relievo*, and look as God made them, that is, pulpy, and rising up like living flesh. Having thus admired the work of *Andrea*, we entred into the Church of the *Annunciata*, and there saw the curious Silver Altar, behind which, upon the Wall, is kept the miraculous Picture of the *Annunciation*, which gives the name of *Annunciata* to this Church. The little Picture of our Saviour, about a foot and half long, which is seen upon the out-side of the Tabernacle, is of the foresaid *Andrea's* hand, and much esteemed. In this Church lieth buried *Baccio Bandinelli*, a famous Sculptor, in a curious Marble Tomb, with his own and his Wives Pictures engraven in Marble with his own hand. Behind the Quire lies buried *Joannes di Fogna*, a famous Sculptor also, as his several works in *Florence* shew him to have been; as the *Rapt* of the *Sabins* before the old Palace. The *Centaur* in the Streets. The Chapel of *S. Antoninus* in *S. Marks* Church. This Chapel in the *Annunciata* here, and the golden Horse and Man

Man spoken of above in the Duke's Armory, do witness.

18. From hence, having first seen the *Statue* of the Great Duke *Ferdinand* on Horseback in Brass, which stands in the *Piazza* before the *Annunciata*, I went to the Church of the *Franciscans*, called *Santo Croce*. This Church is of a large bulk and height, but somewhat too dark. The side Altars are many, and chequed with round Pillars, and adorned with excellent Pictures. The *Pulpit* would become a *Chrysostome*, or a *Chrysologue*: It's of white Marble, in which are graven the most notable Actions of *S. Francis* in a *basso relievo*. I never beheld it, but I found some new graces in it. Somewhat behind it, near to a little door, is the Tomb of *Michael Angelo*, the *Trismegist* of *Italy*, being the greatest *Painter*, the greatest *Sculptor*, the greatest Architect of his time. Hence over his Tomb, and under his Picture, are placed three Women in white Marble representing Architecture, Painting and Sculpture, holding in their hands the several Instruments belonging to these professions. If you ask me whither of the two, Painting, or Sculpture, is to be preferred, though a blind Man being chosen judge once of this question, when he was given to understand that in the smooth Painting there were Heads, Arms, Legs, Hands and Feet, as well as in the bulky Statue which he had felt, judged presently for Painting; yet *Michael Angelo* himself preferred Sculpture before Painting as the Body is to be preferred before the Surfaces of a Body. But to return again to the Tomb of this great Artist, I found some words

upon the Tombstone, but those so dull and hard to be read in that dark corner, that one in the Company chose rather to make him a new Epitaph, than read that which is written there : and it was this ;

*Cur indignemur mortales morte perire ?
Ecce, stupor mundi ! hic Angelus ipse perit.*

And I think the modern *Roman* was of the same mind too, when he chose also to make him this Epitaph :

*Roma mihi mortem tribuit, Florentia vitam :
Nemo aliis vellet nasci, & obire, locis.*

In the midst of this Church I found buried an *English* Bishop, called *Catrick*, who had been *Embassador* here from *England*, and likely in the time of the Council of *Florence*. His Arms were three Cats *Argent* in a *Sable* Field. In fine, at the very end of this Church, on the left hand stands a neat Chapel, with a painted Cupola, belonging to the Family of the *Nicolini*, in which Chapel there are excellent Statues and Pictures.

The Abbey. 19. Not far from hence stands the *Abbadia*, an Abbey of *Benedictin* Monks. In the Church is the Tomb of the Founder of this Abbey, a *German* Nobleman, call'd *Conte Hugo*, who commanded *Toscany* under the Emperor *Otho* the III. The occasion of building this Monastery and many others by this *Hugo*, is too long to tell, and perchance would not find belief every where. It's told publicly every year upon
S. The-

S. Thomas his day in high Mass time here, by some one or other of the chief Wits of the *Academy of the Crusca*: But I must beg pardon of the curious, if I desire them to go and hear it there, as I did.

20. From thence I went to the Church of *Santa Maria Novella* belonging to the *Domini-*
cans. Here it is, that the Council of *Florence*,
 spoken of above, was held. There are many
 good Pictures in this Church, as also divers
 neat Tombs of holy Men and Women, and o-
 thers: among which, that of *Joseph*, Patriarch
 of *Constantinople*. *S. Maria
Novella.*

21. Returning from hence along the River
 side, we came to the High Pillar with the Sta-
 tue of Justice in *Porphyry* upon it. It was erect-
 ed here, because it was in this very place where
Cosmus the Great heard the news of the redu-
 ction of *Siena*. A witty Nobleman seeing this
 Statue of Justice upon so high a Pillar, said,
 that Justice here was too high placed for poor
 Men to arrive to it. Another observ'd, that
 Justice there turns her back to the Courts of
 Justice, which stand not far from thence. *The Statue
of Justice.*

22. Having seen the chief things in the Town, *Poggio Im-*
 I visited some places out of the Town; and *periale.*
 chiefly, the *Poggio Imperiale*, a Villa, belonging
 to the Great Dutchess, and about a good mile
 distant from the Town. In this house I saw
 rare Pictures, and great store of them, the
 House being furnished with nothing else. In
 one Gallery are the true Pictures of divers late
 Princes of the House of *Austria*, of the House
 of *Medices*, and of other Princes their Allies.
 In other Rooms we saw a world of rare Pictures

as the *Venus* of *Titian*, though I think it be but a Copy : the admirable *S. Hierom* of *Alberto Dureo* : a *Magdalen* of *Raphael's* hand : a *St. John Baptist* of *Caravagio's* hand : an *Adam* and *Eve* of *Alberto Dureo* : A Piece of *Pietro Perugino's*, *Virgin Mother* with our *Saviour* dead upon her knee : *S. John Evangelist*, and three other Persons standing, or kneeling by, with weeping Faces, and most sad looks ; it's one of the most moving Pieces that I ever beheld. Then the Picture of the *Assumption* of our *Lady* in the Chapel, of the hand of *Andrea del Sarto* ; with a World of other most exquisite Pictures. The little neat Oratory in this House, called the Oratory of the *Great Dutchess*, curiously inlaid into Flowers, by polished Stones of divers colours ; that is, a whole closet of shining Marble inlaid into Flowers, is the neatest little Room that ever I saw. In fine, the little *Grotto*, and the Statue of *Adonis* made by the hand of *Michael Angelo* are much esteemed.

Pratolino.

23. Another day we went to *Pratolino*, a Villa of the Great Duke, some six miles distant from *Florence*. Here we saw in the Garden excellent Grotts, Fountains, Water-works, Shady Walks, Groves, and the like, all upon the side of a Hill. Here you have the *Grotto* of *Cupid* with the wetting-stools, upon which, sitting down, a great Spout of Water comes full in your Face. The *Fountain* of the *Tritons* overtakes you so too, and washeth you soundly. Then being led about this Garden, where there are store of Fountains under the Laurel Trees, we were carried back to the Grotts that are under

der

der the steirs, and saw there the several *Guiochi d' Aqua* : as that of *Pan* striking up a melodious tune upon his Mouth-Organ at the sight of his *Mistriss*, appearing over against him: that where the *Angel* carries a Trumpet to his Mouth, and sonndeth it; and where the *Country Clown* offers a Dish of Water to a *Serpent*, who drinks of it, and lifteh up his head when he hath drunk: that of the *Mill* which seems to break and grind *O-lives* : the *Paper Mill* : the *Man* with the *Grinding-Stone* : the *Sarazens* head gaping and spewing out Water : the *Grotto* of *Galatea*, who comes out of a Door in a *Sea Chariot* with two *Nymphs*, and saileth a while upon the Water, and so returns again in at the same Door : the curious round *Table* capable of twelve or fifteen Men, with a curious *Fountain* playing constantly in the midst of it, and places between every Trencher or Person, for every Man to set his bottle of Wine in cold Water : the *Samaritan Woman* coming out of her House with her Buckets to fetch Water at the Fountain, and having filled her Buckets, returns back again the same way : in the mean time you see Smiths thumping, Birds chirping in Trees, Mills grinding, and all this is done by water, which sets these little inventions a-work, and makes them move as it were of themselves : in the mean time an Organ plays to you, while you dine there in *Fresco* at that Table, if you have meat. Then the neat Bathing Place, the Pillar of petresfied Water, and lastly, the great Pond and *Grotta* before the House, with the huge *Gyant* stooping to catch at a *Rock* to throw it at *Heaven*. This *Gyant* is so big, that within the very Tigh of

him is a great *Grotto* of Water, called the *Grotto of Thetis*, and the Shell-Fishes all spouting out Water.

Lampeggio. 24. I went also to *Lampeggio*, a Villa some five miles distant from *Florence*, belonging to Prince *Matthias*. It's curiously adorned with Pictures, especially Battles of the hand of *Tempesta*. Here I saw a curious Cabinet of Coral and enamell'd work. The fine *Gioco di Mecha* or *Turkish* play, the curious Glasses, and little Armory.

The Stables.

25. Returning to the Town again, we saw the Great Duke's Stables full of excellent well managed Horses.

The Wild Beasts.

26. Near to the Stables stands the *Seraglio* where the Wild Beasts are kept, which are often made to fight one with another. Here I saw Lyons, Leopards, Tygers, Bears, Wolves, Wild Boars and Foxes, all which they can let out severally at the Doors of their several Dens, into a fair Court to fight, and when they have done, they can bring them back again into their Dens by a fearful *Machine* of wood made like a great *Green Dragon*, which a Man within it rould upon wheelles; and holding out two lighted Torches at the Eyes of it, frights the fiercest Beast thereby into his Den. The Prince and the Court in the mean time standing high above may see the Combats of these wild Beasts with ease and without danger. I have read, that a *Lyon* here once escaping out of this place by chance, and running up and down the Streets, met at last (all others flying into houses) a little Child, who had neither fear nor wit enough to retire: and seized upon him. The Mo-

In the Chronology of Petrus Romualdus to. 1. p. 5. 39.

Mother of the Child, hearing in what case he was, ran out presently, and casting her self upon her knees with Tears in her eyes, and humble postures of Supplication moved so the *Lyon* to pity, that he rendered her the Child without hurting it, or her.

27. I saw also here divers Palaces of Noblemen upon occasion of their Festive. For it is the Custom here in Winter to invite the Chief Ladies of the Town (Married Women only) to come to play at Cards in Winter Evenings for three or four hours space ; and this one night in one Palace, another night in another Palace. Thither the Ladies go, and find the House open to all Comers and Goers both Ladies and Gentlemen, that are of any Garb. In every Chamber the doors are set open, and for the most part you shall see eight or ten Chambers on a floor, going out of one another, with a square Table holding eight Persons, as many Chairs, two Silver Candlesticks with Wax lights in them, and store of lights round about the Room. At the hour appointed, Company being come, they sit down to play, a Cavalier sitting between every Lady, and all the Women as fine in Clothes and Jewels, as if they were going to a Ball. The Doors of all these Rooms being open, the light great, the Women glittering, and all glorious, you would take these Palaces to be the Enchanted Palaces of the old King of the Mountains. Any Gentlemen may come into these Palaces and stand behind the Gamesters, and see both how modestly they play, and how little they play for. In the meantime there's a Side-Chamber always open
for

for Gentlemen to into, and refresh themselves with Wine standing in Snow, or with Limonade, or some such cooling Drinks, which are also offered to the Ladies. In a great Room below, at the entrance of the Palace, there is a long Table for Gamesters that love to play deep, that is, that love to play only for Money.

*Their
Sports.*

*Il Giuoco
di Calcio-*

The *Florentines* enjoying by the goodness and Wisdom of their excellent Prince, the fruits of Peace, have many other Recreations, where the People pass their time chearfully, and think not of Rebellion by muttering in corners. For this reason, both in Winter and Summer they have their several Divertisements. In Winter their *Giuoco di Calcio* (a play something like our Foot-ball, but that they play with their hands) every night from the Epiphany till Lent, with their *Principi di Calcio*. This being a thing particular to *Florence*, deserves to be described. The two Factions of the *Calcio*, the Red and the Green, choose each of them a Prince, some young Cavalier of a good Purse. These Princes being chosen, choose a world of Officers, and lodge, for the time, in some great Palace; where they keep their *Courts*, receive Embassadors, from one another, and give them publick, Audience in State, send Post to one another complain of one anothers Subjects, and take Prisoners from one another; hear their Counsellors one after another, dissuading from, or perswading to War; give Orders for settling their Affairs at home, hear the Complaints of their Subjects, jeer their Enemy Princes in Embassies, and at last resolve to fight, with pro-
claiming

claiming War. During these serious Treaties, which last for many nights, the Secretaries of State (two prime wits) read before their several *Princes Bills* for regulating and reforming the abuses of their Subjects; and read openly Petitions and Secret Advices: in all which they jeer a world of people in the Town, and show prodigious Wit. In fine, having spun out thus the time till near *Carnavale* or *Shrove-tide*, the two Princes resolve on a Battle at *Calcio*, to be fought in the Piazza of *Santa Croce*, before the Great Duke and Court. Upon the day appointed, the two Princes of the *Calcio* come to the place in a most stately *Cavalcata*, with all the young Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Town, upon the best Horses they can find, with Scarffs red or green, about their Arms. Having made their several *Cavalcataes* before the Great Dukes Throne or Scaffold, they light from their Horses and enter into the Lists with Trumpets sounding before them, and accompanied with a Stately Train, and with their Combatants in their several Liveries. Having ranked themselves a pretty distance one from the other, their Standard Bearers at sound of Trumpet, carry both at once, their Standards to the foot of the *Great Dukes Scaffold*. This done, the Ball, or Ballon is thrown up in the midst between them, and to it they go with great nimbleness, slight and discretion; and sometimes they fall to it indeed, and cuff handsomely: but upon pain of Death, no Man must resent, afterwards out of the Lists, what ever happened here; but all animosities arising here, end here too. At last, that side which
throws

throws or strikes the *Ballan* over the Rails of the other side, wins the day, and runs to the Standards, which they carry away till night, at what time the Conquering Prince entertains them at a *Festino di Ballo* at Court, made to some Lady, and where all his Chief Officers and Combatants dance alone with the Ladies at the Ball, none else being permitted to dance with them that night. Besides these Pastimes, they have once a week, dancing at the Court, from Twelfth-day till Lent, at which Balls, all the Ladies of the Town are invited, to the number sometimes of two hundred, and these all married Women, and all invited by a particular Ticket. Then the several Opera's or Musical *Dramata* are acted and sung with rare Cost and Art. Lastly, their publick running at the Ring, or at the *Fauchin*, for a piece of Plate. And in Summer, they have their several Dancing days, and their frequent *Corse di Palio* upon certain known days, and for known Prizes, and all before the good Prince, who countenanceth all these Sports with his Presence, thinking wisely, that there's less hurt in publick Mirth, than in private Mutinies.

Other Pa-
stimes.

The Court.

Having said thus much of *Florence*, I will now say something of the Court, the Government, Strength, Gentry, Riches, Interest, Language, and Learned Men of this Town.

For the Court, it's clearly one of the best of *Italy*. Great Riches make it look plump, and give it an excellent *en bon point*. The Noble Palace, the Prince, his Title of *Serenissimo*, his Train and Retinue of Noble Officers and Gentlemen, his store of *Pages*, *Palfreniers*, *Guards* of

of *Swissers* with Halbards, his Troop of Horse, waiting upon him, make this Court appear splendid. The Duke himself also, who makes this *The Great Duke.* Court, makes it a fine Court. His extraordinary Civility to Strangers, made us think our selves at home there. He was above Fifty, and hath an Austrian Look and Lip, which his Mother *Magdalena of Austria*, Sister to the Emperor *Ferdinand* the II. lent him. He admits willingly of the visits of Strangers, if they be Men of condition; and he receives them in the midst of his Audience-Chamber standing; and will not discourse with them, till they be covered too. It's impossible to depart from him disgusted, because he pays your Visit with as much Wit as Civility: and having entertain'd you in his Chamber with Wise discourse, he will entertain you in your own Chamber too with a *Regalo* of dainty Meats and Wines, which he will be sure to send you. *The Great Dutchess Dutchess.* The *Great Dutchess* too is another main Pillar of this Court. She is of the House of the Duke of *Urbino*, once a Sovereign Prince in *Italy*, but now extinct in her Father, who was the last Duke: and she had been Sovereign of that Dutchy, had she been of the Sovereign Sex: but what Nature refused her in Sex, it hath given her in Beauty, and so made her a Greater Sovereign, ever of *Florence*. Of her the Great Duke hath two Sons. *Cosmus* the Prince of *Toscany* married one of the Daughters of the late Duke of *Orleans*. A great Traveller, and one that visited most of the Princes Courts of *Christendom*. The Name of this Family is *Medices*; a Family which hath given to the Church four Popes, and
to

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to France two Queens. This Family is ancient, and came first out of Athens. It was always considerable during the Republick of Florence, but far more, since it hath got the start of all the other Families so far, as to become their Sovereign. The beginning of the greatness of this Family came from *Cosmus Medices*, surnamed *Pater Patriæ*. This Man being very rich and of a liberal mind, spent four hundred thousand Crowns in publick and private buildings, one hundred thousand Crowns more in loan Moneys to the poor Citizens. These Generous Actions, which should have got him the love of all Men, purchased him the hatred of some of the great Ones, who accusing him of affecting Sovereignty, raised a strong Faction against him. The heads of this Faction were *Rinaldo Albizzi*, *Pala Strozzi*, *Ridolfo Peruzzi*, and *Nicolo Barbadori*. These Men corrupting the Suffrages of the Senate, caused *Cosmus* to be clapt up, with an intention to take away his Life. *Cosmus* in Prison fearing poyson, abstained from Meats four days together, and almost died of Hunger, for fear of being killed with poyson: At last he was rescued from this melancholy humor by his honest Keeper, who gave him such assurances: that he should not be poyson'd that he took Meat again, and kept in his vital Breath, which was almost come to his lips. Then his Keeper (not content to be half courteous) having recover'd his Body, strove to recover his Mind too, which was sore spent with Fears and Melancholy; and for this purpose brought unto him the Buffon of *Bernardo Guadagni* then *Consanolihero*, the Chief Magistrate of the Republick,

Republick, who with his Witty Jests, so cheered him up with mirth, that he began not only to think of living again, but also of getting out from thence, that he might live long. To this end he works with the *Buffon* to carry a promise in Writing from him to the *Consaloniero*, of 1000 Crowns of Gold, upon condition he would free him. The *Buffon* undertakes it, and money takes with the *Consaloniero*, who under pretence of examining the Cause to put him to Death, finds him only worthy of Banishment, to which he condemns him; and the place of his Banishment was *Venice*. This was it that he desired, for being at *Venice*; he wrought so well by Friends with the People, that loved him, that he was restored again to his Country, and got the Title of *Pater Patrie* by a publick decree. By this Title his Family grew into that esteem, that it overtopped the rest, and in time wrought it self into Sovereignty.

For the Government of *Florence*, it is now Monarchical and Despotical, the Great Dukes Will being absolute, all great businesses passing thro' his knowledge and liking: so that he wants nothing of a King, but the Name; and that too he almost hath under the Name of Great Duke.

As for the Strength of this State, it hath 20 Episcopal Cities; 500 little Walled Towns; strong Forts on the Confines: and can make an Army of Forty thousand Foot, three thousand Horse, twelve Gallies, two Galleasses, two Galleons, and twenty Ships of War.

For

The Gentry of Florence.

For the Gentry, they are both Ingenious and Rich. The subtil Air of this Country, and the Academy of the *Crusca* have sharpened them into much Wit ; and their good Husbandry, and under-hand Traffick hath put them notably into Purse. For they think it no disgrace to have a *Banco* at home, and meet daily at the Exchange about Traffick and Trading ; while their Wives take their Pleasure in riding in a good Coach and attended by handfom Liveries. This makes them hold up their Nobility by the Chin, and not only preserves their Families from sinking, but rather makes them swim in a full Sea of Honour ; for they are by this means enabled to buy Great Offices for their Children in other Courts, whereby they often make them mount to the Highest Dignities ; when they are there, no Man reproaches unto them the way they took to come thither, whether by Water, or by Land ; by Traffick, or by the Sword ; by the School-Book, or Count-Book. If the *French* Gentry would follow this way, they might have Shooes and Stockings for their Children (which some of them want in the Country) wherewith to keep their Noble Blood warm in Winter.

Riches.

For the Riches of this Prince, they are about a *Million and a half of Piastri*, or Crowns. These are his Annual Revenues ; besides his Jewels, Forfeitures, and his *Datii* : which last, are of vast profit to him.

Interest.

The Interest of this Prince is much *Austrian*, and consequently *Spanish* ; yet not so far, as to break with *France*, to which he opens his Ports and Passages for his own sake. He loves to have

have no War in *Italy*, because he hath something to lose : and though he loves to have the Pope his Friend, yet he cares not for having any of his Subjects Pope. A Pope of his Family, *Clement VII.* having made him what he is, he is afraid a Pope of some other *Florentine* Family would strive to make him what he was.

As for the Language of *Florence*, it's pure; *The Language.* but in their Books, not in their mouths : They do so cheak it in the Throat, that it's almost quite drown'd there : nor doth it recover it self again till it come to *Rome*, where *Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana* is a most sweet Language. The *Academy of the Crusca*; hath much contributed to the enriching of this Language *The Academy of Wits.* with choice words. The rich *Dictionary* made by this famous Company, and called from them the *Crusca*, was forty years in compiling, but it will be in vogue as long as Men shall speak *Italian*.

Finally, for the Learned Men of this Town *The Learned Men;* in latter times, they are these ; *Marsilius Ficinus* the Christian Platonick ; *Dante* and *Petrarck* in Poetry : *Guicciardin* in History : *Poggio* in raillery : *Vespucius* in Geography : *Accursius* in Law : *Michael Angelo* in Painting : *Joannes Casa* in Practical Morality : *Naclantus* in Divinity : *Galileo* in Astronomy : *Doni*, *Luigi*, *Alemani*, and others in *Belle Lettere*.

He that desires to know the History of *Florence*, let him read *Giovanni Villani*, *Mattheo Villani*, *Scipione Ammirato*, and the Life of *Gran Cosimo*. *The Historians.*

Pistoia.

Having thus seen Fair *Florence* we, desired to see *Ligorne*, and make an excursive Journey by *Pistoia*, *Lucca* and *Pisa*. *Pistoia*, is an ancient Town in a plain Country. Of this Town was Pope *Clement* the IX. of the ancient Family of *Rospigliosi*: and that is all I can say of it: for it looks baldly of it self, either out of pure old age, else by reason of its Neighbourhood to *Florence*, which hath fleeced it, or, which I rather think, by reason of its Civil Factions heretofore, which had almost quite ruin'd it.

Lucca.

Its Government.

Lucca is a pretty little Common-wealth, and yet it sleeps quietly within the Bosom of the Great Dukes State. But that State may wisely fear none, which no State fears; and the Great Duke may be unwilling to measure his Sword, with that of little *Lucca*, lest the World shou'd cry shame upon him, and bid him meddle with his Match. This little Republick looked in my eye, like a perfect Map of old *Rome* in its beginning. It's governed by a *Consaloniero* and the Gentry. The great Counsel consists of 160 Citizens who are changed every year. It's under the Emperors Protection; and it hath about thirty thousand Souls in it. Approaching unto it, it looked like a pure Low-Country Town, with its Brick Walls, large Ramparts set round with Trees, and deep Moats round about the Walls. It hath eleven Bastions well guarded by the Townsien, and well furnished with Cannons of a large size. The Town is three miles in compass; it hath thirty thousand Muskets or half Muskets in its *Arsenal*, eight thousand Pikes, two thousand Brest pieces of Musket proof, and store of great Artillery. The whole

Its Strength.

whole State, for a need, can arm eighteen thousand Men of service, and it hath about five hundred thousand *French Livres* a year. It was in this Town that *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, and *Crassus* met, and agreed among themselves that all things in *Rome* should pass as they pleased.

The chief things to be seen here are the Cathedral, called *S. Martins*, whose Bishop hath the Ensigns of an Archbishop, to wit, the use of the *Pallium* and the Cross, and whose Canons in the Quire wear a *Rochet* and *Camail*, and Miters of Silk like Bishops.

2 The *Town-House*, or *Senate-House*, where the *Consaloniero* lives during the time of his Charge.

3. The Church of *S. Frediano* belonging to the Canon Regulars, where in a Chapel on the left hand is the Tomb of *S. Richard King of England*, who died here in his Pilgrimage to *Rome*.

4 The *Augustins* Church, where is seen a hole where the Earth opened to swallow up a blaspheming Gamester.

Of this Town was Pope *Lucius III.* The two famous Men of this Town, the one for Soldierry, the other for Learning, were brave *Castuccio*, and *Sanctus Pagninus* a great *Hebreician*.

There are five Towns more belonging to *Lucca*, to wit, *Ca-magior*, *Viareggia*, *Montignoso*, *Castilione*, and *Minuceiano*.

From *Lucca* we went to *Pisa*, some ten miles off. This was once the head Town of a flourishing Republick, and then the *Numantia* of *Florence*, and scorning its yoke; but now it croucheth to it. It stands in no very good Air, and therefore hath been vex'd with divers plagues.

The Grass in the Streets of this University read me this Lecture, and I believed it, Whereupon I resolved to stay here one day only, in which time I saw,

The Domo. 1. The *Domo*, whose *Canons* officiate in *Scarlet* like Cardinals. This is a neat Church for structure, and for its three *Brazen Doors* historied with a fine *Basso relievo*. It's built after *La maniera Tedescha*, a fashion of Building much used in *Italy* four or five hundred years ago, and brought in by *Germans* or *Tedeschi*, saith *Vasari*.

The bending Tower. 2. Near to the *Domo* stands (if leaning may be called *standing*) the *bending Tower*, so artificially made, that it seems to be falling, and yet it stands firm: *Ruituraque semper stat (mirum) moles.*

3. On the other side of the *Domo*, is the *Campo Santo*, a great square place cloistered about with a low Cloister curiously painted, It's called the *Campo Santo*, because therein is conserved the Holy Earth brought from *Hierusalem* in 50 Gallies of this Republick, *an. 1224*. These Gallies were sent by the Republick of *Pisa*, to succour the Emperor *Enobarbe*, in the *Holy Land*; but hearing of his death when they came thither, they returned home again laden with the Earth of the *Holy Land*, of which they made this *Campo Santo*.

Some Colleges. 4. Some good *Colleges* there are, but unfrequented then by reason of a late Plague: none running faster from the Plague than Scholars, especially when it comes near to the Schools.

The Library. 5. The publick Library is much enriched with the accession of *Aldus Manutius* his Library.

The Physick Garden. 6. The Garden of Simples may be rare; but we not understanding this Herb Language, hastened

sted to the House of the *Knights of St. Stephen*.

7. This is the only *Order of Knighthood* that I ^{The} perceived in *Florence*; and it's very common. ^{Knights of} They wear a Red Cross of Satin upon their ^{S. Ste, ha-} Cloaks, and profess to fight against the *Turks*. ^{no.} For this purpose they have here a good House and Maintenance. Their Church is beautified without with a handsome *Facia* of *White Marble*, and within with *Turkish Ensigns* and divers *Lanterns of Capitaneffe Gallies*. In this House the *Knights* live in common, and are well maintained. In their *Treasury* they shew you a great *Buckler* all of Pearl and Diamonds, won in a Battle against the *Turks*. Indeed *Bucklers of Diamonds* do but shew our Enemies where we are, and what they may hope for by killing us. They have in their *Cancellaria*, a Catalogue of those *Knights* who have done notable Service against the *Turks*; which serves for a powerful exhortation to their Successors, to do, and die bravely. In fine, these *Knights* may marry if they will, and live in their own particular Houses, but many of them choose celibacy as more convenient for brave Soldiers; Wives and Children being the true *impedimenta exercitus*.

Heretofore, during the great disorders of the *Guelfs* and the *Ghibelins*, Anno 1282. This Town was governed by *Ugolin* a proud Man, who ruled here despotically. This Man inviting one day all his Friends to a great Feast; began in the midst of it to brag, that nothing was wanting to him: *Yes*. (said one of his best Friends, because one who flattered him not) *there's one thing yet wanting to thee, Ugolin, to wit, the Anger of God, which is not far from thee.*

And

And it proved true, for presently after, the *Ghibelins* rushing into the Palace of *Ugolin* (chief of the *Guelfs*) killed in his sight, one of his Sons and his Nephew, and taking him with two other of his Sons and three Nephews, they shut him up in a strong Tower, and threw the *Keys* into *Arno*: where the poor Man that bragged even now in a Feast, died soon after of Hunger, having first seen his Children and Nephews die of hunger in his Arms. A rare example to teach proud Men, that there's often but one day between a powerful Man and a poor Man; between a great Feast and a great Fast. Here in *Pisa* were called two Councils, the one 1409, the other 1511.

Ligorne.

From *Pisa* we went to *Ligorne*, (*Portus Libernus* in *Latin*) through a pleasant Forest. This is the only Haven the *Great Duke* hath; and the mouth which letteth in that food which fatteneth this State. We stayed not long here, the season pressing us to be gone, and the Town being soon seen, for it's but little, though one of the neatest Haven Towns a Man can see. Heretofore it was not sufferable by reason of the bad Air; but since *Ferdinand the first* built it anew, and dried up the neighbouring *Fens* (gathering much of the Water into a cut Channel, which goes from hence to *Pisa*, and carries great Boats), the Town is twice as wholesome, and thrice as rich as it was.

The things I saw in this Town were these. 1. The *Mole* which shuts up the Haven. 2. The *Lantern* which with seven lights guides in Ships in the night. 3. The *Haven* it self where Ships lie safe, and the *little Haven*, within that, which serves

serves for a withdrawing Room to the great Haven, where the Gallies themselves retire. 4. The Statue of *Ferdinand* the first in marble, with the Statue in bronze of four slaves at his feet. These are the 4 slaves that would have stoln away a Galley and have rowed here themselves alone; but were taken in their great enterprize. 5. The *Greek Church*. 6. The *Castle*. 7. The Tower in the Sea where they keep Gunpowder. 8. The Jews Synagogue. 9. Two Windmills which are rare things in *Italy*, and therefore must have a place here among the rarities of this Town.

I found not any Academy of Wits here, nor any Records of any learned Men of this Town. All the *Latin* here is only *Meum* and *Tuum*, and their Wits are exercised here how to make good *Bargains*, not good *Books*. Indeed what should the *Muses* do here amongst the horrible noise of Chains, of Carts, of bawling Sea-men, of clamerous Porters, and where the Slaves of *Barbary* are able to fright all Learning out of the Town with their looks, as all *Latin* with their Language. Yet I must confess they study here *belle Lettère*: for, if the true *belle Lettère* be Letters of Exchange, your Merchant here, if you present him a Letter of Exchange from his Correspondent, will read it over and over again, and study upon it, before he give you the Contents of it in Money.

Having finished this excursive journey, we returned again to *Florence*; and having rested our Horses a day or two, we took a new rise from thence to *Rome*, which seemed to beckon

us, and whither the main Torrent of our curiosity hurried us.

Some three miles beyond *Florence* we passed under a *Monastery* of *Carthusians*, seated upon a round hill, whose several *celles* and little *Gardens* (walled about) branching out on all sides like several *Bastions*, made this *Monastery* look like a *Spiritual Fort*, or devout *Cittadel*.

San Cassi-
ano.

Poggi Bon-
zi.

From hence passing through *San Cassiano*, we arrived at night at *Poggi Bonzi*, a little Town, famous for perfumed *Tabaco* in Powder which the *Italians* and *Spaniards* take far more frequently than we, as needing neither *Candle* nor *Tinderbox* to light it withal; nor using any other *Pipes* than their own *Noses*.

Siena.

From *Poggi-Fenzi* we came at Dinner to *Siena*. This is the second Town of the *Florentine State*. It was heretofore a powerful *Republick*, commanding threescore miles into the Country, and now and then beating the *Florentines*; but at last, after much struggling, this *Wolf* received the muzzle, and *Siena* is now the humble servant of *Florence*. This happened

The Arms
of Siena

are a Wolf.

Anno 1555.

This Town is seated in a very wholesome Air and Soil, and therefore much frequented by Strangers. It's called *Sena* in Latin, from the *Senones*, people of *Gaul*, who coming into *Italy* with *Brennus*, built this Town. The Streets are all paved with bricks set up edgeway, which makes the Town always dry and neat. It's built high and low, with many high Towers in it, built anciently in honour of it's well deserving Citizens, who had done some special Service in the *Republick*; and this makes

it

it seen thirty miles off, on *Romes* side. The People here are very civil, and even sociable too, which together with the good Air, the good Exercises for Gentlemen, the good Language, and the great Priveleges, make many Strangers draw Bridle here, and pass the Summer at *Viena*, the *Orleans* of *Italy*.

The prime things I saw here, were these.

I. The *Domo*, one of the neatest *Cathedrals* The *Domo*, of *Italy*, though it be built *a la maniera Tedescha*. It's all of black and white Marble within and without. The Frontispiece is carved curiously and set thick with Statues. Yet it wants a larger Piazza before it, to give it it's full Grace. The inside of this Church is very taking. Under the roof immediately runs a row of white marble heads of all the Popes till this time. The *Pavement* is the best in the World: and indeed too good to be trod on; hence they cover a great part of it, with Broads handsomely laid together, yet easie to be taken up, to shew Strangers the Beauty of it: Its of *Marble* inlaid with Pictures, and those very great ones: several great Marbles of several Colours making the Shadows and the Lights, and composing all together such a new kind of Mosaick work, as all Men admire, but none dare finish. This work was begun by *Duccio Sanese*, and afterwards carried on by *Dominico Beccafumi*, but not finished by him, saith *Vasari*. They told me here, that it was *Meccharini*, that made this Pavement, but I had rather believe *Vasari*. That part which they uncovered for us, represented the History of *Abraham* going to Sacrifice his Son *Isaac*; and the history of the

The Library.
Q.

the *Maccabees*; and the like. I confess I scarce saw any thing in *Italy* which pleased me better than this Pavement. On the left hand (within the Church) stands the *Library*, painted with a rare *Fresco*, which is yet ravishing and lively after two hundred years: Indeed, the brave actions of *Aeneas Sylvius*, (afterwards Pope *Pius II.*) which these Pictures represent, deserve to be painted by the Sun-beams. The Pictures are of the hand of *Pietro Perugino*, *Raphael's Master*: but when all's done, give me Books in a *Library*, not *Pictures*. In the Church you see the Statues of *Alexander the III.*, of *Pius II.*, of *Papillius V.*, and of *Alexander the VII.*, all Popes, and Natives of *Siena*.

S. Katherine of
Siena.

2. I saw here the several places which S. Katherine of *Siena* had made famous by her Devotions: as, her Chamber, where she received the holy *Stigmata*, now turned into a Chapel: the Chamber where she lived, with other memorials of her Devotions, in the *Dominicans Church*; where they also shew her Head and Finger: her Body being transferred to *Rome*, and lying in a little Chapel within the Sacristy of the *Dominicans*, at the *Minerva*.

Other Re-
marks.

3. The other things ordinarily shown here are the great Hospital: the House of *Pius II.* of the Family of the *Piccolomini*: the great Piazza: the Pillar with the Wolf of Brass upon it: the Marble Pillar as you come into the Town from *Florence*, with the Arms of the Empire and of *Portugal* upon it; because here it was that the Emperor met *Eleanora* of *Portugal*, and married her in presence of *Aeneas Sylvius* then Archbishop here, and afterwards Pope *Pius the II.*

4. I saw here the Academy of Wits, called *gli Intronati*: why they should take that ambitious name I know not, unless it be in reference to the saying of a Philosopher, who said, that then finally Kingdoms should be happy, when either Philosophers should be chosen Kings, or Kings played the Philosophers. Indeed *Aristotle* holds, that they that are strong of Body, are made to serve and tug at the Oar of Commands: and they that are strong in wit, are born by nature to sit at the Helm, and command others.

5. This Town hath furnished the Latin Church with a General Council of an hundred and thirty Bishops, call'd by *Nicolas III.* with three great Saints. *S. Bernardin*, reformer of the *Minorites*; *St. Katherine* the holy Virgin, and *Beatus Columbanus*, institutor of the Order of the *Jesuits*, said to be a Man of great Learning and Sanctity: with four Popes to wit, *Alexander III.* of the House of *Bandinelli*; *Pius II.* of the House of *Piccolomini*; *Paulus V.* of the House of *Burgesi*; and *Alexander VII.* of the House of *Chigi*: And in fine, it hath furnished the World with two Champions in Learning *Ambrosius Politi* (or *Katharinus*) who wrote against *Luther* and *Erasmus*; and *Adriano Politi*, who wrote against Ignorance by his Learned Dictionary.

He that would know the particular History of *Siena*, let him read *Orlando Malevolto*. *The History.*

From *Siena* we want to *Bon Convento*, *Tornieri*, *San Quirico*, inconsiderable places upon the rode, and so to *Radicofino*, a strong Castle upon a high Hill, built by *Desiderius* King of the *Longobards*. This is the last place of the *Florentine* State, but not the least in strength. *Radicofino.*

Dining here at the Great Dukes Inn at the bottom of the Hill, we went to lodge at *Aquapendente*, which is some 12 miles off, and the first Town of the Popes State. *Aquapendente.*

This Town stands upon a Hill, from which the Waters trickling down softly are said to hang there, and give it the name of *Aquapendente*. Of late this Town

Town is made a Bishops Seat by the demolishment of *Castro*, and the removal of the Bishops Seat from thence hither, which hath happened upon this occasion. *Castro* was a Town belonging to the Duke of *Parma*, thither Pope *Innocent X.* sent a good Bishop to govern that Flock; but the Bishop, upon his arrival being killed there, the Pope sent *Conte Vidman* (General then of the Church) with order to demolish *Castro*: and he himself transferred the Bishops Seat from thence to *Aquapendente*, all which was, according to the Canon Law, which ordains, that the City which kills its Bishop should be deprived of the Bishops Seat ever after.

Can. It. 2
nos 25.
q. 2.

Bolsena.

From *Aquapendente* we came to a little Town called *San Lorenzo*, and not long after to *Bolsena*, anciently called *Urbs Volsinensium*. Here it was that we were told of a famous Miracle, that they give out to have been done in this place, in confirmation of the real presence of Christs Body and Blood in the Sacrament, which happened Anno 1263, and which gave occasion to Pope *Urban IV.* to command that the Feast of *Corpus Christi* should be kept Holy-day ever after. The Miracle is related by *L. a. dro Alberti* the Camden of Italy, and by *Omprius Panvinus*, in the Life of *Urban IV.*

The Lake of
Bolsena.

We passed also that morning by the side of the Lake of *Bolsena*; in the middle of which is a little Island, in which *Amalasuinta* Queen of the *Ostrogoths*, a Woman of singular parts, was miserably murdered by her nearest kindred. Here's also a little Convent of *Capuchins*.

*Bosco He-
lerno.*

Having passed along this Lake a great while, we entered at last into a Wood called anciently *Lucus Volsinensium*, and now, *Bosco Helerno*. It was formerly a dangerous Passage for Bandits: but now it's free from danger, since *Sixtus Quintus* purg'd the Ecclesiastical State of that Vermin, by making a Law, that whosoever should bring in the head of a Bandito, should have pardon, impunity and recompense too, of some hundreds of Crowns, whereupon the Bandits soon destroyed one another. From

From this Wood we soon came to *Montefiascone* *Montefiascone* standing upon a Hill. It's a Bishops Seat, and famous for excellent *Muscato* Wine ; and this Wine is famous for having killed a *Dutchman* here who drunk too much of it. The Story is true, and thus. A *Dutchman* of Condition travelling thro' *Italy*, sent his Man before him always, with a charge to look out the Inns where the best Wine was, and there write upon the Wall of the Inn the word *EST*, that is to say, *Here it is*. The Servant coming hither a little before his Master, and finding the Wine excellently good, wrote upon the Wall *EST, EST, EST*, signifying thereby the superlative goodness of this Wine. The Master arrives, looks for his Mans hand-writing ; and finding three *ESTS*, is over-joyed. In he goes, and resolves to lie there ; and he did so indeed : for here he lies still, buried first in Wine, and then in his Grave ; for drinking too much of this good Wine, he dyed here, and was buried by his Servant, in a Church here below the Hill, with this Epitaph upon his Tomb, made by the same Servant, *Propter EST, EST, hucus mens mortuus est*. It was here also, that the Gallantry of the brave *Roman* General *Camillus* appeared very much. For, while he was besieging this Town, called then *Phaliscum* or *Phaleris*, a Treacherous School-Master, having brought unto him the chief young Youths of the Town, whom he had deceitfully drawn unto the *Roman* Camp, under pretence of taking the Air abroad, by which means *Camillus* might have frightened their Parents to an unworthy Rendition : the brave *Roman* who scorned to overcome by any other way than that of Gallantry, caused the School-master to be stripped, and his hands to be tyed behind his back and to be led into the Town again, with the little youths whipping him as he went, till he had brought them home again. This nobleness of *Camillus* took the Town presently, because it took with the Townsmen ; who admiring the

Roman

Roman Generosity, submitted willingly to *Camillus*, who had chosen rather to take Towns by his own Valour than by other Mens iniquity: Indeed, (as *Valerius Maximus* saith) it did not become *Rome*, built by the Son of *Mars*, to take Towns otherwise than Martially:

Viterbo.

From *Montefiascone* we went down the Hill by an easie descent unto *Viterbo*. This is an Episcopal Seat, standing in a wholesome Air, and therefore called *Viterbium*, as it were, *Vita Urbium*. Here are excellent Fountains of Water, and store of them: but it's pity none of them run with good Wine, to make amends for the bad, which are most of them *Vini cotti*. The two Factions here of the *Gatti* and the *Maganesi*, (these standing for the *Ursini*, those for the *Colonesi*) ruined heretofore *Viterbo* over and over again. In the *Domo* there are the Tombs of four Popes, as also in the *Franciscans* Church some Tombs of Popes and of *St. Rosa*: you see the body of that Saint yet entire, though buried above 100 years ago. She lies along in her Tomb, and is seen by drawing of a Curtain from before her.

The Academy of Wits.

Here's an Academy of Wits called *Gli Ostinati*; to shew perchance, that a Man cannot be learned without obstinate labour and pains. Hence the Poet makes the Learned Man to be one who *multum sudavit & alsit*: and *Persius* tells us, that his delight was to grow pale with obstinate night Study: *Velle suum cuique est*, &c.

At me nocturnis juvat impallescere chartis.

About a mile from *Viterbo* stands a neat Church and Convent, called *Madonna del Quercu*, and as far again beyond that, a fine House, with a Garden of Water-works and Fountains, worth seeing.

Caprarola.

From *Viterbo* (being upon our own Horses) we went to see *Caprarola*, a stately House belonging to the Duke of *Parma*. The House is held to be one of the finest in *Italy* for Architecture. It stands

a little out of the Travellers rode, but not of his way: for it's much in a Mans way to see such a lovely House as this. It stands upon the side of a Hill, and from one of the Balconies it shews you *Rome* some two and thirty miles off. It's built in a *Pentagone* (if I remember well) without, and round within. The Chambers for all that are square, and well proportioned. The chief of these Chambers are painted by the hand of *Pietro Orbista*, flourishing thus upon the noble actions of *Paulus III.* Among the other Chambers, the whispering Chamber is curious, for four Men here standing, each one in one of the four corners of this great Chamber, hear distinctly what any of them whispers in a low tone in his Corner, their Faces being turned to the Wall; and yet those that stand in the midst of the Chamber cannot hear it. The other Chamber is no less curious, where, standing in the midst of it, and stamping hard with your foot those that are without at the door think that they hear the cracks or reports of Pistols. The other Rooms here also, as the Kitchen, all of one Stone, the low Cave also with the Pillar in it, cut likewise out of a rock and bearing up the whole Pavement of the round Court which lets light into this Cave by divers round grates of Iron, are worth the beholding; Then the Garden upon the Hill-side with the great variety of Water-works, Grotts and wetting sports, are all curious things. Having walked this Garden about, you'll desire after so much Water, a little Wine, which will not be wanting to you, from the rare Cellar lying under the great *Terrasse* before the House; and perchance you'll think the Wine-works here as fine as the Water-works.

From *Caprarola* we fell into our way again at *Monterosa*, from whence passing by *Bacano*, and the *Hosteria del Storto*, we came at night to *Rome*.

All the way from *Monterosa* to *Rome* almost, belonged anciently to the *Veientes* (so called, saith *Berosius*,

Paroz. *rosus*, from the carrying about with them in Carts, all their goods.) Near to *Bacan* is a Lake out of which runs the River *Varca*, anciently called *Cremena*, near unto which the *Veientes* killed in one Battle, three hundred *Fabii*, that is, the whole family of the *Fabii*, (who had vowed themselves to death for the Common-Wealth service) except one little boy not able to bear arms, from whom *Fabius Maximus* the terror of *Hannibal*, and *Romes* buckler descended.

Veii. Upon this rode also stood anciently the Town *Veii*, a Town which held out ten Summers against the *Romans*, and stood in need of no less Man than *Camillus* to take it. This Town was once so great that *Rome* being destroyed almost by the *Gauls*, the Senators held a Consultation in the *Comitium*, whether they should retire to *Veii*, and leave *Rome* quite, or rebuild again *Romes* walls; but during this Consultation, the Troops returning out of Garrison, arrived by chance into the *Comitium*, where the *Centurion* entring, and not thinking the Senators had been there, cryed out to the Standard-bearer, *Signifer statue signum, hic optime manebimus*; which words the Senators hearing, cryed out to one another, *Accipimus omen*; and presently laid aside all further thought of retiring to *Veii*.

Valer.

Max, l. 1.

c. 5.

Some twelve miles before we came to *Rome*, we saw the *Cupola* of *St. Peters Church*, and were as glad to see it afar off, as the weary *Trojans* in *Aeneas* his Company, were glad to see *Italy*, after so much wandering. Some few hours after, having passed by an old Tomb, which some call *Nero's Tomb*, and over the *Ponte Molo* (of which more in my 2. Part) we entred into *Rome* by the *Via Flaminia*, and *Porta del Populo*.

The End of the first Part

AN
ITALIAN-VOYAGE,
OR,
A Compleat Journey
THROUGH
ITALY.

The Second PART.

With a Character of the People, and
the Description of the Chief Towns, Churches,
Monasteries, Tombs, Libraries, Pallaces,
Villas, Gardens, Pictures, Statues, Antiquities :

AS ALSO,
Of the Interest, Government, Riches, Force,
&c. of all the Princes.

By *RICHARD LASSELS*, Gent.

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A

J O U R N E Y

Through

I T A L Y.

P A R T II.

BEING arrived at *Rome*, we Lodged in an *Inn* for three or four days, till we had found out, and furnished a House to our satisfaction. That done, I began presently my *Inquest*, and made *Hue and Cry* after every little thing which time seemed to have robbed us of.

But as we approach not to great Persons in *Italy*, without informing our selves first of their *Titles*, that we may know how to *Stile* them: So before I bring my Reader acquainted with *Rome*, I think it not amiss to tell him how this great City is commonly called.

And although *Rome* were anciently stiled *The Head and Mistress of the World*; an *Earthly Goddess*; the *Eternal City*; the *Compendium of the World*; the common *Mother and Nurse of all Vir-*

How Rome
is stiled.

Rome la
Santa.

tues ; (while she was yet *Heathen* ;) Yet since her Ladyship was Baptized and became *Christian* (though she have had great Elogies made of her by the Holy Fathers) I find no Title so honourable to her, as that of *Roma la Santa, Rome the Holy* ; which is given her by the *Common Proverb*, and common Proverbs are nothing else but the observations of common Sense : For whereas the other Cities of *Italy* are *Proverbially* called, either *Fair, Gentile, Rich, Proud, Fat or Great* ; as *Florence Naples, Venice ; Genua, Bologna, Milan* ; *Rome* only is stiled the *Holy* : and this deservedly, for many Reasons.

First, for being the *Episcopal Seat* of *St. Peter* and his *Successors*, to the number of 240 and odd *Popes*.

Serm. 1. de
Natal. A-
post. Petri
& Paul.

2. For having been watered at the roots, by the Preaching and blood of the two Glorious Apostles *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, which made *St. Leo*, speaking to *Rome* of these two great Apostles, make her this *Apostrophe*. *Hi sunt qui te ad hanc gloriam provexerunt, ut gens sancta, populus electus, civitas Sacerdotalis Regia, per sacram Beati Petri sedem caput orbis effecta, latius præsideres religione divina quam dominatione terrena.*

3. For having been looked upon in all Ages, as the *Center of Catholic Communion* : and the place where the *Matrix* and *Radix Ecclesia*, the *Mother Church* and the *Radical Church* (as *St. Cyprian* calls her) did flourish always.

4. For having been washed and purged in the blood of so many thousand *Martyrs* in the Primitive times, which even baptized *Rome* a new, and made it be called by Holy Fathers *Nova Sion, a New Sion*.

5. For

5. For having so many *Saints Bodies* lying in its *Churches*; and so many *Churches* within its *Precincts*, which are above three hundred in all.

6. For having been the happy occasion of *Converting* most of the *Nations of Europe*, and many others out of *Europe*, unto the *Faith of Christ*, by *Preachers* sent from thence.

7. For having been the *Depositary* (as *St. Irenæus* calls her) of the *Holy Apostolical Traditions* and *Doctrine*, which have always been conserved in her *Church*.

8. For having always conserved the *Symbole of the Creed* inviolably (saith *St. Hierome*.)

Besides these foresaid *Reasons*, *Rome* may deservedly be called *Holy*, for the many and singular acts of *Charity* which are done there daily, more than in any other place. *Charity* is the *Queen of Vertues*, and if ever I saw this *Queen* in her *Throne*, it was in *Rome*. For there I saw no evil, either of *body* or *mind*, but it had its remedy, if curable; at least its comforts if incurable.

For the first, to wit, *Evils of Body*, it hath its *Hospitals*, and those many, and many of those are *Hospitals in Folio*. Besides no *Pilgrim* comes to *Rome*, but he finds *Rome*, as *Adam* did *Paradise*, with the *Table* covered, and *Bed* made ready for him. *Poor young Girls* find *Portions* either for *Husbands* or *Nunneries*, according to their choice; *Infants* whom cruel and unlawful *Mothers*, like *Wolves*, expose to death, *Rome* receives to life, and thinks it but a suitable *Antipelaropsis* to nourish *Wolves Children*, seeing a *She-Wolf* nourished her *Founder* being exposed by *Men*. *Fools* too and *Madmen*, so much the more miserable, as not being so much as sensible

Great Charities in Rome.

Remedies for evils of the body.

Meretrices lupas vocabant unde Luparia. Augustin. de Civit. Dei. l. 18. c. 21.

Quint.
Curt.

of their Condition (for *sæpe calamitatis solatium est nosse sortem suam*) have here those that take care of them. Poor Men find Hospitals when they are sick; and Gentlemen, whom Nature hath not exempted from common Miseries, Rome exempts from common Hospitals; and not being able to give them better health she gives them at least better accommodation in their sickness. Here you shall find an Apothecaries-shop, founded by Cardinal Francis Barberin, with a yearly revenue of Twelve Thousand Crowns, and this for ever; to furnish the Poor with Physick gratis.

Almost every Nation hath an Hospital in Rome.

Here you shall find the Hospital of the Holy Trinity, which in the Jubile year of Clement the VIII, is found to have treated at Table, in one day, Fifteen Thousand Pilgrims. And in the whole year Five Hundred Thousand. The last Jubile year 1650. I my self was present one day, when the said Hospital treated Nine Thousand Pilgrims that day: The Pope himself (Innocent the X.) and many of the Cardinals having been there to wash the feet of the Pilgrims, and to serve them at Table. Add to this, that every Nation hath here its several Hospital and Refuge, with Church and Churchmen to serve it. As the English Colledge, once an Hospital for the English: That of the Anima, for the Germans: That of St. Lewis, for the French: That of St. Iacomo, for the Spaniards; That of St. Antony of Padua, for the Portugese: That of St. Julian for the Flemmings: That of St. Ambrose for the Lombards: That of St. Iuo for the Britans: That of St. Hierom for the Illyrians: That of St. Mary Egyptiaca for the Armenians: That of St. Stephano

Part II. A voyage through Italy.

8

Stephano for the *Hungarians* : That of *St. Stanislaus* for the *Polonians*. Besides a world of others. Nay almost every *Corporation* or *Body of Artisans* have their Hospital among themselves, which they maintain. In the *Church* of the *Twelve Apostles* they chuse yearly *Twelve Noblemen* and one *Prelate*, who is called their *Prior* : These go into every corner of *Rome* to seek out poor Men who are asham'd to beg, and yet are in great want. These bashful poor Men put their names into a Coffer well lock'd up, and standing in a publick place, by which means these Charitable Noblemen find them out, and relieve them.

What shall I say of the publick Charity of the *Pope* himself, well known to all; besides a world of private Charities which he gives by his *Secreto Limosimero* to those that are asham'd to beg publickly.

The like do many *Cardinals* by their own hands; and in that high measure, that *Cardinal Montalto* (to name no more) is found by his Books of *Accounts*, to have given away above a Hundred and Seven Thousand Crowns to the Poor. Of which pious *Cardinal* I cannot omit to write this following Story, as I have learned it from very good relation.

“ A poor Widow of *Rome*, Mother of one
“ only Daughter both young and handsome,
“ got her Living honestly by her own, and her
“ Daughters Labour; and rub'd out poorly, but
“ yet honestly : Now it happened that this Wi-
“ dow falling Sick, and her Daughter having
“ enough to do to tend her, their work went on
“ so faintly, and their gains came in so slowly,
“ that

An ingenious piece of Charity.

" that at her recovery, she found her *Purse* as
 " much spent as her *Person*. Whereupon be-
 " ing called on for the quarters Rent of her
 " Chamber, and not knowing what to do, she
 " was advised by her *Confessarius* to go to *Car-*
 " *dinal Montalto* (who gave publick Audi-
 " ence thrice a Week to all the Poor in
 " *Rome*, and to beg as much of him, as would
 " pay her little debt. Pressed therefore by her
 " great necessity, and emboldened by the fame
 " of the Charity of this good *Cardinal*, she en-
 " tred the Palace, and found him in his great
 " Hall, giving Ear and Alms to all those that
 " could give him a good account of their wants.
 " In her turn she and her young Daughter ap-
 " proached unto him, sitting at his Tables End;
 " and expressing modestly her wants caused by
 " her three Months Sickness, she humbly be-
 " sought his *Eminence* to give her *five Crowns*
 " for to pay the Rent of her Chamber, and pa-
 " cifie her Landlord, who otherwise threatned
 " to put her out of Doors. The *Cardinal* see-
 " ing as much modesty in her looks as Sickness
 " in her Countenance; and liking well, that she
 " did not go about to fright him into Charity,
 " by urging the danger of being forc'd one day
 " to expose her Daughter to lewd Courses (a
 " common Rhetorical figure of Beggars in all
 " Countries) wrote down in a little Paper, Fifty
 " Crowns to be given to her; and folding up
 " the Paper, he bid her carry it to his Servant
 " below at the entrance of the Palace, who
 " kept the *Cardinals* Bills, and payed the
 " contents of them. She did so with humble
 " Prayers of thankfulness; and the Servant up-
 " on

“ on the Sight of the Paper, presently threw her
“ fifty Crowns, and bid her make an acquittance
“ for it. The poor Woman seeing fifty Crowns
“ counted out for her, who had asked but five ;
“ and fearing lest the Servant upon sight of
“ her handsome daughter, might have done
“ this by way of Bribery, told him smart-
“ ly, that tho’ she were Poor, yet she was
“ honest, and that she scorn’d to go by one
“ Corruption to another. The honest Servant
“ civilly replied, that he understood not her
“ words : nor I your deeds, said she, I asked
“ the *Cardinal* five Crowns, he granted me my
“ request, and why then do you offer me fifty
“ Crowns ? The honest Servant to shew his In-
“ nocency, shews his Masters hand writing, im-
“ porting fifty Crowns. Then your Masters
“ hand, said she, for haste outshot his Intenti-
“ ons. I asked him for five Crowns, and more
“ in Conscience I cannot take. The Servant,
“ though he knew his Masters Generosity, yet to
“ take all scruple from the poor Woman, locked
“ up his Money and Papers, and desired the
“ poor Woman to go up with him to the *Car-*
“ *dinal* again to clear this doubt. The *Cardi-*
“ *nal* hearing from this Servant the whole pas-
“ sage, and that the poor Woman was afraid
“ his hand had been mistaken in writing fifty
“ Crowns instead of five ; ’tis true, said he, my
“ hand was mistaken indeed ; and calling for
“ his *Pen* again, as if he would have corrected
“ the *Cypher* which made the Bill fifty, he put
“ in another *Cypher*, and so made it five Hundred
“ Crowns ; reading it now aloud to his Servant
“ and the poor Woman ; commanding her to
“ bestow

“bestow her Daughter with that Money; and
 “if it were not enough, to come again to
 “him, and he would make it up. *A true Ro-*
 “*man Charity.*

*Remedies
 for Evils
 of the
 Mind. •
 Osmundus
 apud Hero-*
dot.

As for those *Charities* which concern the *Mind*, if a great King of *Egypt* wrote over his *Library-door*, *Medicina Anima*, *Physick for the Mind*, here in *Rome* I find store of such *Physick* in *Libraries*, *Colledges*, *Monasteries*, and devout *Companies*. And first for *Libraries*; you shall find here (besides the *Libraries* of every *Religious* house) the incomparable *Library* of the *Vatican* (of which more below) those also of *Cardinal Barberin*; of the *Duke of Attemps*; that of *Sapienza*, and that of the *Augustins*; the last two being open to all Men every day, with a courteous Gentleman to reach you any Book, and a learned *Manuscript* in *Folio*, addressing you to the Authors that treat of any Subject you desire to be informed of, which affords great help to the painful Student. Then the *Colledges* and *Seminaries* of almost all Nations where youths are both fed and bred up in Learning for nothing.

*Publick
 Libraries.*

Monaste-
ries.

Add to this the variety of *Monasteries* and *Convents*, both of Men and Women, where they may hide themselves securely, *donec transeat Iniquitas*.

*Houses for
 young
 Girls.*

Then the taking away of young *Girls*, at ten or twelve years old from their poor suspected Mothers; and the bringing them up ver-
 tuously, under careful Matrons of known Ver-
 tue, till they either chuse the *Nuptial Flammeum*,
 or the *Sacred Velum*.

Then

Then the *Remedies* for ill Married Women, *Remedies for ill married Women.* whose unadvised choice (Marriages being often made for Interest) or incompatible humours force to a Corporeal separation; and lest such unfortunate Women should either live incontinently indeed, or give suspicion of it, they are provided here with a House where they live retiredly under *Lock and Key*, till they either reconcile themselves again to their Husbands; or upon just occasions, leave them for ever. Over the door of this house is written, *Per le donne mal maritate.*

Then the *Convent* of Penitent Whores (that none may perish in Rome who have a mind to be saved) called *Sancta Maria Magdalena in Corso*; where many of those poor *Magdalens* have led such penitential Lives, (as the bloody Walls of their Cells, caused by frequent disciplining, shewed to all Rome in a conflagration of that *Monastery*) that *Paulus Quintus* himself being informed of it, would needs be carried thither, to see those Bloody Chambers from the Street, and having seen them, wept for Joy; and I can scarce hold from crying out: *O felix culpa.*

What shall I say of the *Congregation* of *Advocates* and *Attornies*, instituted in Rome, where they meet once a Week to examine poor mens *Charity of Lawyers in Rome.* *Law-Suits*; and either dehort them from proceeding in bad causes, or prosecute good causes for them at the cost of this *Congregation*.

What shall I say of several pious *Clergy-men* *Broken Friend-setters.* (especially the good *Priests* of the *Oratory*, happy in this employment) who make it their task to reconcile disagreeing Families, and

A Voyage through Italy. Part II.

and with great zeal and piety, exhort first the one, then the other of the parties, intervene between them, speak well of the one to the other, clear and take away jealous misunderstandings, and in fine, piece again broken Neighbours?

Four Sermons daily in one place in Rome.

What shall I say of the *four Sermons* daily in the *Chiesa Nova*, by the most learned and good *Priests* of the *Oratory*, who being most of them learned Men, as *Baronius*, *Bosius*, *Justinianus*, *Renaldus*, &c. and able to fly high, yet in their *Sermons* stoop to a low pitch, and a Popular facile way, which aims rather at conversion, than ostentation; and doth great good, though it make little noise; *Dominus in leni aura*.

Weekly Sermons to the Jews.

What shall I say of the *Weekly Sermon* to the *Jews*, upon *Saturday*; where they are bound to be present to the number of three hundred: where the *Pope* entertains a learned *Preacher*, to convince them out of their own *Scriptures*; and those that are converted, are provided for in the *Hospital* of the *Catechumens*, till they be thoroughly instructed? I have seen divers of them baptized.

The Scholæ Pia.

What shall I say of the *Scholæ piæ* in *Rome*, a company of good Religious Men, who look like *Jesuits*, save only that they go bare-foot in *Sandals*? These good *Fathers* make a profession to teach poor boys *gratis*, their first *Grammar Rudiments*, and to make them fit to be sent to the *Jesuits Schools*; and having taught them thus in the *Schools*, they accompany them home in the *Streets*, lest they should either learn waggery as they go home, or practise it. Nay these humble Men make it their profession not to teach higher

higher *Schools* ; where there might be some profit and honour, at least some satisfaction and pleasure : but they content themselves to go barefoot, and teach only the *lower Schools*, and *first Rudiments* ; by which they neither grow wiser nor richer : A strange mortified trade ; but *Beati pauperes spiritu*.

What shall I say of the *Fathers of the Agonizants*, whose Vocation is, to be the *Seconds* of those who fight against death it self ; that is, whose profession is, to assist those that are in the *Agony of Death* ; and to help them to make then those pious *Acts*, which *Christians* should most of all then rouse themselves up to ?

The Fathers of the Agonizants.

What can be said more ; yes, *Rome* not content, to have fed, to have bred, to have converted, baptized, reconciled the living ; and assisting the dying ; she extends her *Charity* even beyond death it self, and hath instituted a pious *Confraternity*, called *La compagnia de Morti*, whose office is to bury the Dead, and to visit those that are *Condemned*, and by praying with them, exhorting them, and accompanying them to the Execution, help them to dye Penitently, and bury them being Dead, and Pray for their Souls being Buried ; after which, *Charity* can do no more to Man, and therefore I will conclude, that seeing such singular *Acts of Charity*, both for *Body* and *Mind*, are practised no where so much as in *Rome*, its true which I assumed above, that *Rome* deserves to be call'd the *Holy*.

La Compagnia de Morti.

Having said thus much of the *Title of Rome*, I will now make my Reader better acquainted with her, by describing the Particularities which I observed here. And that I may not ramble

in

in writing of *Rome*, as most men do in visiting of it, I will begin at the *Bridge* called now *Ponte Angelo*, and from thence take the whole *Gyro* of the *City* in Order.

Ponte Angelo.

Arriving then at the *Bridge* called anciently *Pons Elius*, because it was built by the *Emperor Elius Adrianus*, but now called *Ponte Angelo*, because it was upon this *Bridge* that *S. Gregory the Great* saw an *Angel* upon the *Moles Adriani*, sheathing his *Sword* after a great *Plague*: here we saw the stately new decoration of *Iron-work* with the twelve *Marble Statues* set upon it by this present *Pope Clement the Ninth*, and looking down into the *River* on the *Left-hand*, we saw the ruins of the *Triumphal Bridge*.

The triumphal Bridge.

This *Bridge* was called the *Triumphal Bridge*, because over it *Triumphs* were accustomed to pass anciently to the *Capitol*. This made it so proud, that it scorn'd that any rustics, or *Country-Fellows* should pass over it; and got a *Decree of the Senate* for that purpose. But pride will have a fall; and the proud *Triumphal Bridge* hath got such a great one, that there's but just so much of it left, as to shew, where it was once; so true is the saying of *Ausonius*,

Mors etiam Saxis nominibusque venit.

At first the *Romans* were modest enough in their *Triumphs*, as in all other things: Hence *Camillus* was content with four white *Horses* in his *Chariot*; but afterwards luxury and excess banishing out of the *City* old modesty, they began to strive who should be the most vain in this point. Hence *Pompey* was drawn in *Triumph* by four *Elephants*;
Mark-

Mark-Antony, by four Lyons : *Nero* by four Her- *Vanity in*
mophrodites, which were all four both Horses and *Triumphs.*
 Mares : *Heliogabalus* by four Tygers ; *Aurelianus*
 by six Stags ; and *Firmicus* by eight Ostriches.

At the end of *Ponte Angelo* stands the *Castel* *Castel An-*
Angelo, so called, because, as I said before, *S. Gre-* *gelo.*
gory in a solemn *Procession* during the Plague, saw
 an *Angel* upon the top of *Moles Adriani* sheathing
 his Sword, to signify, that Gods Anger was ap-
 peased. Before this *Miracle* happened, it was cal-
 led *Moles Adriani*, because the *Emperor Adrian*
 was buried here. It was built anciently in a round
 form of vast stones going up in three rows or sto-
 ries, lesser and lesser, till you came to the top ;
 where stood mounted that great *Pine-apple* of
Brass guilt, which we see now in the Garden of
Belvedere. Round about it were set in the wall
 great *Marble Pillars*, and round about the several
 Stories stood a world of *Statues*. This *Moles* be-
 ing found a strong place, *Bellisarius* put Men in-
 to it to defend it against the *Goths*, and they de-
 fended themselves in it a great while, by break-
 ing the *Statues* in Pieces, and throwing them up-
 on the Heads of the *Goths* that besieged them.
 Since that time divers *Popes* have turned it into
 a formal *Castle*. *Boniface* the VIII, *Alexander* the
 VI, and *Urban* the VIII, have rendered it a *Re-*
gular Castle, with five strong *Bastions*, store of
 good *Cannons*, and a constant Garison maintained
 in it. From this *Castle* I saw divers times these
 Fortifications ; and below divers great pieces of
 Artillery, made of the Brass taken out of the
Pantheon ; and they shewed us one great *Cannon*
 which was made of the brazen Nails only, that
 nailed that brass to the walls of the *Pantheon*; the
 length

length and form of those Nails, is seen upon that Cannon, to shew unto posterity how great they were, with these words upon it ; *ex clavis trahibilibus Porticus Agrippæ*. In this Castle are kept Prisoners of State ; the five Millions laid up there, by *Sixtus Quintus* ; the Popes rich Triple Crowns, called *Regni*, and the Chief Registers of the Roman Church. From the top also of this Castle you see distinctly the long Corridor or Gallery, which runs from the Popes Palace of the Vatican to this Castle, for the Popes use in time of danger. It was made by Pope Alexander the VI. and used by Clement the VII. who by it got safe into the Castle, from the fury of the German Soldiers, who being many of them Lutherans, swore they would eat a piece of the Pope.

The long
Corridor
from the
Palace to
the Castle.

From hence entering into the Borgo, we went towards *S. Peters Church*, and in the way stept into the Church of the Carmelites, called *Santa Maria Transpontina*, where, in a Chappel on the left hand as you enter, are seen two Pillars of Stone enchased in wood, to the which *S. Peter* and *S. Paul* were tyed when they were whipped before their death, according to the Romans custom. Here's also the Head of *S. Basil* the Greek Father surnamed the Great. Here's also a curious Picture of *S. Barbara* in the Vault by Cavalier Gioseppe.

Santa
Maria
Trans-
pontina.

Going on from hence, we came presently to the Palace of *Campeggi*, so called, because it belonged to Cardinal *Campeggi*, the Popes Legat in England, to whom *Henry* the VIII. gave it.

The English
Embassa-
dors Pa-
lace.

Heretofore it belonged to the English Embassadors, and was one of the best in Rome, both for being near the Pope's Palace, and also for that
it

Part II. A voyage through Italy.

17

it was well built by famous *Bramante*. It belongs now to Cardinal *Colonna*.

Over against it stands a little *Piazza*, with a fine Fountain, and joyning to it a little Church called *San Jacomo Scozza Cavalli*, in which, under an *Altar* on the right hand, I saw the Stone upon which *Abraham* offered to sacrifice his Son *Isaac*, and under another *Altar* on the left hand, the Stone upon which our *Saviour* was placed, when he was presented in the *Temple*. Both these were brought, or sent to *Rome*, by *Helen* Mother of the *Emperor Constantine the Great*.

*S. Jacoms
Scozza
Cavalli.*

Presently after, you come to the *Piazza* of *St. Peter*, built round about with a noble *Portico* of Free-stone, born up by four rows of stately round Pillars, under which, not only the *Procession* upon *Corpus Christi* day, marched in the shade; but also all People may go dry, and out of the Sun in Summer or Winter, unto *St. Peter's* Church, or the *Vatican Palace*. This *Portico* is built in an oval form, and fetcheth in the great *Piazza*, which is before *St. Peter's* Church, and therefore can be no less than half a mile in compass. This noble Structure was begun by *Alexander* the VII, and half of it finished, and the other half is now almost finished. I never saw any thing more stately than this. The number of the Pillars and of the Statues on the top, I do not justly remember. In the midst of this *Piazza* stands the famous *Guglia*; which was brought out of *Egypt*, in the time of the old *Romans*, and dedicated to *Augustus Caesar* and *Tiberius*, as the words upon it import. It lay hid long in *Neros Circus*, which was there where now *St. Peters Sacrify* is, and at last, *Sextus Quintus* having

The Portico of the Piazza of St. Peter.

The great Guglia before St. Peter's.

proposed great rewards to him that would venture to set it up here without breaking, it was happily undertaken by *Dominico Fontano*, a rare Architect of *Como*; and so placed as you see it now. The manner of bringing it out of *Egypt*, and of erecting it here, are both painted in *Fresco* upon the walls of the *Vatican Library*: This *Guglia* is all of one stone except the *Basis*; and it hath no *Hieroglyphes* upon it. The stone is a *Granate*, or speckled *Marble*, which together with its *Basis*, is a hundred and eight foot high. It rests upon four *Lyons* of *Brass* gilt; and at the top of it is planted a *Cross* of *Brass* mounted upon three *Mountains*, with a *Star* over them (the *Arms* of *Sextus Quintus*, whose name was *Montalto*.) Within the *Cross*, is a piece of the *Holy Cross* of our *Saviour*, included here by *Sextus Quintus*. The whole *Guglia* is said to weigh 956148 pound weight. I wonder what *Scales* they had to weigh it with.

[The Fountains.

On each side of this *Guglia* is to stand fair *Fountains*, one whereof is that which is seen there now; which throweth up such a quantity of water, that it maketh a *Mist* always about it, and oftentimes a *Rainbow* when the *Sun* strikes obliquely upon it.

The Piazza.

This *Piazza* is capable of two Hundred Thousand *Men*, and delivers you up to the *Stairs* which lead you up to the *Church* of *St. Peter*.

St. Peters.

Coming therefore near to *St. Peter's Church*, I was glad to see that noble structure, where greatness and neatness, bulk and beauty are so mingled together, that its neither neat only, like a spruce *Gallery*; nor vast only, like a great *Hall*; but it's rather like a proper *Man*, and yet well proportioned.

portioned. You mount up to this Church by an easie ascent of four and twenty Steps of Marble Stairs, as long as the Frontispiece of the Church is wide; these Stairs were those of the old Church of *St. Peter*; and *Baronius* observes, That when the Emperor *Charlemagne* mounted up those Stairs first, he kissed every step as he went up.

The Marble Steps up to St. Peters Church.

Baron ad an. 774.

These Stairs lead you up to the Frontispiece of the Church, which hath five doors in it, letting you into the Porch; and these doors are chequed with vast round Pillars of free-stone twenty four foot in compass, and eighty six in height. Over these Pillars runs the Architrave, and over it the Lodge or great Balcony, where the Pope is Crowned; and where he gives his Benediction upon *Easter-day*. Over this Lodge runs a continual Baluster or row of Rails, upon which stand Thirteen vast Statues of our Saviour, and his Apostles cut in stone.

The Frontispiece.

Entring into the Porch, you will admire the length, breadth and height of it. For the length of it; it's two Hundred Eighty nine Foot, the breadth forty four foot, the height a Hundred Thirty three foot. It's adorned on both sides with great Marble Pillars, and a curious gilt Roof. In fine, this Porch any where else would be a handsom Church.

The Porch.

The Church it self.

Over against the five Doors of this Porch, stand the five Doors of the Church; one whereof is called the *Porta Sancta*, and only open in the Jubile year: The others are daily open; and the two principal doors are called *Valva Sancti Petri*, and are covered with Brass, by the command of *Eugenius* the IV. whose memorable actions, to

Porta Sancta.

Valva St. Petri.

wit, the Crowning of the Emperor *Sigismund*, and the reunion of the *Greek Church* with the *Latin*, are expressed in them. These *Valvæ* are thirteen Foot wide, and forty five high; and to them all Popes Bulls are nailed at their publication.

The inside
of the
Church of
St. Peter.

Entring into the Church, I found it to be built in Cross-wise; containing in length five hundred and twenty foot, and three hundred eighty five in breadth. So that it passeth in greatness, the famous Temples of Antiquity, to wit *Solomon's Temple*, long Threescore Cubits: The Temple of *Diana* in *Ephesus*, long four Hundred Twenty five foot; and the great *Mozki* at *Fez*, long a Hundred and fifty Cubits.

The Roof.

The Roof or Vault of this Church is arched with great squares, and each square is adorned with a great gilt Rose, which almost fills the square. This Roof is born up by great Pillars of Freestone, of a square form, whose *Capitelli* are curiously wrought, after the *Corinthian* order, and joyned to one another above, by Arches and a perpetual *Cornice*, over which are cut in stone, the Statues of several moral Vertues. These Pillars are a Hundred and five Foot in compass, and distant Forty Foot one from another. On that side of them which looks towards the Body of the Church; they are to be over-crufted with white Marble, with two rows of niches in them, for great Statues of Brass gilt. The other sides of these Pillars are already adorned with a neat overcrufting of a reddish Marble, beset with the Heads of the primitive martyr'd Popes, held up by two Angels, and with the Pigeon of *Innocent the X.* (who made this decoration) and all these

these are in *mezzo rilievo*, and of pure white Alabaster. Behind these Pillars is a large Isle, or passage, and behind that Isle immediately stand fair Chappels, which flank up this Church notably, and each Chappel is graced with a little *Cupola* of its own.

In the midst of the Cross building of this Church is mounted the great *Cupola*, which looks like a great Crown, wherewith this Queen of Churches is Crowned. It rests upon four *Pilastri* or great Pillars, which make the corners of the Cross of this Church, and from them it riseth into such a high Vault, that it seems to walk into Heaven. Its full as round as the Pantheon in *Rome*, that is, it carrieth the compass of an hundred and seventy Paces, as you may easily measure upon the circle of white Marble in the Pavement which environeth the Altar of *St. Peter*, and is made there on purpose perpendicularly under the *Cupola* to shew its greatness, the inside of this *Cupola* is curiously painted with Pictures in Mosaic work, representing a Heaven, indeed nothing but Heaven it self can be finer or higher. So that I may say truly to *Rome* with *Rutilius*.

Non procul a cælo per tua Templa sumus.

In a word, this *Cupola* is the boldest piece of Architecture that perhaps the World hath seen; and it was the last and greatest work of *Sextus Quintus* his Purse.

The four *Pilastri* upon which this *Cupola* resteth, are vast square Pillars, a Hundred and twenty foot in Compass, and capable of Stairs within them, and large Sacristies above, for the holy re-

The four
great Pila-
stri.

licks that are kept in them; to wit, the *Volto Santo* or Print of our Saviours Face, which he imprinted in the Handkerchief of *St. Veronica*; The piece of the holy Cross; the top of the Launce wherewith our Savior's Side was pierced, and the Head of *St. Andrew* the Apostle translated hither into his Brothers Church by *Pius Secundus*. Hence in these great Pillars are cut Niches, and in them plac'd four vast Statues of white Marble. Under the Relick of the *Volto Santo* stands the Statue of the *Veronica*, under the piece of the Holy Cross, the Statue of *St. Helen*. Under the top of the Launce, the Statue of *Longinus*: under the Head of *St. Andrew*, the Statue of *St. Andrew*. These Statues are of *Colossean* greatness, and made by Masters as great as themselves.

In the midst of the Cross of this Church, and
The high Altar. perpendicularly under the very *Cupola*, stands the high Altar of this Church. This Altar may well be called the high Altar, (*Altare quasi alta ara*) or the *Altare Majus*, being the noblest Altar in the World, both for matter and form. The Altar it self stands over the Tomb of *St. Peter*, half whole Body, together with half of *St. Pauls*, lies buried here; and the other half of their Bodies in *St. Pauls* Church. Over this Altar four stately Pillars of Brass bear up a Canopy of the same Mettal, wrought about the Edge like a Canopy indeed, with Vallances and a gilt Fringe, yet all of Brass. Over the corners of this Canopy, stand four great Angels of Brass gilt, and in the midst of it is mounted high a round Ball of Brass gilt, and a fair Cross upon it of the same mettal.

These

These four Pillars are as great in compass (I speak by experience, having taken the measure of them upon their model) as three ordinary men are thick. Their Form is Serpentine, wreathed about with Vine-trees and Leaves; but all of Brass; as also adorned with little Angels of Brass clambering up those Leaves and Branches, and with Bees here and there also, relating to Pope *Urbans Arms*, who made them. These Pillars are fifty foot high from the ground. Every one of them weigheth five and twenty Thousand Pound weight, and all of them together make this Altar, the Altar antonomastically, as this Church is the Church of the World. So that if the Climax be true (as true it is) that Churches are for Altars, Altars for Priests, Priests for God, I know no Religion which payeth such honourable tributes of Worship to God, as the Roman-Catholick Religion doth, which hath the noblest Church, the noblest Altar, the noblest Priest, the noblest Sacrifice, and all this to the noblest God. *Deus Deorum Dominus*. Hence the Pope may say with *Salomon*: *Domus quam ædificare cupio magna est, magnus est enim Dominus noster super omnes Deos.*

*The four
Brass Pil-
lars of the
Altar.*

Behind this Alter (not in respect of him that comes into the Church by the great door, but in respect of him that stands at the Altar) stands the Confession of *St. Peter*; so called, because that in the Primitive times, the place where the Bodies of Saints and Martyrs were kept, was called *Confessio*, and in the *Greek Church Martyrium*. For in ancient Writers the word Confessor was taken often for a Martyr, who had confessed Christ so far as even to die for him: So that Mar-

*The Con-
fessio St.
Petri.*

Num. I.

tyrs are sometimes called Confessors, and Confessors Martyrs, though they did not actually die in Torments; as you may see plainly in the Annotations of learned *Pamelius* upon *Tertullians* Book *ad Martyres*. Now this place because it conserves the Body (at least half of the Body) of St. *Peter*, is called the Confession of *Peter*. As for this Confession, it's made like a hollow Cave, open above, and railed about with low Rails, so that the People kneeling may look down to the Iron door and grate, behind which the Tomb of St. *Peter* stands, under the Altar; for these Rails fetch in a demi-circle from one corner of the Altar to the other. There are also a double pair of open Stairs, of some twelve steps a-piece, for those to descend by who officiate, and there are two little half doors which let them in to those Stairs. And I conceive at the bottom of these little doors, the *Limina Apostolorum* to be: For though I know it's generally held, that to visit the *Limina Apostolorum* (which Bishops by their Canon Law are oblig'd unto) is to visit St. *Peter's* Church; and that divers learned Authors think the *Limina Apostolorum* to be the very steps of the entrance of the great door of the Church; yet I am of opinion, that these little half doors and the steps about the Altar, are most properly the *Limina Apostolorum*, because I found these very words written in Golden Letters in the bottom of the like little doors, which stand about the high Altar in St. *Paul's* Church, where the other half of the Bodies of St. *Peter* and St. *Paul* are intomb'd.

The *Limina*
Apostolorum.

Cubicula
vii St. Pe-
tri.

Round about this Church stand Side Chappels, some six and twenty in all, called anciently *Cubicula*,

bicula, and those whom we call Chaplains were anciently called *Cubicularii*: Hence the title of *Cubicularius S. Petri*. Now these Chappels have for the most part some remarkable thing in them. In one of them is always reserv'd the B. Sacrament for the daily use of Pilgrims that desire to communicate in *St. Peters Church*, and other devout People. In that of *St. Gregory Nazianzen*, is the Body of that Saint translated hither out of the Church of the Nuns of *Campo Marzo*. In the Chappel of the Canons, reposeth the Body of *St. Chrysostome*. In the Chappel called the *Clementina*, reposeth the Body of *St. Gregory the great*, who being Pope of *Rome*, and moved by Godly Instinction (as *John Stow* faith) sent *Augustin*, *Iustus*, *Melitus*, and other Monks living in the fear of God, to convert the *Angles*, or *English*, to the Faith of Christ; and therefore I took particular notice often of his Tomb, as being (as venerable *Bede* calls him) our Apostle. In a Chappel at the very farther end of the Church is set up the Chair of *St. Peter*, held up by four Doctors of the Church, all cast in Brass in a stately Posture. This Chair is of Wood, but much spent with old Age; and therefore Pope *Alexander* the Seventh caused it to be set up here, and enchas'd curiously to preserve it. I once saw it near at hand, being expos'd to publick view in the middle of the Church upon the Feast day of *St. Peter's* Chair in *Rome*. In another Chappel is the Crucifix made three hundred Years ago by rare *Pietro Cavalino*. In another Chappel you see cut in white Marble the History of *St. Leo's* meeting *Attila* out of *Rome*, and his hindering him from coming any nearer to the City.

Vid Anastas. Biblioth. in Marcello. Paulin.

Epist. 12. ad Sever.

St. Gregory Nazianzens Tomb.

St. Chrysostom's Tomb.

St. Gregory's Tomb. Stow in his Chronicles in Kentish Saxons.

The Chair of St. Peter.

As

*The chief
Relics.*

As for the Relics and Bodies of Saints which are in this Church, besides those mentioned already, there are the bodies of *SS. Simon and Jude*, of *S. Petronilla*, of *SS. Processus and Martinianus*, of ten first Popes after *St. Peter*; with a world of other precious Relics kept in the Sacristy.

*Some
Tombs.*

As for the Tombs which are in this Church above ground, they are these. That of *Sextus IV.* of *Paulus III.*; of *Urban the VIII.*; of *Leo the XI.* of *Innocent the VIII.*; of *Gregory the XIII.*; of *Innocent the X.*; and lastly that of the Countess *Matilde*, the only secular Person that I find to have a Tomb in this Church above ground. Indeed she deserves well to lye in *St. Peter's Church*, who deserved to be called *St. Peters Daughter*; and she deserved this surname, for having defended the Church so gallantly in its greatest conflict, against *Henry the IV. Emp.* and having endowed it with a good part of its Patrimony. Her Body was translated from *Mantua* hither, in the year 1633. by the command of Pope *Urban the VIII.*

Near the Confession of *S. Peter*, is an old brazen Statue of *S. Peter*, sitting with his hand up as giving his blessing; and holding his right foot a little out, to be kissed. At first, some wonder to see devout People flocking thither, and kissing the Foot of that Statue, and putting their heads under that Foot, when they have done; but when they are well informed, that all this is done, only to testify that they submit themselves to the Authority which was given by our Saviour, to *S. Peter* and his Successors, they rest satisfied.

Over

Over the Holy-water-pot, on the left hand, as you enter into the Church, is seen, fastned to the wall, an old Inscription upon a square Stone, importing, that that was the very stone upon which the Bodies of St. *Peter* and St. *Paul* were divided, when half of their Bodies were buried here, and the other half in St. *Paul's* Church, by St. *Silvester*.

As for the prime Pictures that are in this Church; they are these: That of St. *Michael* in *Some prime Pi- Mosaick* work, is of the design of *Cavalier Gio- tures. seppe*: As also the design of the *Mosaick* work in the *Cupola*. That of St. *John* Evangelist, and St. *Luke* just under the *Cupola*, are of the hand of *Giovanni de Vecchi*. The Picture where St. *Peter* cures the lame man, is of the hand of *Ludivico da Civoli*. That of the fall of *Simon Magus*, is of the hand *Vanni* of *Siena*. That where St. *Peter* is painted with *Annianias* dead before him, is of the hand of *Cavalier Rancalli*. That of the Altar of St. *Gregory*, is of the hand of *Andrea Sacco Romano*. That of the Creation of the World, is of *Pietro Berettino de Cortona*. That of *Medicæ fidei*, is of the hand of *Lanfranco*.

Having thus seen the Church, I went to see *The Sacri-* the Sacristy of this Church, where by express *sty of St.* leave from the *Monsignor*, who hath the chief *Peter.* care, as well as the Keys of it, I saw the Holy Relics, and neat Church-plate belonging to this Church. The Relics are many, and richly en- chafed in Gold and Silver. The Church Plate is both plentiful and of great value, as many Chalices of pure Gold set with Jewels, huge Sil- ver Candlesticks, with a Crucifix of the same, as heavy as a Man can lift, with a world of other such

An ancient
Picture.

such like Plate. But that which pleased me most here, was the ancient Picture of St. *Peter* and St. *Paul*, which St. *Silvester* shewed to *Constantine* the Great, to confirm the truth of his Vision. The Picture is very old, yet the faces are perceivable, and that is all. It's set in a frame of Silver. The History of it is both long and known: And if any man be ignorant of it, let him read it in *Baronius*. There is also in the said Sacristy, another Picture nailed high upon the wall, which was made by *N. Carpi* with his Fingers, instead of a Pencil.

The Grot
under St.
Peter's
Church.

Being now in the Sacristy, I got leave to go down into the Grot under this Church, with a practical Clericus, with a lighted Torch to shew me and explicate unto me the most considerable things that are there: As the Tomb of St. *Peter* with an Altar over it, at which any Bishop or Priest may say Mass: a world of ancient statues (set in the low Chappels, and in the wall of this Grot) which belonged to the old Church of St. *Peter*, and shewing the Antiquity of Pictures in Churches: The Tomb of the most honourable Churchman of our Nation, Pope *Adrian* the IV. the only English Pope that ever was: The Tomb of the Emperor *Otho* the second, in a great Porphiry Shrine: The Tombs of divers other great Popes and Cardinals: And in fine, the Tombstone of *Chorlotte* of *Luzignan*, Queen of *Jerusalem*, *Cyprus* and *Armenia*, who having been driven out of her Kingdom by her Bastard Brother, came to *Rome* in *Sixtus Quartus* his time, and there died. She transferred before her death her right to the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, to the Duke of *Savoy* her Brother-in-law; which makes that Duke

Adrian the
IV. an En-
glish man.

Duke give a close Crown over his Arms, and be stiled by his Subjects, *Altezza Real*, Royal Highness.

Having thus seen this Church both within and under ground, I was desirous to see it also above. Ascending therefore by a fair Stair-case

St. Peter's Church above.

I arrived at the great Terras over the Lodge, and there saw the Thirteen Statues of our Saviour and the Twelve Apostles, near hand, which seem below, a little taller than the Statue of our tallest Men, and yet here above are eighteen Foot high. There also I saw the several little *Cupola's*, which give light to the side Chappels of this Church, and look like the issue and spawn of the Great *Cupola*. Then mounting a little higher, I beheld a rare Fabrick of the Mother *Cupola*, both within and without. The Stairs to mount up into it, the double Vault in it, and stairs between the two Vaults: The Lantern upon the *Cupola*: The narrow Stairs in one of the Pillars of that Lantern, up to the Ball: Lastly, the straight neck of the passage into the Ball, and the Ball it self, are all worth particular observation, as being the height of Architecture. The Ball it self of Brass gilt, is capable of thirty Men, though from below, it looks only as big as twice a Mans Head. We were eight in it at once, and

The round Ball capable of 30 Men.

I am sure we could have placed thrice as many more. Upon the round Ball is mounted a great *Cross* of Iron gilt, to signifie, that the vertue of the *Cross* by our *Saviour's* passion, hath triumphed over the World, of which this round Ball is the expresse Emblem. From this *Cupola* we had a perfect view of *Rome* under us, and of all the Villas about it. But nothing was so wonderful,

Praise of as to see S. Peters Church and Palace, look like
St. Peter's a Town under us, which we knew to be but one
Church. Church and House.

*The reve-
 nus of St.
 Peter's
 Church.*

You will wonder perchance too, when you shall hear that this Church is the eighth wonder of the World, that the *Pyramids of Egypt*, the *Walls of Babylon*, the *Pharos Colossus*, &c. were but heaps of Stones compared to this Fabrick: That it hath put all Antiquity to the blush, and all posterity to a *Non-plus*: That its several parts are all incomparable Master-pieces: Its Pictures all Originals: Its Statues perfect models: That it hath a revenue of above Twenty Thousand Pounds a year, only for the Fabrick: That it hath cost till the year 1654. (The accounts being then summed up) Forty Millions of Crowns: That most of the Popes since *Julius* the II. his time (and they have been twenty three in all) have encouraged and advanced this work: That the prime Architects of the World, *Sangalla*, *Bramante*, *Baldassere*, *Buonarota*, *Giacomo della Porta*, *Giovani Fontana*, *Carlo Maderno*, and now *Cavaliero Bernino*, have brought it on to this perfection: That the whole Church it self is nothing but the Quintessence of wit and wealth, strained into a religious design of making a handsome House to God, and of fulfilling the Divine Oracle which promised; that *magna erit gloria domus istius novissimæ, plus-
 Aggai 2. 9. quam primæ.*

Going at last out of this Church, and summing up in my thoughts all the Rarities I had seen in it, I began to think of *Ammonius* (a holy primitive Saint, and afterwards Bishop in the Council

cil of *Sardis*) of whom its written, that coming to *Rome* with *S. Athanasius*, he desired to see nothing there but *S. Peter's Church*, and knew not the way to any place else; I think, that if this good man had seen *S. Peter's Church* as it is now, he would never have cared for seeing any thing else in the World, and would even have forgot his way home too.

Near to the Church of *S. Peter* stands the *Vatican Palace*, where the Popes use to Winter. To describe it to you all at length, would take me up too much time; nor indeed is it fit for me to dwell there. I will therefore pass thro' it quickly, and rather point you out what's to be seen there, than paint you out in words what I saw there.

1. From the Church of *St. Peter* you ascend into this Palace by an easie and stately pair of Stairs, capable of ten Men a Breast. These Stairs render you up at the great Hall called *Sala Regia*, because the Pope receiveth here Embassadors of Kings in their Embassies of State. It is beautified with rare Pictures in a great volume: as that of the Emperour *Frederick* kissing the Popes Foot, of the Hand of *Giuseppe del Salviati Garfagnino*. That of the *Ligne* in *France*: that of *Coligni*, that of the Pope condemning Heresie, that of the Pope returning from *Avignon*, are all of the hand of *Georgio Vassaria*. That of the Emperour *Charles* the Great, signing the brief of the Donation, is of the hand *Thadeo Zuccare*: that of the battel of *Lepanto*, with the Picture of Faith at the side of it, is of the hand of *Donato Formello*.

2. This

2. This great Hall stands between two Chapels, the *Paulina* and the *Sisto*. In the *Paulina* is seen a rare Picture of the Crucifying of St. *Peter*, by *Michael Angelo*. The roof of it also was rarely painted by *Fiderico Zuccari*, but the smoak of the Candles upon *Manday Thursday*, when this Chappel serves for the Sepulcher, hath so defac'd these Pictures, that a far worse Hand would have serv'd there.

The Popes
Chappel.

3. The Chappel of *Sisto* is that in which the Pope holds *Capella* upon certain days, and where all the Cardinals intervene. In the end of this Chappel upon the wall is Painted the last Judgment by *Michael Angelo*, a Piece Famous over all the World. The green Garments of St. *Katherine*, and the Head of St. *Biagio*, are of the Painting of *Daniel of Volterra*, who was presently set a work to make those Garments, when the Pope had given expresse order, that this rare Picture should be defac'd, because of some nakedness in it. Upon great days this Chappel is hung with a rare suit of Hangings of the design of *Rapheal Urbin*, wrought with Gold and Silk, containing the Acts of St. *Peter*, and St. *Paul*.

The Popes
Sacristy.

4. Behind this Chappel stands the Popes Sacristy; a place scarce known to Strangers, and therefore seldom seen by them, tho' very well worth the seeing. It's kept always by a Prelate, who is always an *Augustin* Fryar, and a Bishop, and called *Monsignor Sacrista*. In Authors of high times we find mention of this Officer, under the names of *Cimiliarcha*, or chief *Sacristan*. Here I saw rare Church-Ornaments for the Popes use. These in particular I cannot
let

let pass without mentioning. The Cope of *St. Silvester* Pope, thirteen hundred years ago. The neat Chasuble of Cloth of Tissue, with the Pictures of the ministring the Seven Sacraments, all embroider'd in it in Silk and Gold so rarely, that the late Lord Marshal of *England*, *Tho. Earl of Arundel*, got leave to have it painted out, and so much the more willingly, because it had been given to the Pope by King *Henry the VIIIth*, a little before his Schisme. Then the incomparable Suits of Ornaments for Priest, Deacon, and Sub-Deacon, to be us'd in high *Mass*, which were given by King *Sebastian of Portugal*, and set all over with Pearl, and these Pearls were the first that came out of the *Indies*, and were in all eight Hundred pounds weight of Pearl. The other rare things here, were the Head of *St. Lawrence*, which I saw near at hand, through a Chrystal: a piece of the Sponge, in which the *Jews* gave our Saviour gall to drink: the *Camisia* of *St. Prisca* a Primitive Saint Martyr'd in it 1400 years ago, the Crucifix in which is set under a Chrystal, a piece of the Holy Cross carved with the passion of our Saviour in it: a Thorn of our Saviour's Crown of Thorns, which belonged to *Pius Quintus*, a Cross set with Diamonds and Pearls, which the Pope wears at his breast in great Functions; a great Ring which he also weareth in such Functions; it's set with a fair Saphyr, and four great Pearls: a fair Crucifix enamel'd and beset with store of Pearl and Jewels: the Popes *Pallium* which he wears in great Functions: the Fistula or Pipe of Gold, wherewith the Pope receives the consecrated Blood of our Saviour in the Chalice upon great days: the rare Chalices of

St. Lawrence his Head.

Gold set with Pearl, and yet more precious for their Workmanship than for their matter; the great Chalice of Gold, into which the Cardinals put their written Votes in chusing the Pope by Scrutiny; the five Triple Crowns called *Regni*, four whereof are set thick with precious stones and Pearls of great value, and therefore ordinarily kept in the Castle *Angelo*: two Mitres of the same Richness; the chrystal Pixe in which the Blessed Sacrament is kept in the Sepulcher upon *Manday Thursday*: In fine, the Book of the Gospel's painted in *Minature* by the Famous *Giulio Glorio*, for whose first Picture here (of the last Judgment) *Paulus Terrius* sent him fifteen hundred Pistols, as *Monsignor Sacrista* assured me.

5. Passing from hence through the *Sala* again, I was led into the great Room hard by, where the Pope washeth the Feet of thirteen Pilgrims upon *Manday Thursday*; and then giveth every one of them a great Meddal of Gold with Four Pistols, and another of Silver.

The Gallery painted by Raphael.

6. Thence I was led into the open Gallery which looketh upon the Court; I mean the second Lodg (for there are three such open Galleries) where the Histories of the Bible are painted most curiously in the roof of it by prime Masters. That of *Adam* and the Creation: that where *Adam* sows: that where the Sheep drink? that where *Jacob* saw the Ladder: that of the last Supper of Christ with his Apostles: that where *Moses* shews the Laws, are all of the hand of *Raphael Urbin.* That of the Deluge, and of the adoration of the golden Calf, are of the hand of *Raphael dal Borgo.* That where *Josue* commands the Sun to stop: that of *Bersabe* and the like,

like, are of the hand of *Pierino del Vago*. That of the Chariot and some others are of the hand *Caravagio*. That of *Moses* striking the Rock; that of the Judgment of *Solomon*, and some others, are of the hand of *Julio Romano*. That of the Baptism of Christ, with other such like, are of the hand of *Pellegrino da Modena*. Yet because in all these Pictures *Raphael Urbin* gave either the design, or some touches, this Gallery is called *Raphael's Gallery*: Indeed nothing but the Divine History it self can be finer than this Painting of Divine *Raphael*. And it belongs only to *Rome* to have the Bible set out thus in its own colours: and if Pictures be the best Books for ignorant People, who can say that the Bible is kept from the People here, seeing it's painted and Printed here in the most vulgar Tongue, and known Language, Pictures? In a word, *Raphael's* Colours seemed to me to illustrate the Text very much, and to be an excellent Comment upon the Holy Scripture.

7. From this Gallery I was led into the great Chamber, where *Constantine's* Victory over *Maxentius* is so rarely painted upon the walls by *Raphael's* own hand; that this Painting serves this Chamber not only for a rich Tapestry, but also for an Internal Trophée to that Emperor. The several postures here of Men and Horses all in Confusion, yet all in such due proportion, make this Picture (in the Judgment of *Monsieur Poussin* a famous Painter) the rarest thing in the World for design. In the other following Rooms there are divers other rare pieces of the same hand; as that of *Attila* and Pope *Leo*: that of *St. Peter* in Prison, a Piece much admired for the perspective

Constantine's Battle with Maxentius.

The best designed Picture in the World.

of it: That of the B. Sacrament: that of the burning of the *Borgo*: that of *Aneas* carrying his Father *Anchises* out of the Flames, are of *Raphael's* hand. The History of *Heliodorus* over the Chimney, is of the hand of *Julio Romano*, *Raphael's* Scholar.

8. Going up from hence into the highest open Gallery, you'll find it painted with Geographical Maps of the Hand of *Antonio da Varese*. The roof of it is also well Painted by *Pomerancio*, *Paris Romano*, and *Bronzini*, excellent Painters all.

Sala Clementina.

9. Then coming down, I saw the *Sala Clementina*, a Noble Room. The rare perspectives in the Roof, and in one of the Corners, both of them expressing the Arms of *Clement* the VIII. are worth your attentive consideration.

10. Then the divers Chambers of his Holiness, hung all with Damask Hangings in Summer, and Velvet Hangings in Winter, are very neat. In the Popes Bed-chamber, I saw the grave Picture of our Lady with her Son in her Arms, called *S. Mary Major*, is painted curiously upon a white Transparent Stone, three fingers thick, and yet, shewing the Picture on both sides; if held before the Sun.

11. The great Room gilt over head, where the Pope treats at Dinner great Princes, when they come to *Rome*.

12. The old Apartment of *Pius Quintus*; with the great wooden Bed, or rather the little wooden Chamber of *Paulus Quintus*.

Arare's Piece of Perspective.

13. The rare piece of Perspective, over the door of the long Room leading to the Gallery of Maps. At the first looking upon it, you see nothing but certain Types or Figures of the Blessed

fed Sacrament out of the Old Testament; but being placed directly under it, and looking upwards, you see all the foresaid Types contracted into the form of a Calice, and an Host over it, to shew, that those old Types and Shadows, prefigured only the Body and Blood of our Saviour, in the holy Sacrifice of the Altar.

14. The Long Gallery of the Maps of *Italy* painted upon the Walls on both sides, by *Paulus Brillus a Flemming* and others; and that so distinctly, that you see plainly every State, Province, City, River, Village, Castle, High-way of *Italy*, and where any Famous Battel was Fought, either in the *Romans* time or since: A Gallery which I wish I had spent as many hours in, as I spend days in going up to *Rome*. Divers other Galleries there are in this House, which I pass over in silence.

The rare Gallery of Maps.

14. But I cannot pass over so, the long Gallery leading to the *Belvedere*, in which is kept the Conclave of all Popes: In this one great Room, Fifty or Threescore Cardinals lodge, and have every one two Chambers, one for himself, and the other for his Conclavist; *Ex ungue Leonem*, you may judge by this what the whole House is; or else by this what they assure you, when they tell you, that there are five Thousand Chambers in that Palace.

The Gallery of the Conclave.

15. From the middle of the foresaid Gallery, you enter into the *Vatican* Library, Famous all the learned world over, for having in it, besides the Registers of the *Roman* Church, the choicest Manuscripts of the World in holy Languages. This *Baronius* found, who drew from hence notable succor, for the maintaining this Ecclesiasti-

The Vatican Library.

cal History against the Centuriators of *Magdebourg*, who wanting these assured aims, and being otherwise wrongly biaſſed, made faults in their History as many as their Centuries, and as great as their Volumes. The description of this Library hath been made by learned *Angelus Rocca* in *Latin*, and by *Mutius Panſa* in *Italian*: Yet for the ſatisfaction of my curious Countrymen, I ſhall ſay ſomething of it. Firſt the Room is a vaſt long Room, ſpreading it ſelf in the further end, into two wings of building, which are full of Preſſes, where the Manuscripts are kept carefully from Mice and Rats, and moiſt weather. At the entrance into this Library, you are let into a fair Chamber full of Deſks for a dozen of Writers, who have good ſtipends to copy out Books in all Languages; and they are bound to be writing ſo many hours in a morning. Round about this room hang the Pictures of all the Cardinals that have been *Bibliothecarii* ſince *Sixtus Quintus* his time. Then entring into the Library it ſelf, I ſaw the vaſt wide Room ſupported (like a Church) by great ſquare Pillars, about which are as many Cupboards where the Manuscripts are conſerved. On the wall on the right hand, are painted in *Freſco* the General Councils of the Church, with the Bible in the miſt, laying open upon a ſtately Throne, and with the order and place of precedency obſerved in them: As alſo ſome notable Accidents in Eccleſiaſtical History. On the left hand are painted all the famous Libraries anciently mentioned by Authors: And upon the great Pillars are painted the firſt Inventors and Promoters of Learning. This long room ſpreads it ſelf at laſt

into

The Library
it ſelf.

into two wings on each hand; both which are full of curious Books, both Manuscripts and Printed Books; divers of which were shewn me with great civility, by *Monsignor Holstonius* then Keeper of this Library, whom I had formerly known. The chief of these Books were these.

A vast Hebrew Bible, too heavy for any man to lift up.

An Ancient Copy of the *Septuagints* Translation in Greek, after which the Bible hath been Printed both in *Rome* and *London*. *Some rare Books here.*

The Acts of the Apostles in Greek, curiously written in Golden Letters.

The Gospel written by *St. Chrysostom's* own hand.

An Hebrew Bible written in sheets of Parchment pasted to one another, and rowled up: hence the word *Volumen* for a Book.

A little Book written in Bark of Trees: hence the word *Folium* for a Leaf in a Book.

Certain old *Roman* Table-books.

A *China* Table-book of Wood, in which they wrote with a pointed Steel.

A curious *China* Book all in Hieroglyphics, and folded up in many folds: Our *Purchas* in his curious Navigations hath both Printed and deciphered it.

Polidore Virgil's History of *England*, written with his own hand.

An old Book of Sermons in Latin, in whose Margin *St. Thomas of Aquin* hath made notes with his own hand.

An old *Virgil*, with the Pictures of the History in old Painting.

An Old *Terrence* written Twelve Hundred years ago, and the ancientest that ever *Politan* saw, as he testifieth under his own hand, in the inside of the cover of this Book.

Baronius his Annals in his own hand Writing.

The rare quotations out of the ancient Fathers, painfully and faithfully Collected out of the best Copies, by Learned Cardinal *Sirleto*, in the time of the Council of *Trent*, and sent by him weekly, by the Post from *Rome*, to the Fathers in the Council, who proceeded to their Definitions, by the Ancient Tradition of the Church, found so plainly and unanimously in those Fathers. Those Quotations make six Volumes in Folio: And this was it, which our Adversaries call, the sending down of the Holy Ghost to *Trent*, in a Cloak-bag; when it was only the sending down of these faithful Testimonies of the Tradition of the Church, gathered out of the most Ancient and Authentic Copies.

K. Henry
the VIII.
his Letters
to Ann Bo-
len.

The Letters of *Henry* the VIII. of *England* to *Ann Bolen* his Mistress then, in his own hand Writing, some in *English*, some in *French*, but all Amatory. It is easie to imagine them written by him, if you compare the Hand-writing of these Letters, with those two Verses written by the Kings own hand, in the Frontispiece of the following Book; to wit,

K. Henry
the VIII.
his Book a-
gainst Lu-
ther.

The Book which the said *H.* wrote against *Martin Luther*, and Dedicated it by a couple of *Latin Verses*, written with his own Hand, in the Frontispiece of it, to Pope *Leo* the Xth. Which Book purchased to K. Hen. the Honourable Title of *Defender of the Faith*.

Then

Then I was shewn the Library of the Duke of *Urbino*, who dying without Heirs Male, bequeathed his Library to the *Vatican* Library here. In this, I saw many rare Manuscripts written in Parchment, and painted in *minature*: Especially that Book, in whose Margins are Painted by a rare hand, and wonderful diligence, all the Insects in Nature, in their lively Colours and true Resemblance.

Over against this Library, they shewed me in the same Room, the Library of *Heidelberg*, sent to *Rome* by the Duke of *Bavaria*, after he had dispossessed the Elector *Frederick*, Prince Palatin of *Rhene*, of his Country, as well as of the Kingdom of *Bohemia* which he had seiz'd on, at the instigation of *Bethlem Gabor* and others. See the *Mercure François*. They shewed me here, among divers other Books, the Book of designs of the said Prince Elector Palatin, which he had designed being young. Happy Prince, if he had not designed to himself another Mans Crown.

In the great room of this Library, there is an Iron door, which letteth you into a more secret Room, where the Registers of the Church of *Rome* are kept: The Keeper of which Registers was anciently called *Chartularius*; an Office much like to that in the Greek Church; called *Chartophylax*.

In fine, I was shewn here divers Letters of great Persons and Princes, written with their own hands, as of *S. Charles Boromeus*, to Cardinal *Sirleto*, who had a hand in his Education; of Queen *Mary* of *England*; King *Philip* the Second of *Spain* her Husband, stiling himself King of *Spain*, *England*, and *France*; of *Francis* the first

Harsh Latin.

first of *France*; of *Margaret of Parma* that Governed *Flanders* when it revolted; of President *Vargas* a Spaniard, and a great Statesman in *Flanders*, but no great Latinist, as it appeared by his Answer to the Doctors of *Lovain* (petitioning him in Latin for their priviledges) when he said; *Non curamus vestros privilegios. Mali faxerunt templa; boni nihil faxerunt contra: Ergo debent omnes patibulari*: The terms of the expostulation, being as harsh as the conclusion of it; and some old polite Orators had rather have been hang'd indeed, than threatned in such bad Latin.

Canon Paschalis.

A little before I went out of this Library, I saw near the door, the Statue of *Hyppolitus Bishop of Portua* (who lived 1400 years ago) sitting in a Chair of stone, upon which is cut in Greek Letters, the ancient Canon *Paschalis*, upon which *Schaliger* and others have written. It's a curious piece of Learned Antiquity, and worthy to be taken notice of.

The Belvedere.

16. Having seen the Library, we were led on by the long Gallery, mentioned before, unto the *Belvedere*, where we descended into the Popes private Garden, full of Orange-trees, fine Walks, and Fountains. Here are three or four unavoidable wetting places to those that are not acquainted with them. Hence you go down to see the rare Fountain of the Iron Ship. In this Garden I saw the Pine-apple of Brass gilt, which is as great as three men can fathom about, and twice as high as the tallest men can reach. Here also stand by it the two great Peacocks of Brass gilt, which stood anciently upon *Scipio Africanus* his Tomb, and are some three or four yards long.

The great Pine-apple.

The two Peacocks.

17. From hence we were led hard by, to see *The Belvedere of the Maschere*, which *Michael Angelo* called his Study. It's a square Court set

with Orange-trees, in whose walls are great Niches, with leaves to them of wood, where the choice Statues of the World are conserved under Lock and Key, and free from ill weather.

The chiefest Statues are these: That of the River *Nilus*, and that of *Tyber*, both in cumbent postures: That of *Antinus*, minion of the Emperor *Adrian*, it's of pure Oriental Marble, and rarely

Rare Statues.

cut: That of *Cleopatra*: That of *Venus* coming out of a Bath: That of *Commodus* the Emperor: That of *Laocoon* and his Sons, involved about with Serpents. This Statue of *Laocoon* is the Master-piece of Sculpture. That in the middle of the Court, of *Hercules*, without Arms, Legs, or Head, is so rare a trunk, that *Michael Angelo* profess'd, he had learn'd more skill out of that broken Statue, than out of all the whole ones he had ever seen. Hence you see always a world of Sculptures designing it out: A piece of Lyons skin, yet appearing, made me not doubt but it was the Statue of *Hercules*.

Michael Angelo's Study.

18. From hence we stept into the great Garden of the *Belvedere*, full of Exotick Trees, curious Fountains, shady Walks, and great variety of Grots and wetting sports.

The great Garden of Belvedere.

19. Lastly, in your return again through the *Vatican Palace*, we saw the Armory full of Arms, for Thirty Thousand Men, Horse and Foot, and well kept.

The Armory.

Having thus seen the *Vatican Palace*, I went on with the rest of the Curiosities of the Town, and took them in order as they lay. Hence going from *S. Peters*, and leaving the Palace of the

Santo

The Santo *Santo Officio*, on my right hand, I came present-
Officio. ly to the Hospital of *S. Spirito*, which is hard
The Hospi- by. The situation of this Hospital near to *S. Pe-*
tal of St. *ters Church*, was not done casually ; but with-
Spirito. out doubt, upon design, and for this end, that

Men might learn by the very situation of Hos-
 pitals, near unto great Churches (as I observed
 in many other places, both in *Italy* and *France*)
 that Christians, after they have performed their
 duties to God, ought to pay in the next place
 their duties to their Neighbour ; and let that
 Faith, which they came from exercising in the
 Church towards God, be made appear by good
 works, exercised presently in Hospitals toward
 Men. Now this Hospital of *S. Spirito*, is one of
 the fairest in *Europe* both for bigness and revenues.
 It hath a thousand Beds in it for the sick : A Pre-
 late to govern it ; store of Priests, Physicians, and
 under Officers to attend on them, and a revenue
 of Seventy Thousand Crowns a year. There is
 also a Monastery of Women in it, in a place sepa-
 rated from the rest, capable of 500 young girls.
 In the Appartments above stairs there is hand-
 some accommodation for poor Gentlemen, found-
 ed by the Gentleman-like Charity of Pope *Urban*
 the VIII, to this end, that those whom Fortune
 had priviledged by better Birth, might not be
 involv'd in common miseries. There is also a
 grate towards the street, where little Infants are
 put into a square hole of a Turn, and so turned
 in by Night by their unlawful Mothers, who not
 daring to own them, would otherwise dare to de-
 stroy them. *Constantine* the great founded such
 Hospitals for exposed Children. The person that
 brings the Child in the Night rings a little Bell,
 whose

whose Rope hangs at the outside of that grate, and an Officer within comes presently and receiveth it; and having first ask'd whether it be baptiz'd or no, carrieth it presently away, and recommends it to a Nurse, of which there are always store in readiness entertain'd there at the Cost of the Hospital on the Womans side of the House. When the Children are grown fit for Instruction, they are set to Trades, the Girls are carefully brought up by Religious Women there, till they be fit for Marriage, or a Nunnery, according to their Vocation.

From hence I went to *Onofrios* Church upon the hill, where I saw the Tomb and Picture over it, of rare *Torquato Tasso*; whose warlike Muse is able to inspire mettle into his Reader's Breast, and dispose him to the engagement of a new *Croisade* against the *Turks*. This I can say of him, if *Virgil* hinder'd him from being the first of Poets, he hinder'd *Virgil* from being the only Poet.

S. Onofrios Church.

The Tomb of Torquato Tasso.

Returning down again, and going along the *Longara*, I saw the stately Palace of the Duke of *Salviati* on the right hand, and the *Villa* of *Chisi* (now called the Garden of *Farnesi*) on the Left hand. In this *Villa* I saw rare painting attributed to *Raphael Urbin*.

Longara. Villa Chisi.

Over against this Garden, lives now the Queen of *Suede*, in whose Palace, besides the rare hangings of Cloth of Gold, and of Arras, hangings of Silk and Gold, I saw a curious Collection of Pictures, Originals all, and of the prime Masters of the World: That of Sir *Thomas Moor* is without doubt of *Hans Holbains* hand, and a rare Piece.

Queen Christina's Palace.

Passing

St. Pancratius his Church.
Cæmeterium Calepodis.

Passing on the *Longara* still, I came to the *Porta Septimiana*, so called from *Septimius Severus*, who built here his *Therme*; and so up the hill to Saint *Pancratius* his Gate, and to the Church of that Saint, possessed now by discalced Carmelits. Under this Church is the *Cæmeterium Calepodii*, where many Martyrs Bodies were buried. Here was buried *Crescentius* the Tyrant, who seizing upon the Castle *Angelo*, sway'd all in *Rome* for a while.

Villa Pamfilia.

From hence I went to the *Villa Pamfilia*, which is hard by. It's a new *Villa*, but its seated very high, and from the terrass upon the top of the House you have a fine Prospect. There are divers good Pictures and Statues in the House, and fine Water-works, and a *Grotta* in the Garden. The best Pictures here are the Crucifixion of *St. Peter*, and the Conversion of *St. Paul*, of *Michael Angelo's* hand. The entry of the Animals into the Ark of *Noah* is a rare piece: the best Statues are the wrestling of *Jacob* with the Angel in white Marble: *Seneca's* Statue, and the *Busto* of *Innocent the X.* of *Porphiry*: and his Head in Brass.

The Fountain of Paulus V.

Returning again into the Town the same way we came. I saw the brave Fountain made by *Paulus Quintus*, who caused the water to be brought thither from the Lake of *Bracciana*, above thirty Miles off, by a stately Aqueduct; and from hence it is dispers'd into the City, and there makes new Fountains.

San. Pietro Montorio.

Hard by stands the Convent of *Franciscans*, upon a Hill, called *St. Pietro Montorio*, where *St. Peter* was Crucified with his Head downward, in that very place of the Court where there's now

a round Chappel. Entering into the Church, I was much taken with the Picture, for the high Altar representing our Saviour's Transfiguration. It was the last and best piece of *Raphael Urbin's* making, and then I may say it is the best in the World. I guess it to be the best of *Raphael's* pieces ; because dying he commanded that this Picture of all his Pictures should be set up at his Feet after his Death. In this Church lies buried the Earl of *Tyrone*, who fled from *Ireland* hither in Queen *Elizabeth's* time. Here are two fine Statues in Marble of *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, of the hand of *Michael Angelo*.

Going out of this Church you have a fair sight of *Rome* under you from this Hill. This Hill was anciently called *Janiculus* ; and upon it was buried *Statius* the Poet, and at the Foot of it *Mons Janiculus*.
Numa Pompilius.

Near the Foot of this Hill stands the Church and Convent of the *Scala*, belonging to the Discalced *Carmelits*. The high Altar is very neat, and the good Fathers shewed us in a little Chappel within the Convent the Foot of *St. Therasa*, which is plainly seen through a Chrystal, in which it's kept. *La Scala*.

Not far from hence stands *Santa Maria Trastevere*, the first Church built in *Rome* (saith *Barronius*) and built there where anciently stood the *Tabernæ Meritoria* ; where the maimed Souldiers received their Pittance daily. The gilt Roof, and the two rows of Marble Pillars, do much beautify this Church. Under the high Altar is yet seen the place where Oil issued out, as from a Fountain, a little before our Saviour's Birth, as denouncing his Birth to be at hand, who was
Santa Maria Trastevere.
Tabernæ Meritoria.
to

to be called *Christus*, that is anointed. In this Church lie buried Cardinal *Hofius*, a most learned Trent Father, and Cardinal *Campegius* the Popes Legat in *England*, in *Henry* the VIII. time. You see here the Stone that was ty'd about the Neck of *St. Calixtus* Pope, when he was thrown into a Well.

Here also you see great round stones which were hung at the Feet of the Martyrs to torment them.

S. Francesco in Ripa Grande. The Convent of *Franciscan* Fryars, called *S. Francesco in ripa grande*, is hard by, where I saw the Chamber where great *St. Francis* lodged when he lived in *Rome*. It's now turned into a Chappel. In the Church there is an excellent Picture of Piety, made by *Caraccio*. Here in the Church is the Tomb of *Beata Ludovica Mathei* of the third order of *St. Francis*.

Ripa Grande. I took the *Ripa Grande* in my way, and saw there the Boats of Merchandise which come to *Rome* from *Ligorn*, *Civita Vecchia*, *Naples*, and other places, and disembark their goods here.

S. Cicilies Church. From the *Ripa* I went to *St. Cicilies* Church, built where her House was, and where she was put to death for the Christian Religion. Under the high Altar of this Church is the Tomb of this primitive Saint, with her Statue in a couchant Posture, and just as her Body was found in *Clement* the VIIIths time, wrapt up in vails stain'd with Blood; and cover'd with a Robe of Gold. The neat Decoration before the high Altar, with the Silver Lamps burning before the Tomb of this Saint, was the Foundation of Cardinal *Sfondrati*. At the end of this Church, as you come in, are seen yet the Stoves in which *St. Sicily* was shut up

up in her own house to be stifled, but that failing she was Beheaded. The stoves are yet entire, and shewing the manner of the ancient stoves. In the Church Porch I found the Tomb of one *Adam an* *Cardinal* *English* Bishop of *London*, and Cardinal of this *Adams* Title; who died in *Rome*, An. 1397. It hath *Tomb.* these Verses upon it:

Artibus iste pater famosus in omnibus Adam
Theologus summus, Cardinalisque erat
Anglia cui patriam, titulum dedit ista Beata
Aedes Cæcilie, morsque suprema Polum.

For Fuit.

Not far from this Church, stands *St. Chrysogonus* *St. Chry-* his Church, a neat Church, repair'd some *gonus:* years ago by Cardinal *Burghesi*. The four Pillars of the high Altar look as if they were of Sand and Chrystal petrified together. On the Left hand of the Wall near the great door lies buried *Robert* Arch-Bishop of *York*, and titular *Cardinal* of this Church; this was all I could learn out of *Robert* the Tombstone. *Archbishop* *of York.*

Having thus wandred over the *Trastevere*, I made towards the Ile of *St. Bartholomew*, in which stands a good Hospital, and a Convent of *Franciscans*, in whose Church reposeth under the high Altar in a fair Porphyry Tomb, the Body of *St. Bartholomew* Apostle. This Ile was anciently called *Insula Tiberina*, and it was first made by the Corn of *Tarquinius Superbus*, which being (after his ejection out of the City) pluck'd up by the roots, and thrown into the River, by reason of the quantity of Earth that stuck to the roots, stopp'd here where the water was low; and this stoppage once begun, all the Mud of the River came

D d

afterwards

afterwards to stop here too ; and so in time to form a little Ile in the midst of the River.

Ponte

quarto Ca-
pi.

Pons publi-
cius.

Going out of the Ile by the Bridge of four Heads, anciently called *Pons Fabricius*, which joyns this Ile with the City, I looked down the River on my Right Hand, to see the *Pons Sublicius*, which *Cocles* alone defended against an Army, till the Bridge was cut down behind him : Which he perceiving leapt into the River armed, and swam safe to his fellow Citizens, who were as glad to see him come off safe, as to find themselves safe. It was called *Pons Sublicius*, from the word *Sublica* in Latin, which signifies great Beams of Wood, of which it was made : It was afterwards built of Stone by *Æmilius*. From this Bridge the wicked Emperor *Heliogabalus* was thrown into the River and drowned, with a great stone about his neck.

The Jewry.

No sooner was I over this Bridge, but I saw on my left hand, the great back door of the Jewry ; for here the *Jews* live altogether in a Corner of the Town, and are locked up every night. I entred into their Synagogues here (which they call their Schools) where they meet upon Saturdays, and sing and pray.

I wondred at first, that they had learned no more manners in these their Schools, than to enter into them to pray, without either putting off Hats, lifting up Eyes, or bending of Knees to the great *Jehova*, whom they rather fear than love. *Moses* going to him, put off his Shooes, and I expected, that these Men should at least, have put off their Hats at the entrance into their Synagogues : But they are Arch Clowns, and their fowl Towels, at the entrance into their Synagogues,

gogues, told me as much. I once saw a Circumcision, but it was so painful to the Child, that it was able to make a Man heartily thank God that he is a Christian. And really, if the little Child could speak and wish, I believe he would wish himself the greatest curse in the World, and to be a Woman rather than a Man upon such terms. I saw also a Marriage here performed with many Ceremonies.

Returning out of the Jewry by the same Gate I entred, I saw on my left hand, the Palace of Prince *Savelli*: It's built upon the ruins of the Theater of *Marcellus*, built by *Augustus*, in honour of his Nephew *Marcellus*: It was capable of Fourscore Thousand Men.

*Theatrum
Marcelli.*

Passing on, I came to an Ancient Church called *Santa Maria in Cosmedin*, or in *Schola Greca*, where St. *Austin*, before his Conversion, taught Rhetorick. In the Porch of this Church stands a great round stone, cut into the face of a Man, with a great wide mouth, commonly called, *La Bocca della verita*, the mouth of truth; but this not being affirmed by the mouth of truth, I dare not believe it: I rather believe it served in some old Building for a Gutter spout: I know truth may speak loud and have a wide Mouth; but he that takes every wide mouth for the mouth of truth, is much mistaken.

*Santa Ma-
ria in Cos-
medin.*

*Bocca della
Verita.*

The next Church I came to was *Santa Maria Egyptiaca*: It was the Temple of the Sun and Jupiter. This Church is neatly adorned with curious chanelled Pillars. It belongs to the *Armenians*, who have an Hospital also here, belonging to the Catholick Pilgrims of that Country: And the Pope allows them to celebrate Mass here after their own *Armenian* rite.

*St. Maria
Egyptiaca.*

On the other side of the great *Piazza* stands the Church of *St. Steven*. Its rounded with channelled Pillars also. It was anciently the Temple of *Juno Matutina* Morning *Juno*, or *Alba Dea*, the break-of-Day Goddess: A Goddess, which our Ladies that never rise till noon, would never have been devout to.

*The Cloaca
Maxima.*

Close by this Church (which stands by the River side) the great sink of *Rome*, called *Cloaca Maxima*, emptied it self into *Tyber*. And tho this were but a sink, yet it deserves to be mentioned among the rare Magnificencies of ancient *Rome*. For it was nobly built by *Tarquinus Priscus*, of Free-stone, Arched over head, with a world of Springs running into it: And it was so great, that a Cart might have gone in it. This sink was one of the evident tokens of the greatness and magnificence of *Rome* anciently; and indeed a far greater evidence than that of *Heliogabalus*; who caused all the Spiders Webs of *Rome* to be gathered together and weighed, that by so many pound weight of Spiders Webs, the greatness of *Rome* might the better be conjectured.

*Marks of
Rome's
greatness
anciently.*

Going on from hence by the River side, I came to the foot of the Mount *Aventin*, and left on my left hand, a Chappel belonging to the Knights of *Malta*. Our Antiquaries tell us, that near to this place stood the Temple of the *Bona Dea*, into which no Man was to enter: And that *Cacus* his Den was also in the side of this Hill, into which he drag'd *Hercules* his Oxen by the tails, that no man should find out his theft by the Footsteps. Upon the side of this hill stood also the *Scalæ Gemoniæ*, down which Criminal Persons were tumbled into *Tyber*.

*The Temple
of Bona
Dea.
Cacus his
Den.*

*Scala Ge-
monia.*

Going

Going up this Hill I went to St. *Alexius* his Church, where I saw the wooden Stairs, under which this Saint lodged for seventeen years in his own Fathers House (after fifteen years absence) without being known to any Body, till after his death. The body of this Saint lies under the high Altar, together with that of St. *Bonifacius* the Martyr.

St. Alexi-
us his
Church.

Hard by upon the same Hill, stands St. *Sabina's* Church, whither the Pope comes upon *Ash-wednesday* in a Solemn *Cavalcata*, accompanied with the Cardinals.

St. Sabinas
Church.

Here also upon this hill, stood anciently the Temple of Liberty, and the Romans *Armilustrum*.

The Armi-
lustrum.

Descending from hence, I made towards St. *Paul's* Gate; and in the way I saw on my right Hand the hill, called *Mons Testacius*, which was made of the broken Pots thrown there in the Romans time by the *Potters*. Its half a Mile about, and 160 foot high.

Mons Te-
stacius.

A little nearer the Gate of St. *Paul*, I saw the Tomb of *Caius Cestius*, built like a *Piramid* of *Egypt*, and all of pure white Marble. This is the most entire work of all the ancient Roman works. This *Cestius* (as the words upon his Tomb import) was *septemvir Epulonum*, that is, one of those seven Men called *Epulones* anciently, because they had the devouring of those Banquets, which were set before the Gods in their *Lectisternis*, in the Temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*.

The Tomb
of C. Ce-
stius.

Epulones.

Passing thence through the Gate of St. *Paul*, anciently called *Porta Tergemina*; and *Porta Ostiensis*; I went to St. *Paul's* Church, a little Mile from the Town. In the way I took notice of a little Chappel on the Left hand, where St. *Peter*

The Gate of
St. Paul.

and St. Paul took leave of one another, before they were led to *Martyrdom*.

St. Paul's
Church.

Soon after I came to S. Paul's Church, here S. Paul was buried by *Lucina* a Roman Lady, and therefore *Constantin* the Great built this Church in the honour of S. Paul, as he had done that of S. Peter mentioned above. It's built cross-wise, and the body of it is 477 foot long, and 258 broad; with a hundred pillars in all, set in four ranks; all of them ancient round marble pillars, taken out of the Baths of *Attonius*, saith *Vassari*. Yet in all this vast body of the Church there are no Chappels, nor any decoration, except at the very end of it, near the great door, where there is an Altar with these words in stone over it, *Hic inventum est caput S. Pauli*. The most remarkable things which I saw here, were these.

In pro-
mo.

1. The high Altar, with a Canopy of stone like a *Tabernacle*, born up by four Porphyry pillars, and adorned with statues. Under the Altar reposeth half of the bodies of S. Peter and S. Paul, (as I observed before in S. Peter's Church) and as the Inscription upon the side of the Altar here affirms in these words: *Sub hoc altari requiescunt gloriosa corpora Apostolorum Petri & Pauli pro medietate*. Behind this Altar stands the Confession of S. Paul, like that of S. Peter described above. Under the little low doors which let the Priest into the steps of the Altar, are written these words in golden Letters, *Limina Apostolorum*, which makes me bold to hold against some Modern Writers, that this was the precise place, and not the door of the Church, which was called *Limina Apostolorum*.

Limina A-
postolorum.

2. In the old Arch in the top of the roof, is yet seen a piece of Mosaic Work representing our Saviour in the midst of the four and twenty Elders of the *Apoclypse*. This piece was made there twelve hundred years ago in the time of *S. Leo* the great; and at the cost of *Placidia Galla* (Daughter of *Theodosius*, and Sister of *Honorius*) as the two Verses in that Arch testify thus:

*Placidiae pia mens operis decus omne reportat,
Gaudet Pontificis studio splendere Leonis.*

3. The famous Miraculous Crucifix (standing in a Chappel on the Epistle side of the High Altar) which spoke to *S. Bridgit*. This Crucifix favours the opinion of those who affirm that there were two nails in our Saviour's feet. *The miraculous Crucifix, Baron.*

4. The neat Chappel and Tabernacle of the B. Sacrament; with the rare pictures relating thereunto, made by *Cavalier Lanfranco*.

5. The picture of the Altar of *S. Steven*, made by a Lady of *Bologna*, called *Lavinia Fontana*.

6. The chief Relics kept here, are the Head of the *Samaritan* Woman Converted by our Saviour: The Arm of *S. Anne* Mother of our blessed L A D Y, and the Chain of Saint *Paul*. *Baron. ad Matirol. Rom. 20. Martii.*

From *S. Paul's* Church I went to the *Tre Fontane* above a mile and a half off, and in the way, I passed over the place where *S. Zeno*, and ten thousand *Christians* were martyred at once by the command of *Dioclesian* the Butcher. Their blood made this way holy all along.

Tre Fontane.

The Church of St. Vincent and Anastase,

Baronius An. 627.

Baron. An. 627. and An. 713.

The round Church.

Tre Fontane.

Arriving at the *Tre Fontane* I saw there three Churches standing within a place anciently called, *ad Aquas Salvias*. The first of these three Churches is that of *S. Vincent* and *Anastase*, because of their Relics sent hither. For about the year 627. the Emperor *Heraclius* sent the Head of *S. Anastasius* with the Picture of the same Saint unto Pope *Honorius* the First. A courteous Father, of *S. Bernard's* Order here, did me the favour to shew me near the high *Altar*, this Head, and this Picture. These two are most authentical things, for the attestation of them is in the very Acts of the second Council of *Nice*, held an. 789. where to prove the lawfulness of sacred Images against the *Iconoclasts*, the sacred Council cites a Miracle wrought by this very Picture of *S. Anastasius*: and *Baronius* quotes divers others wrought by the same Picture.

In the second Church here, to wit the little round Church on the right hand, there is a famous Picture of *S. Bernard's Extasis*. Under this Church I was led into a Vault where many of the Bodies of the foresaid ten thousand Christians, who were martyred with *S. Zeno*, are buried. This Vault goes a mile under ground.

In the third place stands the little Church of the *Tre Fontane*, so called, because *S. Paul* was here beheaded, and where his head jump't thrice three Fountains gushed out. Upon an *Altar* on the left hand, is an excellent picture of *S. Peter's* Crucifixion, of the hand of *Guido Rheni*. On the other side is seen a little block (within an iron grate) upon which they say *S. Paul's* head was cut off.

Going

Going from hence, I went over the Fields to the Church of the *Annunciata*, one of the Nine Churches of *Rome*, visited by Pilgrims; and from thence to *S. Sebastians*. *The Annunciata.*

St. Sebastian's Church is one of the Seven Churches, and of great Devotion by reason of the *Catacombes* which are under it. Here I saw the Tomb of *St. Sebastian* under an Altar on the left hand: many relics kept over an altar on the right hand, and the Vault underneath where Pope *Steven* was beheaded in his own Seat of Stone, and where *St. Peter's* and *St. Paul's* Bodies were hidden many years. *S. Sebastian's Church.*

Thence I was led into the *Catacombes*, which are under this Church, and which from thence running many Miles under ground, made anciently a Christian *Rome* under the Heathen. There were divers of these *Catacombes* in the primitive times, and they were called diversly: *Arenaria*, *Cryptæ*, *Areae*, *Concilia Martyrum*, *Poliandria*; but most frequently *Cæmeteria*, that is, *Dormetoria*, because here reposed the Bodies of the holy Martyrs and Saints, *qui obdormiverunt in Domino*. But the greatest of all these *Cæmeteria* was this of *Calixtus*. In these *Catacombes* during the Persecutions raised against the Christians by ten Heathen Emperors, the faithful Believers, together with their Popes and Pastors, used privately to meet to exercise their Religion, and steal their Devotions; that is, to hear Mass in little round Chappels painted over head poorly; Minister the Sacraments; bury the dead Martyrs and Confessors in the Walls of the long Alleys, Preach, hold Conferences; and even celebrate Councils too sometimes. I descended several times *The Catacombes.*

Cæmeterium Calixti.

times into several parts of these *Catacombes* with a good experienced guide (which you must be sure of) and with wax Lights (Torches being too stifling) and wandered in them up and down with extraordinary Satisfaction of Mind. The Streets under ground are cut out with Mens hands and Mattocks. They are as high as a Man for the most part, and no broader than for two Men to meet. All the way along, the sides of these Alleys are full of holes as long as a Man, and sometimes there are three rows one over another, in which they had buried their Martyrs and Confessors, and that Posterity might afterwards know which were Martyrs, which Confessors, they engraved upon the Stone which mur'd them up, or upon one of the Bricks, a Palm Branch, in sign of a Martyr; and a *Pro Christo* in Cyphers for a Confessor; it's recorded, that during the foresaid Persecutions, a hundred and seventy four Thousand Martyrs were buried here in this *Cæmetary* of *Calixtus*: among whom were nineteen Popes Martyrs. Hence these *Catacombes* have always been esteem'd as a place of great Devotion, and much frequented by devout persons: The words over the door, as you descend into them from the Church of St. *Sebastian*, tell you, how St. *Hirome* confesseth, that he used every Sunday and Holyday, during his stay in *Rome*, to go to these *Catacombes*, and a Picture hung over the same door, sheweth how St. *Philip Neri* used to frequent these holy places in the Night; and from whence I believe he sucked that true Spirit of the primitive Church, which reigned in him, and still reigneth in the breasts of his most virtuous Children, the pious *Priests* of the Oratory of
Rome,

St. Hierom in
 Ezechiel.
 C. 40.

Rome, whom I must always praise wheresoever I find them, because I always find them either writing holy things, or living them; that is, either writing Books fit to be lived, or living lives fit to be written. Indeed it's incredible how much the presence of these holy Martyrs bodies hath sanctified this place: in so much that no man enters into the *Catacombes* but he comes better out, than he went in. *Catholics* come out far more willing to die for that faith, for which so many of their Ancestors have died before them. The Adversaries of the *Roman* Church come out more staggered in their faith, and more mild towards the Catholic Religion, to see what piety there is even in the bowels of *Rome*; *Atheists* come out with that belief, that surely there is a God, seeing so many thousands of Martyrs have testified it with their blood.

From *S. Sebastians* I went to the place hard by, *Capo di* called *Capo di Bove*, standing upon the *Via Appia*. *Bove*. It is a great Building faced about with marble stones. It was the Sepulcher of *Metella* wife of rich *Crassus*. It's now called *Capo di Bove* because of the Ox heads cut in marble which compose the Cornice that runs about the top of the *Moles*. Entering into it you will wonder at the thickness of the walls, which are above eight ells thick. It was begun to be pulled down, especially the great marble stones on the outside of it, to make up the *Fontana di Trevi*; but Cardinal *Barberino* would not suffer it to be so defaced.

Close by stand the ruins of the *Pretorium*, the *The Pretorium*. Quarters of the *Pretorian* Bands, which the Emperors lodged here, a little out of the throng of the Town, that they might not occasion so easily tumults;

tumults ; and that they might exercise themselves often in the *Circo* of *Caracalla* which was hard by.

Circus Caracallæ. This *Circus* was made by the Emperor *Caracalla*, and is the most entire of all the *Circos* that were in *Rome*. You see where the *Careeres*, or starting place was, where the *Meta* ; where the *Guglia* were. You see how long it was, and the walls yet show you what compass it carried. In the midst of it stood that *Guglia* which now stands in the midst of *Piazza Navona*. I saw it lye here broken in three pieces, and neglected quite, till the Earl of *Arundel* our late Lord *Marshal*, offering to buy it, and having already deposited threescore Crowns in earnest for it, made the *Romans* begin to think that it was some fine thing, and stop the transporting of it into *England*. At last it light upon a good stone-setter, who joyned it so well together, that it now stands streight upon a rare basis, and adorns the very heart of *Rome* : Thanks to that ingenious Architect *Cavalier Bernini*, who set it up there in the *anna sancto*, and whom it set up too again in the Pope's favour *Innocent* the X. which he had lost, by a crack in the roof of the Porch of *S. Peter's Church*, caused by the heavy steeple which he had placed upon it.

The Temple
of Vertue
and Honour.

Near the end of the *Circus* of *Caracalla*, stands an old round Temple, with another little Ante-Temple, close joyned to it ; and out of which you go into the other. What if this were the Temple of Honour ? into which there was no passage, but through the Temple of Vertue, which was joyned close to it, as this is : to manifest, that Vertue is the way to Honour. Now it's certain that these two Temples stood not far from the

Porta

Porta Carpena (now called *S. Sebastian's Gate*) as these two do. But I declare that this is but guessing.

Hard by the foresaid old Temple there is an *Eccho* which heretofore (as they say) would repeat after you a whole Verse of *Virgil*; but if so, it was my fortune to find her when she had catch-ed a cold; for I could get nothing from her but the two last words of a Sentence. Indeed *Ausonius* calls the *Eccho* the tail of Words; and *Symposius* saith, that the *Eccho* is like a modest *Virgin*, which speaks nothing but when she is asked. *The Eccho.*

Returning from *S. Sebastians* towards the town again, I passed by a little Chappel called, *Domine quo vadis?* and anciently called, *Sancta Maria ad passus*, It's called *Domine quo vadis*, because our Saviour appearing here to *St. Peter*, flying out of the Prison of *Rome*, was asked by *Peter*, *Domine quo vadis?* Lord whither go you? And he answered, *Vado Romam ut ibi iterum crucifigam*, I am going to *Rome*, there to be Crucified again; which words *Peter* understanding rightly, of *Christ's* suffering in his Members the faithful Believers, returned again to *Rome*, and was soon after Crucified. In the middle of this Chappel are seen the Prints of our Saviour's feet in a white marble stone, with an iron grate over them. *Domine quo vadis?*

Entring into the Town by *S. Sebastian's* gate, I went on streight to the Church of *S. Nereus* and *Achilleus*, of which Church *Baronius* was Cardinal. The bodies of these Saints are under the High Altar. Cardinal *Baronius* caused this Church to be painted with the Histories of Saints and Martyrs, to excite others to devotion by their Examples. *S. Nereus and Achilleus.*

Almost

San Sisto.

Almost over against this Church, stands the Church of *S. Sisto* with its Monastery made famous by *S. Dominic*, who made it his habitation, and by whom God wrought many Miracles here. It stands in a most unwholesom place called anciently the *Piscina Publica*, because the People use to wash themselves here. Here are buried *S. Sixtus*, *Lucius*, *Lucianus*, *Sotherus*, and *Zepherinus*, Popes and Martyrs.

Here's a fine Picture of *St. Vincentius Ferrerius*.

*St. John
Ante Por-
tam Lati-
nam.*

From thence I went towards the *Porta Latina*, and there saw the Church, where *St. John Evangelist* was put into a Caldron of boyling Oyl.

*St. John
Lateran's
Church.
The Pope's
Cathedral*

Then following the walls of the Town for a good while, I came at last to *S. John Lateran's Church*, the Mother Church of all Churches in the World, and the Pope's Cathedral. In saying this I have said enough; and I say this after the words which are written in the *architrave* over the Porch of this Church, and after the Bull of *Gregory* the XI. who declared this Church to be the Popes chief seat, and to have the preheminency over the other Churches, *Orbis & Urbis*; even over *S. Peter's Church* too by name. It was built by *Constantine* the Great upon mount *Cællus*, and dedicated to our Saviour himself, for whose sake it deserveth the headship over all the other Churches in the world, as he, to whom it is dedicated, is the head of all the Elect. Yet it is called diversly by Ecclesiastical Authors. Sometimes *Basilica Constantiniana*, because *Constantin* built it; sometimes *Basilica Salvatoris*, because it was dedicated to our Saviour. Sometimes *Basilica St. Joannis*, because it was near to the two Chappels dedicated

dedicated to the two *St. Johns*, in the Baptistry of *Constantine* : sometimes it was called *Basilica St. Joannis in Laterano*, or *St. John Lateran's Church*, because it was built upon the place, where *Plautius Lateranus*, the design'd Consul, had a fair House and a Garden, which *Nero* the Tyrant made bold withal, having first made bold with their Master by killing him. Now this and the other great Churches of *Rome* are called *Basilicae*, either because they are built after a Royal and stately manner, or else because they are built to the King of Kings.

Tacitus
and Juve-
nal, Sat.
10.

As for this Church of *S. John Lateran*. It is here that the Pope taketh possession of his Papal charge, after he hath been chosen and consecrated Bishop (if he were none before) in *S. Peter's Church*. For this reason all the chief *Episcopal* functions of the particular *Diocese* of *Rome*, are performed here ; as the consecrating of Bishops and Priests, the conferring of the Sacrament of Confirmation ; the Baptizing of converted *Jews* and Infidels. For this reason it's looked upon by the Popes with great respect, and hath been not only beautified by them with costly decorations, such as those that *Clement* the VIII, and *Innocent* the X. made ; but also favoured by them with great Prerogatives ; one declaring by his Papal Decree, that this is the Mother Church of all Churches ; another fixing her very Altar it self (of wood) on which *St. Peter* and the primitive Popes had offered Sacrifice ; another allowing the Clergy of this Church the Precedency over the Clergy of all other Churches in publick processions, and to carry before them two Crucifixes ; another fixing here the Heads of *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*.

As

As for the things most to be taken notice of here, they are these.

1. The *Soffeta* or roof of this Church most richly gilt.

2. The Body of the Church all made new almost by Pope *Innocent* the Xth, as to the inside of it.

3. The rare painting that runs cross the Church from the stately Organs to the Altar of the B. Sacrament, containing the chief actions of *Constantine* the Great, and other Histories. That of the Ascension of our Saviour, with the Apostles looking up after him, is of the hand of *Cavalier Gioseppe*. The Histories and Figures about the Chariot of *Constantin*, are of the hand of *Bellarmino*. That of the apparition of our Saviour, that of Mount *Soracte*, that over against *Constantin's* Baptism, are all of the hand of *Paris Romano*. That of the Baptism of *Constantin*, is of the hand of *Cavalier Ricelli*. In the Quire of the Canon's the picture of *S. John* is of the hand of *Cavalier Gioseppe*. In fine, the picture of our Saviour in the very *Tribuno*, or *Abside*, was the first picture that appeared publickly in *Rome*, and which was miraculously conserved in the burning of this Church. There are divers other pictures in that vaulted *Tribune* in *Mosaic* work; and some symbolical figures relating to our Saviour's Life and Passion, which were much used anciently in Churches, as you may see in many other Churches, and in the rare Book called *Roma So terrena*.

4. The High Altar here, within which is shut up the wooden Altar, which *S. Peter* and the primitive Popes made use of in saying Mass upon it;

it, during the Persecutions, and before they had any settled Churches, *S. Silvester* in the dedication of this Church, fixed it here, and none can say Mass at this Altar, but the Pope, or during the Popes indisposition, some Cardinal, with a particular dispensation, or *Apostolical* Brief which must be fastned to one of the four Pillars of the Altar, during the Cardinal's saying Mass there. Over this Altar stands a great Tabernacle of Marble born up by four Pillars, not only serving for a Canopy to the Altar, but also for an Arca to the Heads of *S. Peter* and *St. Paul*, which are kept within it, and shown there to the People upon great days through an Iron grate which environs them. *The Heads of St. Peter and St. Paul.*

5. The Altar of the B. Sacrament adorned by the cost of *Clement* the VIII, with a curious and precious Tabernacle of rich polished stones, and with four pillars of Brass gilt, about fifteen foot high. Over this Altar is the Table it self upon which our Saviour eat the *Paschal Lamb* before his passion, and then presently instituted the Holy Sacrament, of which the *Paschal Lamb* was but a figure.

6. The Brazen Tomb of *Martin* the V. of the House of *Colonna*, who was chosen Pope in the Council of *Constance*.

7. The Tomb of *Alexander* the III, of the House of *Bandinelli* in *Siena*, neatly adorned by Pope *Alexander* the VII, who took his name of *Alexander* from him.

8. The Tomb of *Laurentius Valla*, a learned Roman, and Canon of this Church; of whom, as the restorer of pure *Latine* language after *Gotick Barbarousness*, *Latenius* sung thus :

E e

Romulus

Apud Forum in E-
log. doctor
viror. *Romulus est Urbis, Valla est idiomatis author :*
Hic reparat primus, primus ut ille struit.

9. In old Gotick Letters upon the *Arbitrave* of the porch of this Church you read these *Leonine Verses*,

Dogmate Papali datur ac simul Imperiali,
Quod sim Cunctarum Mater & Caput Ecclesiarum.

10. In the *Cloister* of this Church, I saw the Chair of *Porphyry*, which useth to be placed near to the great door of the Church, on that day the Pope taketh possession of his Charge in this Church; in which chair the Pope is placed a while, and at his rising from it again, the *Quire* sings this verse of the 112 Psalm, *Suscitat de pulvere egenum & de stercore erexit pauperem :* and this Ceremony and pierced Chair are only to put the Pope in mind of his human infirmities, amidst His glorious exaltations, and the peoples applauses. For so also the Greek Emperors on the day of their Coronation, had a great many marble stones, of several colours, presented to them, to chuse which of them they would make their Tomb of. This was to put them in mind of their mortality amidst those great honours.

Caremia le
Romanum.

1. 1. Sect.
 2. c. 3.

Zenar and
Cedren.

But it's strange to see how the Enemies of the Popes, give out maliciously, that this Chair (whose use we see so plainly in the very Ceremonial of Rome) was only intended *ad explorandum sexum*, and to hinder the inconveniency of another Pope *Joanne*. For this reason I think it not amiss

amiss to examine a little this Fable of a she Pope, or of a Pope *Joanne*.

I am not afraid at all to call this a Fable, *The Fable of Pope Joanne.* both for the unlikeliness of it in general; as also for the suspected authority of its first broachers; the contrarieties in the story; and the little credit given unto it by the learnedest Adversaries of the *Roman Church*. First, what can be more unlikely than that a Woman should surprize such a wise nation as the *Italians* are, and so grossly? what more unlikely, than that a woman should pass her youth in those severe studies, which are required in Popes, without being known to have wronged, or discovered her Sex; and that she must just do it, when she was in a declining age, at which age Popes ordinarily are chosen? What more unlikely, than that a woman finding herself great with child, should venture to go so far a foot in a procession? What more unlikely, than that, if there had been such a she Pope, the *Greek Church* (which then was at odds with the *Roman Church*) should have passed it over in silence, and not have upbraided her with such a disgraceful Pastor, especially seeing the *Roman Church* had upbraided the *Greek Church* with having an *Eunuch* for her chief *Patriarch*? What in fine more unlikely than that there should have been such a she Pope so publicly convinced to have been a woman, and that *Anastasius Bibliothecarius* who wrote the lives of the Popes some thirty years after that pretended time, and who must have lived in her time, speaks nothing of any such woman, or any such strange accident?

Secondly, the first broachers of this story make it very much suspected, seeing *Martinus Polonus* *Enemies charge no* and *Proof.*

and some others of the Emperors faction (then at variance with the Popes) are the first that mentioned this Fable: and *Platina*, who quotes no higher authors for it, grounds a story of this consequence upon no better authority than a weak, *si dice*, it's said.

Contradiction in the Tale, a sign of Falsity.

Thirdly, the apparent contradictions in the Tale, convince it of falsity: as that this *Jone* was an English Woman born in *Mentz*, which all men know to be a Rhenish Town in *Germany*; and that she had studied at *Athens* in *Greece*, which long before this time had been destroyed.

Adversaries confess it to be a Fable.

Fourthly, the little credit given to it by the learnedest Adversaries of the Roman Church, to wit, four prime Ministers of *France* (who take this history for a meer fable) proves sufficiently that it's worse than an old wives tale. For Mr. *Blondel* a French Minister, whom I knew in *Paris* above twenty years ago, and a man of that account there, that he was chosen to answer the learned Book of Cardinal *Peron*: this *Blondel*, I say, made a Book in French (Printed at *Amsterdam* by *Bleau*, Anno 1647 in Octavo) on purpose to shew, that this story of a she Pope called *Joanne* was a meer fable. And that we may not think that *Blondel* alone of all Protestant Ministers, held this for a fable, *Mon-sieur Seravius* a great Calvinist and Counsellor of the Parliament of *Paris*, in a Letter of his to *Salmasius*, having mentioned to him this Book of *Blondel*, addeth these words: *Noli autem credere primum aut solum è nostris Blondellum ita sensisse; quamvis fortassis nemo unquam fortius & pressius istud solum calcaverit. Fuere enim in eadem sententia non incelebres inter Reformatos Theologi; & adhuc vigent in hac Urbe insignis fide & pietate viri,*
qui

Epist. Seravi.

qui audierunt ex ore Camerii, se istam historiam, Chamier, vulgo creditam, fabulosis deputare. Vidi nuper scriptas literas docui & vegeti senis, tibi que & mihi amicissimi, Petri Molinai, quibus idem semper sibi esse visum affirmabat.

Penes me sunt literæ Samuelis Bocharti, quibus Du Mou- testatur sibi esse pro comperto vanum & fictitium, lin. quicquid hætenus de ea sit proditum. Thus Mon- Bochart. sieur Scraevius in a private Letter (though his Son after his death printed his Letters) to a friend of the same Religion: And thus you see, how this Fable, maintained highly a long time by the Adversaries of the Roman Church, expired at last (as all lyes do) and was carried to it's Grave upon the shoulders of four French Ministers; Blondel, Chamier, du Moulin, and Bochart. If I have been a little too long in this digression you will pardon me. We are all debtors to Truth; and all Men ought to be glad to see themselves disabused.

Going out of the little Back-door of this Church, I went to see the Baptistry of Constantine the Great, our most noble Country-man, and the first Emperor, that publickly professed Christianity. This Baptistry is built round, and in the center of it in a descent of four steps, stands the very Font, in which the said Emperor was Baptiz'd by Pope Sylvester. It's environed with low rails of Marble, and adorned with ten or twelve great Pillars of Porphyry (the fairest in Rome) which bear up the painted Vault over the Font: so that People standing about these Rails, may see conveniently the Baptizing of Jews and Infidels in the Pit below. Upon the walls of the round Chapel are painted in Fresco the most memorable ac-

The Baptistry of Constantine.

tions of *Constantine* the Great : as his vision of the Cross in the Air, with these words above it, *In hoc signo vinces* : his overcoming the Tyrant *Maxentius* : his Baptism here by *S. Silvester*, his burning the Libels against Catholick Bishops, preferred to him by the *Arrians* : his kissing the wounds of these good Bishops in the Council of *Nice*, who had either their fingers cut off, or one Eye put out by the Tyrants.

*The Scala
Santa.*

On the other side of *St. John Laterans* Church stands the *Scala Santa*, and the *Sancta Sanctorum*. The *Scala Santa* is called from the Stairs twenty eight in all, up which our Saviour was led in his Passion to *Pilate's* House. Upon some of them you see the places where the precious Blood of our Saviour had fallen, and for that reason they are covered with little grates of Brass, which let in Eyes, but keep off Knees : I say Knees : for none go up these holy Stairs otherwise than Kneeling, and this out of Reverence to him who often fell upon his Knees as he was drag'd up and down these Stairs. It's painful enough to go up these Stairs upon your knees ; yet I saw it done hourly in the Jubile-year, by continual flocks of devout People, both Men and Women ; of great Condition as well as of great Devotion. These holy Stairs were sent from *Hierusalem* to *Constantine* the Great, by his Mother Queen *Helen*, together with many other Relics kept in *St. John Lateran's* Church. They are of white Marble, and above six Foot long.

*The Sancta
Sanctorum.*

At the head of these Stairs stands the Chappel called *Sancta Sanctorum*, because of the holy things kept in it. Hence over the Altar in this Chappel, are written these words.

Non

Non est in toto Sanctior Orbe Locus.

Upon the Altar is kept the miraculous Picture of our Saviour, it represents him about thirteen years old, and only his half Body. It's about a Foot and a half long, and its said to have been begun by *S. Luke*, but ended miraculously by an Angel; others says that *St. Luke* having only prepared the ground, and before he had drawn one stroke, fell to his Prayers to beg of God that he might draw his Son right, and rising up again he found his Picture already finished. Hence *Domenico Magri* (a learned *Antiquary*) is of opinion, that this Picture of our Saviour is that very Picture which *Anastasius Bibliothecarius* in the life of *Stephen* the II, calls *Achyropata*, that is, made without hands. Round about this Picture goes a set of great Jewels, enriching the frame of it. Under the Altar reposeth the Body of *St. Anastatus*, of whose head and Picture I spoke above in the Description of the Church of this Saint at the *Tre Fontane*. Here are also kept the Heads of *St. Agnes*, and *St. Praxedes*, with many other precious Relics. Anciently, (as the Records here mention) the Holy Prepuce, or fore-skin of our Saviour was kept here too: but being taken away in the Sack of *Rome* by one of *Bourbon's* Soldiers, it was left in a Country Town called *Calcata*, some fifteen Miles distant from *Rome*, by the same Soldier, who could not rest day nor night, as long as he had that Relick about him. I once passed by that Town *Calcata* by chance, and by the civilities of the Lord of the Town, Count of *Anguillara*, at whose House we were nobly

*See Pancir-
cola.*

*Lib Della
Nonia de
Vocaboli.
Ecclesiasti-
ci in verbo
Achyropata*

Calcata.

*Memorio
Comitia
1. 6. 10.*

entertain'd all night, had the happiness the next Morning, to see this precious Relic through the Chrystal Case, this Count keeps one Key of it, and the Parish Priest the other, without both which it cannot be seen.

*Triclinium
Leonis.*

Near to the *Scala Santa* is seen a famous piece of Antiquity of Christian Rome, called *Triclinium Leonis*: where is seen a Mosaic Picture of our Saviour resuscitated, and holding out a Book to his Disciples, in which are written these words, *Pax vobis*, Peace be to you; which Picture *Leo* caused to be made eight hundred years ago, as an Emblem of his peaceable return again to his Seat, after he had been chased out by his Enemies. Upon a Pillar on the Right-hand is painted our Saviour sitting upon a Throne, and giving with one hand the Keys of the Church to *St. Peter*, and with the other, the Imperial Standard to *Constantine* the great. Upon the other Pillar on the left hand, is represented in Mosaic work also, *St. Peter* sitting in a Chair, and with one hand giving unto Pope *Leo* the III, the Papal stole; and with the other the imperial standard unto *Charlemagne*, who had restored this Pope *Leo* to his Seat again.

From hence passing again by *St. John Lateran's* Church, I saw first the Palace of the Pope here, built by the *Sextus quintus*: then the great *Guglia* (with *Egyptian Hieroglyphes* figur'd upon it) which had stood anciently in the *Circus Maximus*: it's above a hundred foot high, and was brought from *Alexandria* to *Rome*, by *Constantine* the great. Lastly in a low Room joyning to the Church, I saw the Statue in Bronze of *Henry* the IV. of *France*, set up here by the Canons of *St. John Laterans*, for having caused ten thousand Crowns

a year to be restor'd to this Church, which was due to it in *France*.

I looked also into the fair Hospital which stands hard by the foresaid Church, and so well serv'd and tended, that many persons of quality in their Sickness desire to be transferred hither, that they may be better looked to, than they can be at home. Taking the Wall of the old *Aquiduct* of *Claudius* along with me. I went to *San Stefano Rotondo*, standing upon the Mount *Caelius* too. This Church now belongs to the *Seminarists* of the *German* College. Upon the round Walls are painted curiously the Martyrdoms of ancient Martyrs; with the divers Instruments of the Heathens, wherewith they tormented the poor Christians.

The Hospital of St. John Latrans.

St. Stefano Rotondo.

Over against this Church stands the Church of *Santa Maria della Navicella*, so called from a little stone Ship which stands before it, being a vow of certain Boatmen. This Church in ancient Authors is called in *Dominica*, or in *Ciriaca*, because of a Holy Woman called *Ciriaca*, in whose house here *St. Lawrence* distributed all the Church goods, he, as Deacon, had in his hands, unto the Poor.

St. Maria in Navicella.

Hard by stands the *Villa* of the Duke *Matthai*, where I saw the *Neat-house* full of curious Statues, and crusted on the outside with rare *anticæglie*. Among the rest I took particular notice of the heads of *Brutus* and *Porcia*, Man and Wife in one Stone: the Statues of *Cleopatra*: of *Hercules*: of three little Boys sleeping and hugging one another: the Head of *Cicero* rarely well cut: the Statue of *Marcus Aurelius*, a rare table of precious Stones. In another House here (looking towards *San Sisto*) I saw the incomparable Statue of *Andromeda*,

Villa Matthai.

Andromeda, expos'd to the Sea-Monster, it's of pure white Marble, and of the Hand of *Oliviero*; that other there of *Apollo* fleaing *Marsias*, is an excellent piece too, and in white Marble: so is also that of the Satyr plucking a Thorn out of his Foot. The curious Alley, Water-works, Grots, Walks, Wetting-places, and the intricate Labyrinth, are all very delightfom.

The Amphitheater.

Rome sacked six times.

Vesari in presa.

Pliny.

Descending from hence I went to the old *Amphitheater*, call'd now the *Coliseo*, because of a Colossean statue that stood in it. This is one of the rarest pieces of antiquity in *Rome*; and though *Rome* be grown again, by her new Palaces, one of the finest Cities of *Europe*, yet her very ruins are finer than her new buildings. And though I am not ignorant how *Rome*, since her Ladyship govern'd the World, and was at her greatness, hath been six several times ruined, and sacked, by the envy and avarice of Barbarous Nations, (*Visigoths*, *Wandals*, *Erules*, *Ostrogoths*, *Totila* who set fire on *Rome* 18 days together, and the *Germans* under *Bourbon*) whose malice was so great against *Rome*, that of thirty six Triumphal Arches once in *Rome*, there remain but four now visibly appearing; that of ten *Thermae* anciently, but two remain any way visible; that of seven *Circos*, but one now appears: yet as of fair Ladies, there remain even in their old age, fair rests of comeliness: so the very ruins of *Rome*, which malice could not reach to, nor avarice carry away, are yet so comely, that they ravish still the beholders eye with their Beauties, and make good the saying of an ancient Author, that *Roma jacens quoque miraculo est: Rome is a miracle even in its ruins*. But to return to the *Coliseo*; it's another wonder

wonder of the world: and I wonder indeed, how such prodigious stones could either be laid together in a building, or being laid together, could fall. *Vespasian* began it, but *Domitian* finished it; and *Martial* flattered it as a wonder which outstript all the wonders of *Egypt* and its *Pyramids*.

It was of a prodigious height, as that part of it yet standing sheweth. The form of it was round without, and oval within, and the outside of it was adorned with the three orders, of pillars, great arches below, open galleries above, both to walk in, and to let People into the *Amphitheater*, and out again without crowding, so that two hundred thousand people could go in or out in half an hours time, without crowding. Within, it went up from below by steps of stone unto the top, and afforded room enough to all that world of people to sit conveniently, and see the combats and sports that were exhibited in the *Arena*. Anciently the top of it was set round with statues, and in time of great heats or rains, it was all overspread with great sails. From its roundish form it got the name of *Amphitheater*, from seeing on all sides. Underneath were the Caves for the wild beasts, out of which they turned them loose to fight, sometimes against condemned men, sometimes against innocent Christians. *Nero* made the Christians be clad in the skins of Beasts; and so to be exposed to Lyons and Bears. Sometimes also Gladiators fought against Gladiators; and one Gladiator against twenty others: Nay, the very noble *Romans* themselves would now and then fight here publicly, either to shew sport or valour. And all this was done by the politick *Romans*, to teach Men not to be afraid of bloodshed and death in time of wars,

*Omnis Cere-
jareo cedat
Labor Am-
phitheatro,
unum pro-
cunctis fa-
maloquatur
opus.*

wars, with which they had been so acquainted in time of peace.

Meta Sudans.

The old round rubbish of Brick, which is here near the *Amphitheater*, was anciently a fine Fountain called *Meta Sudans*, serving for the use of those that came to the sports here. It was all faced with Marble, and had a Statue of *Jupiter* of brass upon it.

The Triumphal Arch of Constantine the Great.

Hard by stands the Triumphal Arch of *Constantine* the great. It's all of Marble, with a world of curious Statues anciently, but now headless, and with histories in *bassi rilievi*. It was erected to him in memory of his Victory over the Tyrant *Maxentius*, as to the free of the City, and Founder of publick quiet. As the words here import, *Liberatori Urbis, Fundatori Quietis*.

St. Gregory's Church.

From hence I went to the Church of *St. John and Paul*, and thence to *St. Gregory's* Church, which anciently had been his house. They shew us yet the Place and the Table where this Holy Man, in recompence of his charitable hospitality to the poor, deserved to have an Angel, and the Lord of Angels for his Guests, he treated daily here twelve poor Men in honour of the twelve Apostles. In one of the Chappels, you see a fine Statue of white Marble, of *S. Gregory* in his Pontifical Robes; it was erected to his honour by Cardinal *Baronius*, who was a devout admirer of him.

In the Garden belonging to the Monastery of *St. Gregory*, there is to be seen a Cave in which I saw upon the wall some old painting of the highest times of *Pagan Rome*: Pitiful stuff, yet considerable for its ancientness.

From

From hence I went to the *Baths* or *Therma*, of ^{Antonius} the Emperor *Antonius*, looking more like a Town, ^{his Baths.} than a bathing-place. Indeed *Ammianus Marcellinus* out-throws me, and calls these, and the other *Therma* in Rome, *Lavacra in modum Provincia-rum exstructa*: Bathing-places built like Provinces. And judge whether of us hath more reason, by that which we read in the *Exceptis Olympiodori*, where it's said, that these baths of *Antonius* had a thousand six hundred seats of polished marble; for as many persons to sit and bathe in a-part: nay, some of those bathing-places were paved with silver, and were adorned so curiously with silver pipes for the water, with Statues, Pictures, and precious Stones, that *Seneca* cries out; *Eo deliciarum venimus, ut nisi gemmas calcare nolumus*; We are come to that delicacy that we scorn to tread upon any thing but Jewels: Now these Baths serve only for the *Roman* Seminarists to recreate in.

Returning from hence between the Mount *Aventin*, and the Mount *Palatin*, I saw the place where the *Circus Maximus* stood. This was the ^{Circus} greatest of all the *Circus* in Rome, as its name ^{Maximus.} shews. It was begun by *Tarquinius Priscus*, but afterwards much augmented by *Julius Cæsar* and *Augustus*. It was three stades long, and four acres wide (the *Roman* stade was 625 foot, or 125 paces) at last it was adorned with statues and pillars by *Trajan* and *Heliogabalus*. A hundred and fifty thousand men could sit conveniently in the three open Galleries; one of which was for the Senators, the second for the Gentlemen, and the third for the common People. The two great *Obelicks*, to wit, that before *Porta del Populo*, and that before S.

John

John Laterans stood in it. Under this building were many vaulted Caves, called in Latin *Fornices*, where lewd women prostituted themselves for money, and so from these *Fornices* came the word *Fornication*.

The Empe-
rors Pa-
lace.

Going from hence to *S. Georges Church*, I saw on my right hand, the goodly ruins of the Emperors Palace, called *Palazzo Maggiore*. It possessed almost all the *Palatin* hill, as the ruins shew. Stately ruins I confess: but ruins, and imperial ruins. And here I could not but wonder to see the Palace of the persecuting Emperors ruined quite, and the Church of the poor Fisherman standing still, more glorious than ever.

Templum
Fani.

Before I came to *S. Georges Church*, I stept into *S. Anastasius Church*, which was anciently the Temple of *Neptune*; and from thence to the old square Temple, commonly held to be the Temple of *Janus Quadriforis*: and with some reason, because it hath four doors in it, and twelve Niches upon every side of the square out-side. The four doors represented the four Seasons of the year; the twelve niches, the twelve months of the year; yet others will have it to have been only an Arch, or Portic, or a Lodge; and while they dispute it, I'll go on to *S. Georges Church*; hard by to which Church is joyned an old Arch curiously carved in marble, which was erected here, by the Merchants or Goldsmiths, to the Emperors *Severus*, and *M. Aurelius*.

St. Geor-
ges Church

The Vela-
brum.

Near unto this Church of *S. George* came anciently the Water of *Tyber*; and this water or creek of the River was called *Velabrum*; because men passed over the River here by Boat, and sometime with a little sail, when the wind stood fair.

From

From hence I went to the round Church of *S. Theodoro*, standing in the *Foro Boario*. This was *Forum Bo-*
anciently the Temple of *Romulus* and *Remus*, be- *arium*.
cause it was here that those two Brothers were
exposed, and nourished by a she-wolf, which
found them here.

Not far from hence I stept into the Hospital of
our Lady of Consolation. This was once the
Temple of *Vesta*. And here it was that the Vestal *The Temple*
Virgins (instituted by *Numa*) kept the Eternal *of Vesta*.
fire; the extinguishing of which was held by the
superstitious heathens, fatal to the state; and there-
fore they committed the keeping of this fire to
Virgins of great repute and honour. These Vir- *The Vestal*
gins were to be 10 years in learning their profes- *Virgins*.
sion, 10 years more in exercising it, and other 10
years more in teaching it to others. And for this *See Plu-*
reason they had great Priviledges given them. For *tarch in*
if in going up and down the City, they met by *Numa*.
chance, a criminal man going to be executed, they
had power to free him. If any of these Vestals,
forgetting her self had wronged her virginity, they
would not, out of reverence to her Profession,
lay violent hands on her by the common Execu-
tioner, but they buried her alive in a low vault
made for that purpose.

From hence I entred into the *Campo Vaccino*, *The Campo*
and presently fell upon three Pillars of admirable *Vaccino*.
structure; they belonged to the Temple of *Ju-* *The Temple*

piter Stator built by *Romulus*; the occasion was *of Jupiter*
this, *Romulus* in a battel against the *Sabins*, seeing *Stator*.
his men give back, made a vow presently to *Ju-*

piter, that if he would stop their flight and make
them stand to it, he would build him a Temple;
Siste sædam fugam, said he to *Jupiter*; the Men
stood, and the Temple was built to *Jupiter Stator*,
who

who made Men stand. But this *Jupiter Stator* could not make his own Temple stand; for it's now so ruin'd, that Antiquaries are scarce sure where it stood.

Close to these three Pillars stands the Church of *Santa Maria Liberatrice* at the foot of the *Palatin Hill*. Why this Church is so called, both a long writing in the Church, and *Baronius* in his Annals, tell at length.

*Ad an. 324.
Lacus Curtii.*

Near to this Church stood the *Lacus Curtii*, a stinking puddle which annoy'd the *Romans* much, and which the Oracle assured was not to be stop't up but by casting into it the most precious thing in *Rome*. Hereupon the Ladies threw in their best Jewels; and the Noblemen every one what he had the most precious, but all in vain. At last *Curtius*, a brave young Nobleman, thinking that there was nothing more pleasant than a gallant Man; mounting on Horse-back in a brave Equipage, in sight of all the People, jump'd into this Lake alive, as a Victim devoted to his Countries Service, and the hole hereupon closed. I confess a brave Cavalier is a precious Jewel indeed: and I remember that a *Roman* Lady having shew'd her Jewels to *Cornelia* the Mother of the *Gracchi*, and having desired her to shew also her Jewels, she called for her two young Sons (brave youths) and said, here Madam are my Jewels: and in my opinion, *Curtius* was somewhat Vain-glorious, to think himself to be the bravest Man in the City. If the Votes and Judgment of all the People had declar'd him to be so (as they did afterwards declare *Scipio Nasita* to be the best Man of all the *Romans*; and the Matrons declared *Sulpitia* to be the chastest Matron of her time) then he might have devoted himself more freely for his Countries safety.

*See Tit.
Livius, and
others.*

*The finest
Jewels.*

Going

Going on from hence on the Right-hand still, I came to the door of *Farneses Garden*. This *Farneses Garden* stands upon the Mount *Palatin*, where anciently the Emperors had their Palace, which took up all the upper part of this Hill, but not all the Skirts of it; for I find that the Goddess *Feaver*, and the Goddess *Viriplaca* had their Temples here, and *Catalin* and *Cicero* their houses. Entering into this Garden I found some pretty Water-works and grotts at the Entrance, and fine high Walks above, overlooking the place where the *Circus-Maximus* stood anciently. The Scholars of the *English College* in *Rome* have a piece of this hill for their *Vinea* and recreation place; to breath on upon days of *Vacancy*. *The English Vineyard.*

Following still my right hand, I came to the Arch of *Titus*: a Triumphal Arch, erected to him upon his victory over the *Jews*. Hence you see here engraven in *Mezzo rilievo* the said Emperor in a Triumphal Chariot, and on the other the Holy Candlestick of the Temple of *Hierusalem*, the Ark of the Alliance, and the Tables of the Law, which this Emperor brought with him after his taking of *Hierusalem*, to grace his Triumph: This is the most ancient Triumphal Arch in *Rome*, and it stood in the *Via Sacra* which went under it. *The Arch of Titus.*

Wheeling about the *Campo Vaccino*, still on my right hand, I came to the Church of *Santa Francesca Romana*, otherwise called *Santa Maria nuova*. Here I saw the neat Tomb of that Saint in Brass gilt, made at the cost of Pope *Innocent* the X. Here's also cut in white Marble, and standing upon an Altar the History of the Pope's returning again to *Rome* from *Avignon*: I saw also *The Church of St. Francesca Romana.*

also here a rare Suit of Hangings belonging to this Church, and given by the Sister of Pope Innocent the X.

The Temple of Peace.

Hard by stands the Temple of Peace, that is, some remnants of that Temple. It was once the most noble of all the Temples (as the pillar before St. *Mary Majors* great Door, which belonged to this Temple, sheweth) it was 200 Foot large, and 300 long: but now little signs of its Beauty remain: Wars and time defacing the monuments of Peace. It was built by *Vespasian* who plac'd in it the spoils of the Temple of *Hierusalem*, brought to *Rome* by *Titus*.

Behind this Temple stands a neat Garden, belonging once to Cardinal *Pio*, where I saw neat Water-works. It's now sold to another Master.

The Church of St. Cosmo and Damiano.

Going on still in the *Campo Vaccino* on the right hand, I came to the Round Church of St. *Cosmo*, and St. *Damiano*, anciently the Temple of *Castor* and *Pollux*: because the *Romans* having seen two Men upon sweating Horses, that told them news of a Battel won by their Consul, and so vanish'd, they imagin'd them to be *Castor* and *Pollux*, and thereupon decreed them this Temple. The Mosaick work in the roof of the *Tribune* deserves your particular attention, for the *Symbolical* Figures sake.

St. Lorenzo in Miranda.

Going on still, I came to the Church of St. *Lorenzo* in *Miranda*. It was once a Temple dedicated to *Faustina* the Empress, by her Husband *Antonius*. Poor Man! he could not make her

Messia in vita M. Aurelii, & Sabellic. lib. 4. c. 11.

an honest Woman in her Life-time, and yet he would needs make her a Goddess after her Death. The Porch of this Church is stately still, by reason of its great marble Pillars.

A little further stands the Church of St. *Andriano*, St. Andriano. anciently dedicated to *Saturn*, who first taught the *Italians* to make Money, and therefore the *Romans* plac'd their *Erarium Publicum*, the publick Treasury in this Temple, and had their *Mint* hard by it.

St. *Martinas* Church follows the next; and in a low Chappel neatly adorned, I saw her Tomb; here stood anciently the Temple of *Mars* the Revenger.

Before this Church stands the Triumphal Arch of *Septimius Severus* rarely cut with figures in marble in *mezzo relievo*. Half of it is buried under ground, the other half is sore battered with the air. Who would think the Air and the Earth to be devouring Elements, as well as the Fire and the Water? But why do I accuse the Air, when it's only time (which taketh a pride to triumph our Triumphs) that hath battered this Triumphal Arch, and moultered even marble? The Triumphal Arch of Severus.

A little higher on the Hill-side stands the little Church of St. *Joseph*, where I saw in the low St. Joseph. Grot underneath, the Prison called anciently *Tullianum*, into which Prison St. *Peter* and St. *Paul* The Tullianum. were shut up. I descended into the low Dungeon where St. *Peter* baptiz'd *Processus* and *Martinianus*, his two Keepers, with divers others. The Fountain of Water that sprung up miraculously for that holy function is still seen there in the bottom of that Dungeon.

Many other brave buildings stood anciently in this *Foro Romano*, worth remembering, as the *Comitium*, or publick place of Assembly; so called a *Coeundo*, it being the great Hall of Justice, in which was erected a large Tribunal, where the The Comitium.

Prætor (our Lord Chief Justice) sat in an Ivory Chair, called *Cella Curulis*, and ministred Justice to the People. In this *Comitium* stood the statue of *Horatius Cocles*; and in the Corners of it, those of *Pythagoras* and *Alcibiades*. In this *Foro* also stood the *Rostræ* (a great Pulpit made of the *Rostræ* or brazen snouts of the Ships won from the *Antiates*) where Orators used to Plead, and where *Tully* Thunder'd. Behind the *Rostræ* stood *Romulus* his Tomb, and before the *Rostræ* the Tomb of *Faustus*, the Foster Father of *Romulus*.

Mounting up from hence to the Capitol by the Coach-way, I saw upon the side of the Hill, the Pillars that belong'd once to the Temple of *Concord* built by *Camillus*, and not far from hence, three other pillars of neat Fabrick which belonged to the Temple of *Jupiter Tonans*, Thundering *Jupiter*, built there by *Augustus Cæsar*, after he had escaped a Thunder-clap which kill'd his Litter-man close by him.

The Capitol. Arriving at the Capitol, I was glad to see that place so famous in the *Roman* Story. Its name of Capitol came from the Head of a Man (*Caput* in *Latin*) found under ground when they first laid the Foundation here of the Temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*. *Justus Lypsius*, as if he had been the Godfather of that Man whose Head was found here, saith, that his name was *Tolus*, and that from *Caput Toli* came *Capitolium*. This Head found here portended, that *Rome* should one day be the head of the World. And this title is so universally known to belong to *Rome*, that all Authors affirm it, and every petty Artisan in *Rome* will tell you so: though in false *Latin*, as one did me, when hearing me praise *Rome*,
and

and thinking that I did it not enough, cried out to me half in *Italian*, and half in *Latin*, *Caspitra, Signore, Rôma est capus mundi*; which saying made me both smile and say to my self, that such a Head as this Fellows, found now under ground, would portend the ruin of the *Latin Tongue*.

I went first to the highest part of that Hill, called anciently *Rupes Tarpeia*, it looks down upon the Theater of *Marcellus*, and is nothing so high a Hill as I conceiv'd when I first read *Livy*. For I expected to have found here a Hill at least like that in *India* called *Dorin*, which *Curtius* describes, *Munster* paints out, and *Hercules* could not take; but coming to it, I found it to be a Hill of that easie ascent, that I had ridden up higher in *Savoy* and *Switzerland*.

2. Then returning the same way again to the *Piazza* of the Capitol, I saw there the Famous *Equestris Statua* of *Marcus Aurelius*, once gilt over, but now appearing to be plain Brass. This is the Noblest Statue in the World; and I was going to say, the noblest Statue Living; for it seems almost to Live and Breath by the Workman's Art: It is noble also, because it represents a Man so Noble as *Marcus Aurelius*, who was a double Emperor, being both a great Emperor, and a great Philosopher.

Hard by this *Equestris* Statue are seen two *Collossean* Statues, pouring out two Rivers, the one representing *Nilus*, the other *Tygris*. Over them stands a Statue of *Rome* something like *Pallas*, her Face is of white Marble, her Garments of Porphyry.

3. I saw the Trophies of *Marius* cut anciently in Stone in honour of that great General, who

The Trophies of Marius.

from a common Souldier, came by his Warlike Vertue, to be seven times Consul.

4. I viewed the two great Statues of *Constantin the Great* in white Marble, with the Horses.

The Milliarum.

5. I saw the *Milliarum*, that is, a little pillar of Stone, with a great round Brazen Ball upon it. This Pillar stood anciently in the *Foro Romano* before St. *Adrian's Church*, and it was erected by *Augustus Caesar*. It was called *Milliarum*, because from it the *Romans* counted the Miles that were from *Rome* to every great City of *Italy*, or of the Empire, and the first Mile distant from this Pillar, was called *primus ab orbe Lapis*; and so of the rest.

The Conservatorio.

6. Then entring into the *Conservatorio*; that is the Palace of the *Conservatori*, or *Senators*, I saw there the Statues of *Julius Caesar* and *Augustus Caesar*. Then in the little Court I saw marked up upon the out-wall in a Marble Stone, the *Roman Measures*, as their *Canna*, *Palmo*, &c. (as we have all measur'd by the Ell, and Yard,) that all Merchants may know where to find whether his Measure be Lawful and Just, or no. Then the Foot, Hand, Thighs and Head, in Marble scattered here and there in this Court, yet all looking as if they had belonged to the great *Colossus* of *Apollo*, made by the command of *Lucullus*. Then the rare Statue of a Lyon tearing a Horse. The Tomb of *Mamea* and *Alexander Severus* her Son, with the Rape of the *Sabines* upon it in a *Basso Relievo*. The little *Egyptian Idol* set high up over this Tomb. The head of the Emperor *Commodus* in Brass, with a hand of the same.

Colonna Rostrata.

7. Hard by the Stair-foot as you mount up to the Chambers, stands the *Colonna Rostrata*, a marble

marble Pillar some twelve foot high, decked with *Stems* of Ships cut in Marble, and sticking out of the Pillar, with an Inscription in the *Basis* below in scurvy old *Latin*. I found it spoke of a Sea-Victory won over the *Carthaginians*, and of *Duilius*; and I car'd for no more, because *Livy* in better *Latin* tells me the rest: to wit, that it was *Dulius* that of all the *Romans* got the first Naval Victory; and then I easily concluded, that this Pillar was erected to him for that Service. It's almost as hard a thing to construe this old *Latin*, as to have won that Victory; and therefore I'll leave the words to *Petrus Cioconius* a flegmatick *Spaniard* to comment upon. Yet I learnt out of this Left-handed *Latin*, this observation, that the brave *Romans* of the highest times, cared more to do well, than to speak well; and that the *Roman* Common-wealth was turned towards her decline, when fine Language was in vogue.

8. Hard by this Pillar stand mounted two little quarter Cannons: a poor *Arcenal* for the *Roman* Senators now a-days.

9. Then mounting up some ten Steps, I came into a little Court, whose Walls are all encrusted over with four excellent pieces of *Marcus Aurelius* his Triumph cut in Marble. In one of them he triumpheth in his open Chariot: in another he sacrificeth: in another he giveth Largesses to the People: in the fourth he receiveth the Presents of the *Romans*. They are all so well cut, that you doubt whether it be the Emperor or the Sculptors that triumphs here. Indeed the Emperor's Chariot hath got new Wheels of late, and his Horses new Shoos and Feet, else all is old.

*Leges De-
cem Tabu-
larum,*

10. Then going up the Stairs higher, I saw an old Plate of Brass nailed up, in which the *Roman* Laws of the ten Tables were written; good Laws, but few. And I was glad to see them yet kept; if that be to keep Laws, to keep them nailed fast to the Wall.

11. Then entring into the Chambers and great Hall, I saw the Statues of *Alexander Farnese* Duke of *Parma*, of *M. Antonius Colonna*, the Pope's General in the Battel of *Lepanto*: and of *Don John* of *Austria Generalissimo*. I saw upon the walls painted in *Fresco*, the rape of the *Sabins*, the duel of the *Tergemini Fratres*, three Brothers against three Brothers, *Horatii* against *Curatii*: *Scevola* holding his hand over the burning Coals: *Cocles* defending the Bridge alone against an Army of Men: *Scipio*, and *Hannibal* with their several Armies, so rarely painted by *Pietro Perugino*, that the *Romans* now are in love with *Hannibal*. Then the Picture of the first *Consul Brutus* commanding the Death of his own Son: that of the *Tarquinius*: that of the conquering of the *Sabines*, &c. All pieces as bold as the very actions they represent. Here also in the other Chambers, I saw some fine Statues, as that of *Caius Marius*; that of *Hercules* in Brass being but yet a Lad; that of *Junius Brutus* in Brass; the heads in Marble of *Diogenes*, *Plato*, *Socrates*: the Statues of *Cicero*, *Virgil*, and *Plato*; the Brazen Statue of the Wolf that gave Suck to *Romulus* and *Remus*. But the best Statue here is that of the young Man picking a Thorn out of his Foot. It's only of Brass, but worth its weight in Gold. The story of it is this. A young Foot-post bringing Letters of singular Importance unto the Senate, and bricking

ing his Foot as he ran, would not stay to pick out the Thorn; but hastning to *Rome* with all speed, delivered his Letters in full Senate prodigiously soon, as it appeared by their Dates. But then clapping himself down upon the ground before them all, he began to pick out the Thorn, in the posture you see him here. The Senate seeing the haste he had made, and the pain he had endured, decreed presently, that his Statue in that posture, should be erected in the Capitol.

Thus the old *Romans* not having then recompences enough for well deserving men, or else not willing to recompence them otherwise, perswaded men, that no recompence was like to that of a statue in the Capitol, or to walk up and down the streets with a Crown of *Laurel*, or *Oaken Leaves* upon their heads. Poor Fools! Was a Crown of leaves such an honour, when even Bawdy-houses and Privies, saith *Tertullian*, Tertul. de
Corna
Milit. were crowned too? Or was it such a solid honour to have a statue in the Capitol, when *Geese* and *Wolfs* were honoured so too? But *quod rarum, charum est*. And as *Alexander* the Great hearing that the *Corinthians* would make him a *Citizen* of their Town, scorned it at first: Senecal.
I. de Be-
nesic. but after he had been assured that they never offered that honour to any man but to *Hercules* and him, he was well pleased with that offer: so the rarity of having a Statue in the Capitol being an honour granted to few, and those well deserving men, made men think it the highest of recompences. Among those few, were *Scipio*, for having overcome *Antiochus*: *Æmilius Lepidus* for having, while he was but yet a Boy, freed

a Roman Citizen in a battel: *Metellus* for saving the *Palladium* out of the burning Temple of *Vesta*: *Cornelia* for having furnished Corn to the People in a dearth, out of her own moneys; and some few others.

Ara Cœli. Having thus seen the Capitol, I went into the Noble Church of *Ara Cœli*, which is joyning to the Capitol upon the same hill, and built in the same place where anciently stood the Temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, or *Jupiter Feretrius*. Here it was the *Sybille* shewed unto *Augustus Cæsar*, at the birth of our Saviour, that a greater Lord than he was born; whereupon *Augustus* forbade, that any man should call him Lord from that time forward. In this Church is the Tomb of *S. Helen*, Mother of *Constantin* the Great.

The Jesuits Church.

Descending from hence by the marble stairs, which are a hundred in all, and all so large, that twelve men in a breast may go up at once; I came to the *Jesuits* Church and House called the *Casa Professa*. The Church is neat and capacious, the Chappels well painted, and the Ornaments in the Vestry very rich. Under the Altar where *S. Ignatius* his Picture is, lyes the body of that Saint, Founder of the Order of the *Jesuits*. Near the high Altar on the Gospel side is the Tomb of Cardinal *Bellarmin*. In the House of these Fathers I saw the Chamber of *St. Ignatius*, now turned into a Chappel, and a fair Library.

S. Marks Palace.

Passing from hence, I stept into a Palace of *S. Mark*, belonging to the State of *Venice*, and the lodging place always of the *Venetian Ambassadors* residing in the Court of *Rome*. This Palace, as also that of the *Cancellaria*, and that of *Farnese*,

Farnese, are said to have been built of the stones that were taken from the great *Amphitheater*; and yet a great part of it remains still; and I believe, as much as would make three more such Palaces.

From *St. Marks Palace* I went towards the Mount *Quirinal*, now called *Monte Cavello*, and as I went, passed through that part of the Town, which anciently was called *Forum Trajani*, and there saw that which *Trajan* himself never saw, to wit, the wonderful Pillar of white Marble erected there to *Trajan*, and therefore called *Colonna Trajana*, but never seen by him: For he died in foreign expeditions, returning from *Per-sia* without ever seeing it. This Pillar is made of four and twenty great stones of Marble, in which are carved the exploits of *Trajan*, especially in his Wars against the *Dacians*. It's a hundred twenty eight foot high, without its *basis*, which is twelve foot high. Within it there are a hundred fourscore and five stairs, which deliver you up to the top of it, and there are forty little Windows, which let in light enough for you to go up. On the top of all this Pillar were anciently buried the ashes of *Trajan* the Emperor: But *Sixtus Quintus* caused, in place of them, the Statue in Brass gilt of *St. Peter* to be set up here. Heretofore all the *basis* of it was buried under ground in the ruins, but now they have digged about it and cleared it; yet by this we may see how much the streets of *Rome* are higher than they were; *Rome* now being built upon the ruins of *Rome*.

*Colonna
Trajana.*

From hence going up the hill, I came to the Palace and Garden of *Aldobrandini*. The House of *Aldo-brandini*.
The Palace
of Aldo-
brandini.
is

is but little, yet neatly furnished with Statues and Pictures. Some whereof are these: An old Picture made in the time of the *Pagans*, representing a Marriage after the old *Romans* fashion. I take this to be the ancientest Picture in *Rome*, and the rarity of it is so great, that *Cavalier Pozzo* (a brave Gentleman, and a great *Virtuoso*) got leave to copy it out, and this copy is to be seen in the house of his Brother, among other rare curiosities, near *St. Andrea della Valle*. Next after this I was shown in the foresaid Palace, the true Picture of *Martin Luther*: A rare *St. Sebastian* in the Chappel, of *Raphael's* hand: Upon the Stairs a Statue of a Man hanging by the hands, with great stones at his feet, weighing him down: A torment much used by the Heathens, and practised by them upon Christians: With a world of other Pictures and Statues in the Chambers.

The Palace
of Mazza-
rini.

From hence I went to Cardinal *Mazzarini's* Palace, and there saw in the Garden the famous Picture of the *Aurora*, made by *Guido Rbeni*, famous over all *Rome*. In the Court of this Palace, I saw the best riding Masters of *Rome* teach young Gentlemen to ride the great Horse: But I found them here far short of the Masters in *France*, both for good Horses, and good Scholars, and graceful riding. In the same Court, in the Summer Evenings, they play at *Ballon*, a manly exercise much used in *Italy*, and far more gentile than our rude Foot-ball Sport.

The Pope's
Stables.

Near to this Palace stand the Pope's Stables, where I saw all the Genets that had been presented to the Pope, since his creation, by the King of *Spain* for the Kingdom of *Naples*; every year one, with a Purse of Gold. The other
Horses

Horfes here were only Coach-Horfes ; for when the Pope goes any whither abroad upon publick Ceremony, the Cardinals and Prelates upon Mules, and the Noble-Men of *Rome* upon their own Horfes, wait upon him : and when he goes out of Town, his own Horfe-guards attend him.

From hence I was presently in the *Piazza* of *Montecavallo*, where I saw the two Famous Horfes in Marble, with each one a Man holding him ; they were sent to *Nero* for a Present by *Tiridates* King of *Armenia*. In the Pedestal of these statues are written, under the one of them, *Opus Phidiae* : under the other, *Opus Praxitelis*. It's said that these two Horfes and Men were made by these two ancient Sculptors of *Greece*, to represent *Bucephalus*, and *Alexander* the Great. However these Horfes give name to this Hill ; and whereas it was formerly called *Mons Quirinalis*, it's now called *Montecavallo*. Upon this Hill stood anciently the *Thermæ Constantinianæ*, or Baths of *Constantin* the great, of which there are seen some remnants in the garden of *Colonna*, which lies behind the wall of this *Piazza*. *Montecavallo.*

Over against the foresaid Horfes stands the Pope's Palace where he ordinarily lives in Summer. The house is a noble structure, and the rooms stately : but I saw nothing rare in them but themselves. The Garden of this House is curious for fine Walks, store of Fountains, and the cool *Grotta* under great shady Trees, where there are fine Water-works, and an Organ playing without any fingers to touch it. Over against the back-door of this Garden stands the Novitiate of the Jesuits, with the neat new Church, and fine Gardens. *The Pope's Summer Palace.*

Returning

S. Sylvester's Church. Returning from hence, I stept into the Church of *St. Sylvester*, over against the Palace of *Mazarina* belonging to the *Theatins*; and there saw the Tomb of Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, the modern *Livy* of *Italy*. The Garden here standing in a fair Prospect, is very pleasant and delightful.

St. Agatha's Church. Descending from hence, by a private Street, I went to *St. Agatha's* Church in the *Saburra* near the foot of the *Quirinal* hill. The Body of *St. Agatha* lies under the Altar. Before the door of this Church are some ancient Statues of some little Boys, in the habit of a *Prætecta*, a habit belonging to Noblemens Children.

St. Peter's ad vincula. From hence, passing by the Church of *Madonna del monte* (a Church of great Devotion) I went up the Hill to *St. Peters ad vincula*; where I saw the famous Statue of *Moses* sitting. It's of white Marble, and adorning the Tomb of *Julius Secundus*. It's enough to tell you that it was made by *Michael Angelo*, and admir'd by all Sculptors. Here's near unto the door of the Church, an Altar with the Statue of *St. Sebastian*, at the erecting of which, the Plague ceased in *Rome*, saith *Baron. An. Baronius*. In the Sacristy of this Church I saw the Chains in which *St. Peter* was fetter'd in Prison; and which make this Church to be called *St. Peter ad vincula*.

St. Martino in Monte. *St. Martino in monte* follows next, and is a neat Church now. In a Cave below there were two Councils held by *St. Silvester* in the primitive times of Persecution, as the words upon the wall as you descend into the Cave, and *Baronius* testify. It's said that in this place was exercised the first publick Profession of Christian Religion.

Then

Then to the Church of *St. Praxedes*, where I saw the Pillar at which our Saviour was whipp'd. It's a low round Pillar of speckled Marble. It stands within a little grate of Iron. The old writing over the door of that Chappel, tells you, that it was brought to *Rome* from *Hierusalem* four Hundred years ago, by Cardinal *Colonna*. In the midst of the Church is a Well (now covered) where *St. Praxedes* hid the Relics and Bodies of Martyrs. In another Chappel I saw the Picture of the descent of our Saviour from the Cross, made by *Guido*. In the Balconies above in the Pillars, I saw, by special favour, many curious Relics.

From hence I went to *St. Mary Majors Church*, so called, because it is the greatest of all the Churches of our Lady in *Rome*. It's built upon the *Monte Esquilino*, and upon the place which was covered miraculously with Snow upon the fifth of *August*. The History of it is known by the Solemn Feast in the Kalender, called *Santa Maria ad Nives*, and it is expressed in the old Mosaick Pictures, which are set here in the Wall over the Pillars that bear up the roof. The most remarkable things I saw here were these.

1. The Tomb of the Founder of this Church, *Patritius*, whose Body lies in a Tomb of Porphyry near the great door.

2. The noble gilt Roof, or *Soffita*, which was gilt with the first Gold that came out of the *Indies* in *Alexander the Vlths* time, whose Arms are set up in this Roof.

3. The Mosaick Pictures which run along this Church, containing the History of the old and new Testament.

Testament, and the History of the building of this Church.

4. The high Altar under which reposeth the Body of St. *Matthias* the Apostle, whose Head is expos'd upon the Altar in a Chrystal upon his day.

5. The Tomb of an Embassador of *Congo* to *Paulus V.* It's over against the Statue in Brass; of *Paulus V.* near the Sacrifty.

6. The little back Court there, with the Eccho in the Well, which answers you indeed, but like a sharp Scold, too quick and short.

The Chap-
pel of Six-
tus V.

7. The rare Chappel of *Sixtus V.* made by *Dominico Fontana*, which cost Seven Hundred Thousand Crowns. The most famous Actions of *Sixtus Quintus*, and of *Pius Quintus*, who made *Sixtus* Cardinal, are carved in white Marble round about the Chappel. St. *Hierom's* ashes are buried here in a side Altar on the left hand; and where should we look for St. *Hierome*, but

St. Hie-
rom's
Tomb.

The Holy
Crib of our
Saviour.

near our Saviour's Crib? which is here enchas'd in Chrystal in a low Chappel, under the high Altar of this Chappel. It's shewn publicly upon *Christmas* day. The Tabernacle of Brass, held up by four Angels of Brass with one hand, and holding each one a Torch in the other hand, is most Stately.

The Chap-
pel of Pau-
lus V.

8. Over against this Chappel stands the Chappel of *Paulus V.* much like the other in all things, except that the chief Altar stands not in the middle, but at the end of it. This Altar is a very neat contrivance, and of as rich materials. Four great Pillars of Jasper polish'd, adorned with Capitels and Bases of Brass gilt, hold up the back of this Altar, which is all of *Lapis Lazuli*,

or

or Oriental blue Azure Stone ; in the midst of which is a little *Nichio* in the Wall, where the Picture of our Blessed Lady, with our Saviour in her Arms, made by St. Luke, is conserv'd and seen. This *Nichio* is surrounded with a row of rich precious Stones of great value, set thick about it ; and shut up with two little half-doors, of two whole Agates, each of them two foot long, and a Foot large. *Theodorus Lector* an ancient Author makes mention of this Picture, and saith, *Pulcheriæ, Eudocia Imaginem matris Christi, quam Lucas Apostolus pinxerat, Hieresolymis misit ;* That is, *Eudocia* sent unto *Pulcheria* from *Hierusalem* the picture of the Mother of Christ which *Luke* the Apostle had painted. The Picture it self is so old, and plac'd so high, that it's hard to perceive the lineaments of the Face, unless you see it with a wax Taper at the end of a long Pole, as I did. In fine, this was the Picture which St. Gregory the Great, a Thousand years ago, carried in Procession upon *Easter* day, when he saw over the *Moles Adriani*, an Angel sheathing his Sword in sign of the ceasing of the Plague. The roof or little *Cupola* of this Chappel is painted by the hand of *Guido Rheni* of *Bologna*. The side Walls of this Chappel are of white Marble cut in *Mezzo rilievo*, and containing the chief actions of *Clement VIII.* and *Paulus V.* whose statues are also here in white Marble.

9. Without the Church stand two great Pillars at each end of it: the one an *Egyptian* *Guglia* cut with Hieroglyphics ; the other a *Roman* Pillar taken out of the Ruins of the Temple of Peace, which is of a prodigious height, with the Statue

of our Saviour and our Lady upon it, in Brass gilt.

SS. Vito
& Mode-
sto.
The Arch of
Galienus.

From *St. Mary Majors* I went to the Church of *St. Vito* and *Modesto*. It's built near the ruins of the Triumphal-arch of *Galienus* the Emperor. The great Keys that are nailed to the top of that forefaid Arch, were the Keys of the City *Tusculum* (now called *Frescate*) and hung up here in memory of a Victory won over that Town, under *Honorius* the V. almost five hundred years ago.

S. Eusebio.

From hence I went to the Church of *St. Eusebio*, built upon the ruins of the *Thermae* of the Emperor *Gordiano*, and his Palace, whose Court had Fifty Pillars on every side. Near unto this Church were found the Trophies of *Marius*, which I spoke of above in the Capitol.

Santa Croce
in Hie-
rusalem.

Continuing on my way, I came at last to *Santa Croce* in *Jerusalem*. It's one of the seven Churches of *Rome*, and built by the Emperor *Constantine* the great. It stands near the Walls of the Town in the end of the Mount *Calius*. Hard by it appear some Prints of the Temple of *Venus* and *Cupid*, which the said Emperor ruined, to build a Church in the place of them, in honour of the Holy Cross, and so repair the injury which the Infidels had done to the Holy Cross in *Hierusalem*, by placing the Statue of *Venus* upon Mount *Calvary*, and striving to blot out the name of *Mont Calvarie*, and bring in that of *Mont Venerie*. This Church is called *Santa Croce* in *Hierusalem*, because of the Earth of *Mount Calvarie*, which was brought from *Hierusalem*, and laid here. The things I observed here, were these.

See Baro-
nius in his
Annals.

1. The Painting in the Tribune, or roof of the Choir, containing the history of the Exaltation of the

the Holy Cross. It looks like the Painting of *Pietro Perugino*, or some of his Scholars; and it was thought fine work, before *Raphael* raised Painting to a greater height.

2. The Chappel below, where the Holy Earth sent by *St. Helen* from *Hierusalem*, to her Son *Constantin* the Emperor; was put.

3. The Relics in the Sacristy above, to wit, three pieces of the Holy Cross, one of the Nails of the Cross of our Saviour; two Thorns of the Holy Crown of Thorns; a great piece of the Title of the Holy Cross; a finger of *St. Thomas* the Apostle; and one of the thirty pieces of Money for which our Saviour was sold.

Not far from hence stands the Church of *Santa Bibiana*. This Church stands in the place called anciently *Ursa Pileata*, because of the Statue of a Bear with a Hat on, which stood there. This place is also famous for the Church-yards sake, or *Cæmeterium*, called *inter duas lauros*. Here is some good Painting in this Church of *Campelli* and *Pietro Cortonese*. The Statue of the Saint is of *Bernini*'s hand.

From hence I found a way that led me to the Gate of *St. Laurence*, through which I went to the Church of that Saint called *San Lorenzo* *furori delle mura*, by reason of divers others built in honour of that Saint within the Walls. This Church was built by *Constantine* too, and enriched by him, with many Presents and Ornaments. It was built upon the *Cæmeterium Sanctæ Ciriacæ*, where that Holy Woman used to bury the Bodies of the Holy Martyrs. It stands in the *Via Tiburtina*, and is one of the seven Churches of *Rome*; and one of the five Patriarchal Churches,

S. Laurence his Church,

and therefore is not titular of any Cardinal. The things that I saw here, were these.

1. The Tomb of St. *Laurence*, under the high Altar.

2. Behind the high Altar, the Stone upon which the Gridiron stood, upon which St. *Laurence* was broiled. It's covered with a great glass through which you see it.

3. In the roof of this Church I found these words cut in great Letters of wood, *Quam clarificata est Hierosolyma Stephano, tam illustris facta est Roma Laurentio*, taken out of S. *Leo* in his Sermon upon the Feast of S. *Laurence*.

4. The Catacombes under this Church, where many Saints Bodies were buried anciently.

Returning again into the Town, I stept into S. Antonio St. *Antonies* Church and Hospital, near to St. *Mary Majors*; before which Church stands a Pillar with a Cross upon it, erected here upon the conversion of *Henry* the IV. of *France*.

Passing behind St. *Mary Majors*, I went to S. Pudentiana Church, standing in the ancient street called *Vicus Patricius*. This Church was built upon the place where the house of *Pudens* a Senator and Father of St. *Pudentiana* lived. And here it was that St. *Peter*, at his first coming to *Rome* lodged, having Converted this *Pudens* and his two Daughters, *Pudentiana* and *Praxedes*. Here I saw these things.

1. The dry Well into which St. *Pudentiana* put many Relics of Martyrs to conserve them. I looked into it with a lighted Taper let down in a string; and saw many curious Relics desked up in the side of the wall.

2. The

2. The wooden Altar upon which *St. Peter* said Mass at his being here.

3. The two Marble Statues of our Saviour and *St. Peter*. They are both excellently well cut, and perchance by rare *Olivieri*.

4. The neat Chappel of the *Caetani*, with the back of the Altar in white Marble, curiously cut by *Olivieri* in a *basso rilievo*, representing the adoration of the *Magi*.

Near the high Altar, is the Picture of the forementioned Senator *Pudens*, in his Senators Robes.

From hence I went to *St. Lorenzo in Panisperna*. Here it was that *St. Laurence* was broiled upon a Gridiron, by the command of the Emperor *Decius*, whose Palace stood where this Church now stands. Upon the wall of this Church is painted the Martyrdom of *St. Laurence* in *Fresco*. Here lie buried the Bodies of *St. Bridget* a Holy Virgin of *Scotland*; and of the Cardinal *Sirletus*.

St. Laurence in Panisperna.

Going from hence by a little unfrequented street, running under the foot of *Montecavallo*, I came to the Church of *St. Vitalis*, which stands joined to the Garden of the Jesuits *Novitiat*. It's said, that the Temple of *Quirinus* or *Romulus* stood here, and that it was here that *Proculus* swore he saw *Romulus* after his death, who bid him go tell the *Romans*, that he would be adored by them under the name of *Quirinus*: When indeed it was thought that the Senators had torn him in pieces in the Senate-House, and carried away under their Gowns, every one a piece of him; and finding the People to mutter much at his not appearing, had got this *Proculus* to depose

St. Vitalis.

St. Placatus.

as above; and so quieted the People, who are as easily pacified again with a vain tale, as stirred up with a fond rumour.

Quattro Fontane.

From hence I went to the *Quattro Fontane*, which stand at the head of four streets which meet here. These Fountains issue out from four Statues which lie here in cumbent postures; and they were made here by *Lepidus*.

Santa Maria della Vittoria.

Then following that fair street, I went to *Santa Maria della Vittoria*, so called from the Victory won at the Battel of *Prague*. The Flags and Cornets taken in this Battel, are set round about the Church. In one of the Flags over the door, I found Cross Keys, Cardinals Caps, Miters and Priests corner'd Caps, all turned topsy turvy, with this single motto, *Extirpentur*. Here are very neat Chappels, especially that on the left hand, where is seen the representation of *S. Teresa* wounded by a *Seraphin*. It's an admirable piece of *Bernini*. In the Convent you see painted in a *Sala*, the Battel of *Prague*, and in the Sacristy, a Sepulcher of our Saviour all of Ivory, extraordinarily well wrought.

Before the door of the aforesaid Church, stands the great Fountain, called *Fontana felice*, where the Aqueduct of *Sixtus Quintus* (who before his assumption to Ecclesiastical Dignities, was called in his Monastery *Fra Felice*) disburdeneth it self into a great stone Basin, and from thence is carried into divers parts of the Town.

The Garden of Montalto.

From hence I went to the garden of *Montalto*, which is hard by. This is one of the best gardens in *Rome*, and therefore deserves well to be seen.

At your entrance into it, you see a round table of a blewish stone, upon which the Arms of the House

House of *Montalto* are engraven, at which, while you gaze curiously and near at hand, the Gardiner, by pressing his foot upon a low Iron Pump, under the Table, presseth out water on all sides of that round Table, and welcometh the strangers that come to see his Garden.

Then mounting into the little Palace near the door, I saw divers good Pictures and Statues, of the House of *Montalto*, and others. There also I saw a wooden Organ, Pipes and all, and yet of no ungrateful sound.

There also I saw the Picture of *David* killing *Goliath*: It turns upon a frame, and shews you both the fore-side of those combatants, and their backsides too, which other Pictures do not. Here are curious Urns; the true *Busto* of *Sixtus V.* a Tabernacle of rich stones. There is a Picture in stones of several colours, which held one way, represents nothing but a bunch of Herbs; but held up another way, it represents a Mans head and face. In fine, here is in this little Palace, a neat Library in a cool room, over the door of which, on the inside, are written these words *Medicina animi*; as if Libraries were nothing but Physick-gardens for the mind.

Descending again into the Garden, I saw store of wetting-sports, and water-works, most curiously contrived, and most stately walks. From hence we went to the *Carthusians* Church, which is hard by. This Church and Monastery are built upon the Ruins of the Baths of *Diocletian*. For this cruel Emperor with his associate *Maximian*, condemned Forty Thousand Christians to work in this Building, for the space of fifteen years together, and afterwards condemned many

*The Baths
of Diocle-
tian.*

Thousands of them to death for their Religion, Thus Men work for Tyrants. But such is the wonderful providence of God, Churches of Christians now stand where Christians were condemned to death and torments. The Blood of these Martyrs was but the seed of Christians, and when *Diocletian* condemned Christians to work here, methinks he did but bid them go lay the foundation of a Monastery for *Carthusians*, and of a Church for the worship of that God he so much persecuted.

*The Pope's
Granaries.*

Having seen this Church and Monastery, I went to see the Pope's Granaries, vast buildings, two stories high, and always full of Wheat for the present use of the whole City. A world of Officers and Overseers belong to these *Granaries*, and are always turning over, and keeping the vast heaps of Wheat from spoiling and corrupting. By sticking up Canes in the heaps of Wheat, they can tell, smelling at the end of these Canes, whether the Wheat begin to moisten and corrupt, or no, and accordingly give order either to turn it and air it, or presently to give it out to the Bakers: These *Granaries* were also built upon the ruins of *Diocletians* Baths.

*The Church
of St. Ag-
nes.*

From these *Granaries* I went to the Town Gate not far off, called *Porta Pia*, and from thence streight along for a good mile, to *St. Agneses* Church. Under the high Altar reposeth the body of that tender Virgin, who being as innocent as her name, suffered Martyrdom at thirteen, and triumphed over the World before she could know it.

Close by stands the Church of *S. Constantia*, another holy primitive Virgin. Here I saw the
Famous

Famous Tomb, commonly called *Bacchus* his Tomb, but falsely, seeing it was the Tomb of *S. Constantia*. It's a vast *arca*, or Chest of one Porphyry stone, above half a Foot thick, and six Foot long. It's all cut on the outside with a *basso rilievo* in a most admirable manner.

From hence crossing over the Fields, I went to *Burbefis Villa* and garden, which are a little half mile from the Town. This is the greatest *Villa* that's about *Rome*. For here you have store of walks, both open and close, Fish-ponds, vast Cages for Birds, thickets of Trees, store of Fountains, a Park of Deer, a world of Fruit-trees, Statues of all sizes, Banquetting places, *Grotta's*, Wetting-sports, and a stately Palace adorned with so many rare Statues and Pictures, that their Names make a Book in *Ottavo*, which I refer you to. As for the Palace it self, it's compassed on both sides, by a fair semi-circle of Statues, which stand before the two doors, like old *Penates* and *Lares*. The Wall of the House is overcrusted with a world of *Anticallie*, or old Marble-pieces of Antiquity: As that of *Curtius* spurring into the *Vorago*: That of *Europa* hurried away by *Jupiter*, become a Bull, with a world of such like Fables. Entring into the house, I saw divers Rooms full of Curiosities.

1. In the great Hall stands the Statue of *Diana* in Oriental Alabaster, which was once a Deity adored by *Augustus Cæsar*. Here also hang two great Pictures, the one representing a *Cavalcata* when the Pope goeth abroad in Ceremony; the other a *Cavalcata*, when the great *Turk* goeth abroad in Pomp.

2. In

2. In another Room stands the Statue of one of the famous Gladiators anciently, who fought alone against twenty others, and being wounded to death, seems to threaten with his looks all his Beholders. It's terribly well made.

3. In one of the Chambers above, is the head, in Profile, of *Alexander* the great, cut in Marble.

4. In another Room below I saw the Statue of *Seneca* bleeding to death. It's of a black stone like Jeat, than which nothing can be blacker but the crimes of *Nero* the *Magistricide*, who put this rare man, his Master, to death.

5. The Statue also of *Daphne* and *Apollo* in Alabastar; *Apollo* running after *Daphne*, and she stiffening into a Tree, being overtaken, her Fingers shooting into Branches, and her Toes into Roots, are admirably well done. It must be *Bernini's* work.

6. The Statue also of *Aeneas* carrying his old Father *Anchises* upon his Back, out of burning *Troy*. The young Man is brawny and strong; the old man is made lean and weak: As also the young man shews a great deal of tender affection towards his Father, and the Father as much fear in his looks.

7. The Statue also of *David* slinging at *Goliath*. He frowns so terribly as he slings, that you would swear he intends to fright him with his looks, and then kill him with his sling. These two last Statues are also of the hand of *Cavalier Bernini*.

8. In another Chamber above, I saw the great Chair which locketh fast any Man that sitteth down in it. It's said to be a Chair of Revenge, or a Trap-chair for an Enemy: But methinks it would

would be a fine Chair for a restless Student ; or a Gossiping Wife.

I saw here also some toys for young men ; as the Clock, which being wound up, playeth a tuneable Dance, and little Men and Women of Iron painted handsomely, dance in a ring to that tune, by vertue of the Wheels. The Fools Paradise representing first a fine green Garden of Flowers, then a Palace, and lastly a neat Library, is made also to recreate Children.

Returning from this *Villa* by the back door which leadeth to the *Porta del Populo*, I stept into the Church of *Madonna del Populo*. This Church hath been much beautified of late by Pope *Alexander* the VII. because of some of his Ancestors buried here. Here I saw the famous statue of *Jonas*, made by the command of *Raphael Urbin*, who shewed the Sculptors of his time how perfectly he possessed the Theory of Sculpture, if he would but have dirtied his Fingers with that dirty Art. In a Chappel near the Gospel side of the high Altar, I saw a good Picture of the hand of *Guido Rheni*. Where now the high Altar stands, stood anciently the Tomb of *Nero*.

Going on from hence on the left hand, towards the *Piazzadi Spagna*, I first passed by the great *Guglia*, or *Egyptian Pyramid*, carved all over with Hieroglyphs. It's looked upon by three streets, and seen afar off. Then passing a little further, I came to the *Greek Church and College*, where, upon certain days, I saw their Ceremonies, and heard the Mass sung in Greek, after the Greek manner. These *Grecians* are in union with the Roman Church ; and have a Seminary of young Students

Madonna del Populo.

The Greek College.

Students of their Country, maintained by the Pope to return to their Country in Mission.

Mounting from hence on the left hand to the top of the Hill, by the Coach way, I went into the *Villa* of the great Duke, where I saw the neat Gardens with Fountains, two or three huge Vessels of Marble, and store of Statues, both in the Palace, and in the long Gallery. That of the two Gladiators wrestling: That of the Clown whetting his Sithe, and hearing the Conspirators of *Cataline* speaking of their Conspiracy, which he discovered, is one of the best pieces of Sculpture in *Rome*. That of *Cupid* and *Venus* are admirable. From the Chamber-window of this Palace, you have a perfect sight of *Rome* under you. In the Garden there is a little *Guglia*, with many other Curiosities.

Villa Ludovisa.

The first House.

Going out from this Garden, by the back door, I crossed over the Street, and was presently at the back door also of the *Villa Ludovisa*, belonging to the Prince *Ludovisio*. This *Villa* stands in an excellent air, being seated high. There are two Houses in this Garden, and both furnished with exquisite Rarities. That which stands near this back door, afforded me these curiosities. A rare Picture of the Blessed Virgin *Mary*, made by *Guido Rheni*. It's the best Picture of her that ever I saw. A Rich Cabinet, with the Picture of Pope *Gregory XV.* in a *Cameo*, and other rich Stones adorning it. A neat little Closet full of divers rarities; as a true *Hydra's* skin with seven necks, a petrified *fungus*: The true Picture of *Francis* the first of *France*, with that also of his Physician, both made by *Laurenzo Vinci*, and esteemed rare pieces, with many other little curiosities.

riofities. In another Room, the heads in white marble, of *Gregory* the XV. and his Nephew Cardinal *Ludovifio*. A Chamber full of curious Glaffes. Upon the Stairs a little *Cupid* fo loaden with a Quiver of Arrows, that another little *Cupid* is forced to hold them up behind him. But that which is the moft rare thing in this *Villa*, or perchance in any in *Rome*, is the incomparable bedstead which is feen in one of the Chambers of this Palace. It's all of precious ftones, and valued at an Hundred Thoufand Crowns. The four Bed-pofts are all of Oriental polished *Jafper*. The reft of it is of other rich Stones; but the head of it exceeds far the reft, for Riches and Art, efpecially the midft of it, where the Arms of the Family of *Ludovifio*, are curioufly fet in rich Stones of feveral colours, according to the colours of the Coat of Arms. Here you have bunches of Grapes, fome red, fome white, but all of rich Stones. Here are vaft *Amethyfts*, one fquare, another round in pyramidal form. Here *Phaeton* in his Chariot in a *Camco*, with the Wheels of his Chariot of precious Stones; and a world of fuch rich work, which makes his Bedstead the *nonplus* of art and magnificence. I do not know for all that, why Beds fhould be made of Stones, though precious ones? If it be for the Princefs of this houfe to be brought to Bed in, it portends unto her a hard labour; if to lodge in it the everlafting fame of the greatuefs of this Family, it is a vain labour; feeing precious ftones will moulter away in time, as other ftones do.

Omnia mortalia mortalitati damnata.

For my part, the best use I know for it, is, to lay the petrified Man in, whom we shall find presently in the other Palace of this *Villa*: Beds of stone are fittest for Men of stone.

Hard by this house stand the Fountains and Water-works, which, with their shady Trees, correct the hottest Beams of the *Italian* Sun, and afford unto the owner of this *Villa*, Rain and Clouds of his own at will, even in *June* and *July*.

The second House.

From hence crossing through the Garden, I went to the other house that stands in it, where I was shewn, in the several Chambers, many curious things; As, two brave old Gladiators in stone, sitting down: Four rare pieces of *Guido Rheni*, to wit, a *St. Francis*, a *Lucretia*, a *Judith*, and a *Conversion of St. Paul*: Divers curious Pictures of the hand of *Titian*, *Raphael*, *Michel Angelo*, *Carraccio* and others: A rare head in marble of *Scipio Affricanus*: The head of *Seneca* in busto, of great value. *Cicero's* head also in busto: Some rich Tables of inlaid stones; the little Boys in Ivory greater than I thought it possible for Ivory to have furnished: two rare *Apollo's* in white marble; the Oracle of *Porphyry* which spake once: the statue of an old Gladiator dying of his wounds, in a great square box lined with Velvet. I saw the body of a petrified man, that is, a man turned into stone. One piece of the leg (broken to assure an Embassador, doubting of the verity of the thing) shewed me plainly both the Bone and the Stone crusted over it. The head

A Petrified Man.

Part II. A Voyage through Italy.

III

head and the other parts lie jumbled up together in the Box. If you ask me why they do not put this Body into some Tomb to bury it, I answer you, that it needs no other Tomb than this crust of Stone. Indeed I never saw a body so neatly intombed as this: You would swear that this Tomb is a pure *Justaucorps* rather than a Tomb: It sits as close as if a Taylor had made it. And that you may not think it an impossible thing that men should be thus petrified, I must mind you what *Ortelius* saith, that upon the Mountains situated in the Western parts of *Tartary* are seen figures of Men, Cammels, Sheep and other Beasts, which by an admirable Metamorphosis, were changed into Stones, about three hundred years ago. And *Aristotle* himself speaks of men petrified in the hollow cave of a Mountain near *Pergamus*. In another Chamber stands a great Clock of brass, gilt, as tall as a man, and it stands indeed; for I think it hath not gone since it went out of *Germany* to *Rome*. They tell us pretty things that this Clock did, when it was young; but now it cannot so much as stir its hand: Thus time cashiers at last its own *Heralds*; and breaketh the Clocks by which we know her. In another Chamber of this house I saw a new Statue in pure white Marble, of the rape of *Proserpina*: It's of the hand of *Bernini*. In another Room I saw the rare Statue of *Cestius Marius*, killing himself with his dagger, upon sight of his dead Daughter, who had killed her self for fear of falling into the hands of a lustful Emperor. Descending from hence into a long low Gallery of Statues, I found here some very good ones as that of *Junius Brutus*, of *Nero*, of *Domitian*, &c.

Ortelius
in Tab.
Geograph.
Russiæ.

Aristot.
lib. de an.
c. 50.

But

But the best thing I saw there was the head of *Olympias* (Mother of *Alexander the Great*) in a *basso rilievo*, and in a frame.

The Capu-
cins.

Going out of this *Villa* by the great door behind the *Capucins*, I stepped into the Church of the said *Capucins*, and saw there in the second Chapel on the left hand the Tomb of *Santo Felice*, a Lay-brother of this Order, famous all *Rome* over for his known Sanctity. Here lies also buried Cardinal *Antonio Barberino*, brother to Pope *Urban the VIII.* otherwise called Cardinal *Sant' Onofrio*, who having been long a *Capucin*, was made Cardinal by his Brothers express command; and being Cardinal, lived still a *Capucin* in the esteem of all that knew him. His humility would not so much as let his name be set upon his Tomb-stone; but instead of it, and his other Titles, I found only these words, *hic jacet umbra, cinis, nihil.* This Cardinal, and Cardinal *Mazat*, made by *Clement the VIII.* are all the Cardinals that the *Capucins* order hath had.

Palazzo
Barberino.

Over against the *Capucins* stands the Palace of the Family of *Barberini* possessed now by the Prince of *Palestrina* of that Family, this is one of the noblest Palaces in *Rome*, for its stately situation upon an hills side; for the two neat stair-cases; the noble Painting in the roof of the great Hall by *Pietro di Cartona*; the world of Statues and Pictures in the Gallery; the rare sequens of Chambers, one going into another; the double *appartement*; each capable to lodge any King in, and each rarely furnished; in fine, for the rare Library of Cardinal *Francesco Barberino*.

Descending from hence towards the *Minims* of *Trinita di Monte*, I stepped into a little Church
of

of *Spanish Augustins*, called *Santo Ildefonso*, which *S. Ildefonso*
 I cannot pass by without taking notice of; be-
 cause I think no body else doth, it is so little; yet
 having described the greatest Church of *Rome* *The least.*
 (*St. Peters*) so exactly; I cannot but say some- *Church in*
 thing of the least Church in *Rome*: Dwarfs are *Rome.*
 Men as well as Gyants, and though this Church
 may seem rather to be a map or model of a
 Church, than a true Church; yet seeing it hath
 not only all the lineaments, features, and meen
 of a Church, but also all the noble parts of a
 Church, as High Altars, Side Chappels, Cupola,
 Quire, &c. I fear not to call it a Church, tho'
 for bigness, it would not make the little finger of
St. Peters.

From hence I went streight on to the *Minims* *The Church*
 of *Trinita di Monte*, belonging to *France*, and *St.* *of Trinita*
Francis of *Paula's* Order. This Convent is the *di Monte.*
 best seated of any in *Rome*, and one of the noblest,
 being founded by King *Lewis* the XI. of *France*,
 overlooking all *Rome*, and looked upon recipro-
 cally by the best places in *Rome*. In the Church
 I saw divers good pieces, as the Assumption of
 our Lady by *Zuccary*, the Picture of the taking
 down of our Saviour from the Cross by *Raphael*;
 the Picture of our Saviour's appearing to *St. Ma-*
ry Magdalen, by *Julio Romano* *Raphael's* Scholar,
 and imitating very much in this Picture *Raphael's*
 colours. See in the dormitory of this Convent the
 curious perspective of *S. Francis* of *Paula*, and a
 rare Sun Dial ingeniously contrived.

Descending from hence into the *Piazza di Spag-* *Piazza di*
na I saw the Fountain of the ship, which in sum- *Spagna.*
 mer nights they let overflow, to cool the *Piazza*
 and the neighbouring streets. In this *Piazza* stands

*Collegio de
propaganda
fide.*

the Palace of the *Spanish Ambassador*, belonging always to him that is *Embassador* here. In the end of the *Piazza* stands the *College de propaganda Fide*, of propagating the Faith, founded by *Urban the VIII.* to maintain divers students of the Eastern Countries, and even of *India* and *Ethiopia* too, who having finished their studies in this College, are sent back again to their several Countries, with great profit and advantage to those poor Infidels, who would sit still in the darkness of infidelity, were it not for the Pope's care and charity.

*Fontana de
Trevi.*

From hence I steered to the *Piazza* of the *Fontana de Trevi*, and in my way, saw divers stately Palaces, inhabited by Cardinals, because they stand near the Foot of *Montecavallo*, where the Pope resides. This Fountain of *Treve* is not yet finished, as to the structure that was intended; but only the water is brought hither, and in that quantity, that it seems to make three little Rivers, at the three mouths, out of which it gusheth.

*The Maro-
nites Col-
lege.*

From hence I went nearer unto the foot of the hill *Montecavallo*, and stept into the College of the *Maronites*, in whose Church I heard them singing Mass in their own language, and after their own rites, as the Christians of Mount *Libanus* have immemorably used to do. Their language is *Arabic*, and they have always kept themselves free from *Heresies*; and in Union with the *Roman Church*, these five Hundred years.

*SS. Aposto-
li.*

From hence I went to the Church of the *SS. Apostoli*, built in honour of the Twelve Apostles, by *Constantine the Great*, who in honour of those Holy

Holy Apostles, carried out of the Foundation, twelve Baskets of Earth, upon his own Shoulders. In this Church lies buried, St. *Philip* and *Jacob*, two Apostles. In the *Piazza* before this Church, stand four fine Palaces; that of the Prince *Colonna*, that of Cardinal *Ghisi*, that of Cardinal *Sforza*, and that of the *Signori Muti*.

Crossing from hence into the *Corso*, I took an *The Corso*, exact observation of this Street, which is the fairest in *Rome*. It's called the *Corso*, because here it is that they make Horses run against Horses, Jews against Jews, Boys against Boys, and the like, in *Carneval* time. Here also it is that the *Mascarades* march in *Carneval* time, and make themselves and others merry: And all this is allowed the *Italians*, that they may give a little vent to their Spirits, which have been stifled in for a whole year, and are ready else to choak with gravity and melancholy; most men here living alone in their Houses and Chambers. If our Statesmen in *England* had gone on in the course their wise Ancestors had shewed, and had suffered, as they did, some honest recreations to the People, as Bowling, Shooting, Racing, &c. to give vent to their active Spirits, we had all been happier: But while both the Tribunals, and the Pulpits thundred out against moderate Recreations and Assemblies, out of Fear and Faction, they made the humour of the English men grow so sour and Bitter, that nothing would please them, but flat Rebellion, and Fanatick Heresies. Now here in *Rome*, once a year, in *Carneval* time, every one vents his humour according to his fancy, and (as it seems) according to his need. One plays the Doctor of the

Law, and goes up and down the streets with his Book in his Hand, disputing with every man he meets, and uttering pure rallery : And if by chance two such Doctors meet, they make sport enough for half an hour, by their abusing one another. Four of these pretended Doctors, with their Gowns and Caps on, and their Books of the *Codex* before them, got an Ass into their Coach, who had also another Book before him ; and thus they went along the streets, studying and turning over their Books. Another takes himself to be a grand *Cyrus*, and goes a Horse-back, with a rich *Persian* Habit, and Plumes highly mounted. One went a Foot gravely, with a Cloak on, and cried a *Secret against Mice*, and opening his Cloak, shewed a *Cat* that he had under his Arm ; another went up and down the street, combing his Hair like a *Spaniard*, saluting the Ladies, and twirling up his Mustaches with a stayed gravity. Some go in Coaches and there play on Instruments : Others go on great Carts, with little stages of boards thrown upon them, and there act little Plays as they go along, and abuse Tradesmen. One rides like a Physician upon a Mule, with a world of Urinals hung round about him. Others ride gravely through the streets, with great Cloak-bags behind them, as if they came from *Polonia*. Some Princes here make glorious *Carro's*, with four Horses on a breast, drawing them, and with rare Pageants upon them, and a great train of Horsemen and Trumpeters clad exotically, accompanying the *Carro* in a most glorious manner. Some Noblemen of highest Quality, as Dukes and Princes, I have seen going a Foot, pelting, with sugar-plumbs,

plumbs, those that were in Coaches and Windows, and angering them with their sugar affronts. But never did any *Mascarade* please like that speculative *Italian*, who mocked both the *French* and the *Spaniards* at once, by walking up and down the street, clad half like a *Don*, and half like a *Monsieur*. One side of his hair hung down in a long curled lock, powdered white: The other side was black and sweaty. Half of his beard was turned downwards: The other half was turned up with Irons, and twirled in like the hilt of an old Dagger. One eye was bare, and the other had a Glass or half Spectacle before it, held on by a small wire from under his Hat. Half his Hat was a narrow three fingered-brim'd Hat, with a little half Feather upon the Brim: The other half of it was a broad Brim, without so much as a Hat-band. One half of his Band about his neck, was of a broad bone Lace, starched white, the other half was made of coarse Lawn, starched blew, and standing out upon a pickydilly of wire. Half of his Face looked white with Meal and Powder, the other half looked black and tawny. Half of his Doublet was white Satin with an open Sleeve, and a world of shirt huffing about his wrist, and half on his waist; the other half was of black Freeze, with a black Taffety sleeve close and strait to the arm, and a hanging sleeve of Freeze. One half of his Breeches was of Scarlet, and vastly wide at the knee, with a confusion of Ribbons, of six colours; the other half was of black Taffety, close at the knee. Upon one leg he had a Linnen Stocking, with a great laced Canon turn'd down to his half leg; on the other he had a black silk

Stocking drawn up close. In fine, on one Foot he had a white Spanish Leather Shoe, with a stiff knot of six coloured Ribbond, a quarter of an Ell long; on the other a little black flat soled Shoe, tied with a short narrow Ribbond. Thus this moral *Hermaphrodite*, and walking Emblem of peace, between the two Nations, walked up and down the *Corso* gravely; yet laughing within himself, to see how he carried about him two such *Antipathetical* Nations in one Suit of Cloaths. By this you may guess at their other fooleries in *Carneval* time, and see how innocently they divert themselves: For you must know, that none are suffered to carry Swords or Arms, while they go masked thus; nor to enter into any house, nor to be abroad masked after it grows dark; nor to do or speak any thing scandalously, that may shock civility or publick view: for which reason here are always Guards set, and Sergeants riding up and down the Street of the *Corso*, to keep all in order, and to make even Mirth observe Decency.

In this Street also of the *Corso* it is that Noblemen and Ladies take the Air every fair Evening in their Coaches. For this reason there are many fine Palaces built in this Street; as the Palace of *Signor Vitelleschi*, where I saw ten Chambers on a floor, and all of them filled with a rare Collection of Pictures and Statues. Among the Statues I was pleased exceedingly with that of *Cincinnatus*, and with that of *Brutus*, defac'd by the command of the Senate, where the very marks of the punches of the Halberts wherewith they defac'd it, are yet seen. Not far from it stands the Palace of *Principe Pamfilio*, in which I saw
more

Some Palaces in the
Corso.

more Riches and rare Furniture than in any house in *Rome*, or almost in *Italy*. For here they shew'd me excellent Plate of Gold and Silver: an Agate Cross fixed upon a foot of the root of *Saphyr-Stone*, and under it a *Basis* beset round about it *Cameos* cut into Pictures: a great Silver Crucifix upon an Ebony Frame, the whole worth 12000 Crowns: a rare Cabinet with the Picture of our blessed Lady in it, the whole valued at 6000 Crowns: a Sword whose Hilt is of three great Turkey-Stones of great value: a Basin of gold set thick with Turkey-Stones: three or four great *Rezoar* Stones, as big as Pearmaens, which had been presented to *Clement* the VIII from all Parts, because he stood in need of them: a rich Mitre, set with precious Stones of great value, and a world of curious Originals of the best Painters hands: curious Saddles, Harness, Liveries of show Embroidered with Gold and Silver, with many other rich Curiosities. The other Palaces in the *Corso* are these; that of *Principe Carbo-niano*; that of Cardinal *Franciotti*; that of *Don Augustino Chisi*, that of *Principe Ludovisio*, that of the Duke *Caetano*.

The Palace
of Pam-
filio.

There are also in this Street some Churches worth taking notice of; as that of *St. Maria in Via Lata*, which stands near the Palace of the Prince *Pamfilio*. It's an ancient Church, and Cardinals Title. *Baronius* saith, that it's built there where *St. Paul* lodged at his first coming to *Rome*. It's said also that in the Oratory here *St. Luke* wrote the Acts of the Apostles.

Santa Ma-
ria in Via-
Lata.

There is also in the *Corso* the Church of *St. Marcello*, a title of a Cardinal. It was built in the place where anciently stood the Temple of the

S. Marcel-
lo.

Infamous *Egyptian* Goddess *Isis*, which *Tiberius* himself caused to be pulled down, the Idol thrown into *Tyber*, and all the Priests of it to be crucified; for having favoured a great crime committed by a *Roman* Lady. Behind this Church stands the Oratory of *St. Marcello*, called the Oratory of the Holy Crucifix, where there is a famous *Confraternity* in which many noble Men of *Rome* are enrolled. Every *Friday* in *Lent* there is excellent Music, and one of the best Preachers in *Rome*. From hence also in the Holy year I saw march a Procession of 15000 Men, all in black Buckram Coats to the Heels, with a white Torch in their hands; and they went from hence on the Night of *Manday Thursday* unto *St. Peters* Church.

St. Carlo
in Corso.

Then the Church of *St. Carlo* in *Corso*, where I saw the Heart of *St. Charles Barromeo* in a Chrystal case. This Church belongs to the *Milanesi*.

St. Jacomo de gl' Incurabili.

Then the Church of *St. Jacomo de gl' Incurabili*, a neat round Church belonging to the Hospital here, where they that are afflicted with incurable diseases, are entertain'd and well tended.

The Convent of the repented Whores.

Lastly, the Church of the Penitent Whores with their Convent; where all those poor Souls that repent themselves of their bad life, are receiv'd and kept all their Life-time, at the cost of this Convent. And here I found a great difference between this Convent and the house in *Amsterdam*, where Whores are clap'd up. For here these poor Souls are lock'd up with their own consent and desire: there they are lock'd up by force and violence. Here the poor Women do great acts of Austerities and Penance; as the bloody Walls of their Cells, laid open by a Conflagration,

on, shewed unto all the City : there the young Women laugh, and are merry. Here no Man is permitted to speak alone with them, except their Confessor and Physician ; there many Men go to prattle and pass their time with those wanton Girls, at a separation of rails. Here a Vail hides these poor Womens faces : there I saw divers with black Patches on their Faces. Here all signs of true Repentance are seen, there none. Here the love of Virtue and Penance locks up these : there the vice of Love locks in those, and not true Repentance ; for really all the Repentance I saw there was, that it repented me, that I had suffered mine Host (who would needs shew me all the Rarities of *Amsterdam*) to lead me thither.

O but said an *Hollander* to me, the Pope allows Whores in *Rome*. *objection.*

To whom I answered, no more Sir, than your *Answer.* States do Drunkenness, which is a greater Sin of the two, because it rides double, and carrieth Luxury behind it. Do not drink Wine in which is Luxury, *Ephes. 5.*

But saith an *English* Writer, I am told that *objec.* the Pope both permits, and takes Money of them too for that permission.

You have been told many other false tales by *Ans.* those who think it lawful to tell untruths, so they speak but against the Pope : in the mean time I *Fenton in* that have been five times in *Rome*, can tell you *his Treatise* the contrary ; if, by permitting, you mean allowing and approving of them in that course. There's a great difference between allowing and permitting a thing. *Moses* allowed not, but yet permitted the Libel of divorce to the *Jews*, for the hardness of their Hearts. So Usury is permitted, *Mat. 1. 8.* *of Usury.* *l. 2. c. 9.*
but

but not allowed in divers Countries for Trades sake.

Object.

But why takes he Money of them?

Answer.

This Money is taken up by you upon credit, not the Pope. For the Pope is so far from receiving any Money of these drabs, that he goes to great cost to hinder their trading. No Man perhaps hath told you this, and therefore I'll tell you: know then that the Pope, to hinder all young Women from being naught, hath founded Hospitals for poor Girls, where they are carefully brought up till they become either married wives, or Nuns. Nay he gives them Dowries also to execute this their choice, distributing yearly, upon the Feast of our Lady day, in Lent, in the Church of the *Dominicans*, *supra Minervam*, a Purse of Money a piece, to three hundred young Maids who are presented to him by the Overseers of the aforesaid Hospitals. Nor is this all, for he causeth young Girls of tender years to be taken from their poor suspected Mothers, lest Poverty *qua cogit ad turpia*, should make them sacrifice those tender Virgins to Rich Mens Lusts. In fine, he hath caused a Monastery to be built in Rome to receive those poor unfortunate Women in, who would leave that infamous course, if they had but means to live on. Nay, he granteth Indulgences to any that will marry any of those Women to free them from that lewd Course, and make them mend. All this the Pope doth, and much more; which would be a destroying of his own trade and gain, if it were true, that he countenanceth and alloweth of Whores for his gain. No Miller ever turned the Current of Water from his own Mill.

Petrus &
S. Romu-
aldo in his
Chronolo-
gical Treas-
ure.

Object.

But why doth not the Pope discountenance
and

and punish Whores that are known to be such?

He doth so. For it is not a discountenancing of *Answ.* them, to forbid them to come to publick Meetings, and Assemblies, where women of Honour meet? as at the *Corso*, in the Evenings; at public Marriages; at their sung *Opera's* and the like? Is it not a discountenancing of them to forbid them to go in Coaches in the day time; or to stir out of doors in the night? Is it not a punishment to them to forbid them to live together, where they might encourage one another, and pass their time more chearfully? But for the most part they live alone, condemned to the melancholy horror of their Crimes, and the Solitude of seven whole weeks in *Lent*; when, upon pain of rigorous Punishments and Imprisonment, they dare not admit of any Customers. The like rigour is used against them also in Advent, that during the space of those holy times, these unholy Women may have time to think of themselves, and admit of Gods holy Inspirations for their amendment. Is it not a Punishment to them to be oblig'd to enter their names publickly in the List of Whores? For if *Tacitus* *Tacit. Ann. 2.* observes that the old Romans, *Satis penarum adversum impudicas in ipsa professione flagitii apud Aediles credebant*; thought it Punishment enough, against unchast Women, in their very professing themselves to be such before the *Aediles*. I cannot but think it a great Punishment to Christian Whores (who are at least as sensible as the Heathens, of the horrible Disgrace of having their Name listed) to be thus defam'd for ever, by remaining Whores upon Record. Is it not a punishing of them, to deprive them all their Life-time (as long as they live Whores) of the holy Sacraments; and after their Death, of Christian Burial?

al? Is it not a Punishment, and a deterring of them from Vice, to throw their Bodies when they die into an obscure place, out of the Walls of the Town, as if they deserv'd no other Burial-places than that of Asses? Is it not, in fine, a Punishment to them not to be allow'd to make any Will or Testament, but to leave all their Goods confiscated either to the Hospitals of poor honest Girls, or to the maintaining of those Guards, that are to watch over their deportments? If these Punishments both of Body, Soul, and Honour, be inflicted upon Whores in *Rome*, as they are, do not urge any more, that Whores are not punished in *Rome*, nor discountenanced.

Objct. But why doth not the Pope punish them home, and root them quite out by banishment?

Answ. This hath been attempted by divers Popes, and namely by *Pius Quintus* of happy memory; (as *Tbuanus* in his History writes) but seeing greater inconveniencies, and greater sins arose upon it, Prudence, which is the Salt that must season all moral Actions, thought it not fit to carry on that rigor; nor yet allow of Fornication neither. So that all the permission of Whores in *Rome*, that can colourably be imagin'd, is only a not Punishing of them in all rigor; and even that too, for a good end; and to hinder greater Evils.

Objct. But the Pope being both a Temporal and an Ecclesiastical Superior, is bound, in my Mind, to break through all reports, and settle Innocency in the World.

Answ. It's Zealously spoken, and I wish he could do it; but *difficilem rem optas, generis humani innocentiam*, he wisheth a hard thing, who wisheth for the Innocency of Mankind, saith a Wise Man. And if Princes

Princes sometimes do not punish factious Subjects, when they see that the punishing of them would pull the whole State to pieces over their heads, and put the whole Kingdom in danger, as it did in *Henry the Third's* time in *France*, upon his causing of the Duke of *Guise* to be killed in *Blois*: if Generals of Armies take no notice of some treacherous Commander, who is universally belov'd by the Soldiers; lest the punishing of one Man, lose them the affection of the whole Army, as we saw lately in the case of *Lubemirsky* (how truly guilty I know not) and some years ago I remember, in the case of *Walstein*, whose Punishment had almost undone the Emperor: why may not the Pope, without approving the Sin of Whores, prudently wave the punishing of it with all Rigor, when he sees that such rigor would cause greater disorders in that hot Nation, and in that City where all nations seem to club Vices, as Virtues? Hence learned *Abulensis*, a great Divine *In c. 8.* faith; *Lecet leges humane aliqua mala permittant l. 1. Reg. non puniendo, nullum tamen malum permittunt statuendo.*

But the Pope should not govern according either to humane Policy, or humane Laws and Examples. *Object.*

You pretend Zeal, but you would do well to *Ans.* take her Sister Prudence with her, as our Saviour did, who when he heard his Disciples desiring him to let them call down Fire from Heaven upon the criminal *Samaritans*, answer'd them calmly, *Luke 9.* you know not of what Spirit you are. Nay doth not God himself, who being able to punish all criminal Persons, and root them quite out of the World,

World, suffer both his Sun to Rise and shine upon Sinners, and Sinners to offend in this Sunshine, and often by it? Hence St. Thomas saith much to my purpose: *Humanum regimen derivatur a divino regimine & ipsum debet imitari. Deus autem quamvis sit Omnipotens, ac summe bonus, permittit tamen aliqua mala fieri in universo, quæ prohibere posset; ne iis sublati, majora bona tollerentur, vel majora mala sequerentur. Humane Government is deriv'd from Divine Government, and ought to imitate it. Now God although he be Almighty, and highly good, yet he permits Evils to be done in the World, which he could hinder, lest by taking away them, greater Goods should be taken away, or greater Evils should follow. But I wade too far in this puddle: yet remember who thrust me into it, and you'll pardon me.*

St. Silvestro in Capite.

Behind the Church and Convent of the afore-said Penitents, stands the Church of *San Silvestro in Capite*, so called from the Picture of our Saviour's Head and Face, which our Saviour himself made by Miracle, and sent to *Abagarus*, King of *Edessa*; as you may read at length in *Baronius*, and in *Bosius* in his rare Book called *Roma Soterranea*. Now this Picture is kept here in this Monastery, and with great Probability, seeing it was here that divers Greek Monks, driven out of their Country by *Constantine Capronimus*, for the defence of Sacred Images, were entertained by Pope *Paul* the first; and it's very likely that these good Men brought with them this famous Picture of our Saviour, to save it from the fury of the *Inconoclasts*.

Returning

Returning from hence into the *Corso* again, I went to see there the *Colonna d' Antonino*, the *Colonna Antonia*. great Pillar of *Antoninus* the Emperor. It's built just like that of *Trajan* describ'd above. It was built by *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus* the Emperor, in honour of his Father *Antonius Pius*. It's all of white Marble, engraven without with a *Basso rilievo* from top to bottom, containing the memorable actions of *M. Aurelius*. It's 175 foot high, and hath in it 206 stairs which lead up to the top of it, and 56 little Windows giving light to those Stairs: and yet this high Pillar was made of 28 Stones of Marble. The Carving that is upon it contains the brave Actions of *Marcus Aurelius* over the *Armenians*, *Parthians*, *Germans*, *Wandals*, and *Sarmats*, or *Polonians*, but age hath so defac'd these *Bassi relievi* that it is hard to decipher them. He that's curious to know them, may buy them in the printed Cuts sold in *Rome*. Upon the top of this Pillar stands mounted the Statue in Brass gilt, of *St. Paul*, set up here by *Sixtus Quintus*. From the top of this Pillar I had a perfect view of *Rome*, and of almost all the seven Hills upon which it is built, and are within the Walls: which are these.

The seven Hills of Rome.

1. The *Capitolin Hill*, where now *Ara Cœli* stands, and the *Conservatorio*. *Mons Capitolinus.*
2. The *Palatin Hill*, I could not see because it stands behind the former. It was so called from the Emperor's Palace that stood upon it. *Palatinus.*
3. The *Aventine Hill* so called from *Aventinus*, King of *Alba*, buried here where now *St. Sabinas* is. *Aventinus.*
4. The *Cœlian Hill* beginning at *St. Gregories*, *Cælius*, and running to *St. John Lateran's*.

5. The

Esquilinus. 5. The *Esquiline* Hill, *Exquilinus quasi excubinus*, because of the nightly Watch and Guard upon it. Here stands *St. Mary Majors*.

Viminalis. 6. The *Viminal* Hill, so called from *Vimina*, that is, *Osiers*: wherewith it was anciently covered. Here stands the *Thermæ Diocletiani*, and the *Villa Montalto*.

Quirinalis. 7. The *Quirinal* Hill, so called from the Temple of *Quirinus*, or *Romulus*, which stood upon it. Here now stands *Montecavallo*. These were the seven ancient Hills of *Rome*, to which were added three more, to wit, the *Fanicle* hill, so called, from *Janus* buried here. Here stands *St. Petro Montorio*.

Vaticanus. The *Vatican* hill, so called from the *Vaticinations* and Soothsayings made here. *St. Peters* Church stands now upon it.

Pincius, or hortuorum. The *Pincian* hill, now called *Montrinita*. Descending from hence, I went to the *Pazzorella*, where they keep Madmen and Fools; and saw there strange variety of humours in Folly: yet I was pleased to see with what Charity and Care those poor Men were tended there.

From hence I stept to consider in the *Piazza di Pietra*, the row of curious Pillars which adorn'd the *Basilica* of the Emperor *Antoninus*, who had his Palace here, and his *Forum*.

The Roman College. Then turning by little unfrequented Streets, I came to the *Roman* College belonging to the *Jesuits*.

It's a fair Building, and stands conveniently for Concourse of Scholars from all Parts. Here I saw the Schools and Gallery of famous *Athanasius Kerkerius*, full of pretty Curiosities and Experiences, both *Mechanical*, *Mathematical*, and *Hydraulical*:

*Kerkerius
his Gallery.*

Hydraulical: yet in my Opinion, its far short of *Canonico Settala's* Gallery in *Milan*, or *Monsieur Serviers* in *Lyons*. Here's also a fair Library, having no fault in it but the common fault of most Libraries, to wit, Locks and Key to it. Good Books should be as common as the Sun, seeing they are the lights of our Minds, and made publick by the Press: and I cannot but pity a Book, that is imprison'd and lock'd up in a Library, by saying unto it: *Odisti claves & grata sigilla pudicæ, Paucis ostendi gemis, & communia laudas*. In fine, I saw here the Apothecaries Shop, where a Lay-Brother makes excellent *Roman Treacle*, and other odoriferous Distillations of Sovereign Virtue. The Church belonging to this College is design'd to be a noble thing, but it's but half built, for want of a whole Founder.

From hence I went to the Dominicans Convent, called *La Minerva*, because it's built upon *La Minerva*, the place where anciently stood the Temple of *Minerva*. Hence also the Church is called *Santa Maria supra Minervam*: in this Church I saw many neat Tombs, as those of *Leo the X*, and *Clement the VII*, both Popes of the House of *Medices*: they stand in the Quire, and are neatly wrought by that great Artist *Baccio Bandinelli*. Then the Tomb of Cardinal *Pimentelli*, a modern Cardinal. The Tomb of great Cardinal *Morona*, Legate for the Pope in the Council of *Trent*, and a Man who had been thirteen times *Legatus a Latere*. Here also lie buried the Ashes of *Egidio Foscaria*, Bishop of *Modena*, called in the Council of *Trent*, *Luminare Majus*. The Tomb of a Lady of the Family of the *Raggi*, is very neat for the new manner of spread-

ing (as I may say, and as you would think) of black Marble upon another coloured Marble ; and both of them upon a round Pillar. Here on the Gospel side of the high Altar standeth a Statue of our Saviour, made by *Michel Angelo*, of white Marble ; a rare piece. At the Entrance of the great door of this Church, lies buried, under a plain flat Stone, *Thomas a Vio Caetanus* *St. Thomas of Aquin's* Second, his Brother in Religion, his Name-fake, his learned Commentator, and only not he. Out of humility he would not be buried within the Church, but out of it. In the Sacristy of this Church, I saw the Chappel of *Katherine of Siena*, and this Chappel was once her very Chamber in *Siena* : Cardinal *Antonio Barberino*, Protector of this Order, caused it to be transferred hither from *Siena*. Her Body lieth under the Altar of the *Rosary* in this Church.

St. Andrea della Valle. From the *Minerva* I went to Saint *Andrea della Valle*, a fine Church belonging to the *Theatins*. It's built upon the place where the Theater of *Pompey* stood, anciently ; and where, in latter times, stood the Palace of the Family of the *Piccolomini* ; and perchance this was the reason why two Popes of that Family, to wit, *Pius Secundus*, and *Pius Tertius* are now buried in this Church. The *Cupola* was painted by *Cavalier Lanfranco* ; the three Corners under the *Cupola*, and the Tribune are of the hand of *Domenichini*. The neat Chappel of the *Barberini*, made by Pope *Urban the VIII*, while he was but yet Cardinal, is built upon the very place where *St. Sebastian* was beaten and thrown into a Sink after he had been shot. There had been formerly a little Church built upon

upon this place, and over this Sink, but *Sixtus Quintus* gave leave it should be pulled down, upon condition a Chappel of the new design'd Church should be built in place of it. In fine, take all this Church together, and it is one of the neatest Churches (except the *Basilica*) that are in *Rome*, being of the Architecture of *Maderna*.

In the *Piazza*, or rather the Street which goes before this Church, lived not long ago, *Pietro della Valle*, that ingenious *Roman* Gentleman, who having spent great means in Travelling, hath left us three Volumes in *Quarto* of his curious relations of Voyages. In this house here he had three whole *Mummies* with their Coffins or Cases painted anciently, and adorned with divers *Hieroglyphics*. He spent much Money in buying many other rarities, which he kept also here.

Behind this Church lived, when I first was acquainted with *Rome*, another great *Virtuoso*, and Gentleman of *Rome*, I mean the ingenious *Cavalier Pozzo*, with whom I was brought acquainted, and saw all his Rarities, his curious Pictures, Medals, *Bassi relievi*, his excellent Books of the rarest things in the World, which he caused to be Painted, Copied, and design'd out with great Cost.

From hence I went to the Palace of the Duke *Matthei*, where I saw many good Pictures and Statues, especially that long Picture representing fully the manner of *Clement* the VIII his going from *Rome* to take possession of *Ferrara*.

Thence falling in at *St. Carlo in Catenari*, a neat round Church, I went to the *Cancel-laria*. This Palace was built of the Stones of the *Caliseo*, by Cardinal *Riarii*. The chief thing

I saw in it was the Gallery of Pictures of Cardinal *Barberin*, who being *Vice-Chancellor*, liveth always in this Palace, to exercise his Charge the better.

San Lorenzo in Damaso.

This Palace looks into the Church of *San Lorenzo in Damaso*, a *Collegiate Church*. Under the high Altar reposeth the Body of St. *Damasus Pope*. The Walls of the Body of the Church are rarely painted with the History of St. *Laurence*.

The Palace of Farnesi.

Not far from hence stands the Palace of *Farnesi* belonging to the Duke of *Parma*. Before it stands a noble *Piazza* with two rare Fountains in it. The Palace it self is one of the best in *Rome*, or elsewhere. It makes an Isle, that is, it hath no houses joyning to it. The form of it is square, and it hath, in the midst of every square, a great door, letting you into the Court. This Court is built upon Pillars and Arches, with a fair open Gallery above, letting you into several appartiments. In this Court I saw the famous Statue of *Hercules*, leaning upon his Club, which was found in the *Therme* of *Antoninus Caracalla*: One of the Legs is modern, the rest old, and made by *Glyco* an *Athenian*, as the Greek words upon it told me.

There is another Statue of *Hercules* opposite to it, and just like it, but not so good, being but a Copy of the former. The other Statues here of the two *Flora's*, the two *Gladiators* and others, are excellent pieces. Mounting up the great stairs to go into the Chambers and open Gallery, I saw the curious statue of the Boy and the Dolphin; and at the door of the great Hall, the statues of two *Parthian Captive Kings*. Entering
into

into that Hall, I met presently with the rare statue of *Alexander Farnesi*, Duke of *Parma*, trampling upon two prostrate Statues, representing Heresie and Rebellion, while Fame Crowns him. All these four several Persons are of white Marble, and of one entire stone. Its pity that such a Statue stands not in some more publick place, to teach Men to beware of the Mother and the Daughter, Heresie and Rebellion; and shew them what long hands Kings have. In the same Hall I saw the two excellent statues of Charity and Plenty, in cumbent postures; and they are the Fellows to those two statues which adorn the Tomb of *Paulus Tertius*, the raiser of this Family, in *St. Peter's Church*. Round about this Room also, stand a world of statues of Gladiators, standing with their Swords in their hands, and in several postures, upon their guard. In the next Chamber I saw rare Pictures, containing some actions of *Paulus Tertius*; and they are of the hand of *Salviati* and *Federico Zuccari*. There is also the Picture of *Luther* disputing with *Cajetan*; and a Picture of the four Latin Doctors of the Church, *St. Hierome*, *St. Ambrose*, *St. Augustin*, and *St. Gregory*, of the hand of *Perdonini*. In another Chamber, a world of ancient statues of Philosophers and Poets: As *Euripides*, *Plato*, *Possidonius*, *Zeno*, *Seneca*, *Diogenes*, *Pacchus*, *Meleager*, and others: Another Room full of Pictures of choice hands, and a curious Table of *Pietre Commesse*, about twelve Foot long, and five wide. Then the rare Gallery of statues, with the Roof of it painted most admirably, by the ravishing hand of great *Hunibal Carraccio*, and containing the representation of the

The Statue of Alexander Farnesi.

loves of the Heathen Gods and Goddesses. This Painting may be compared, if not preferred, before all the Galleries of *Rome* or *Europe*; and the very cuts of it in Paper Pictures, sold at the Stationers shop, are most admirable and worth buying. In the same Gallery also stands the incomparable statue of *Apollo*, in a flint stone. Here is also a curious Library, in which, besides the curious Books, are many rare pieces of miniature, and rare Pictures of *Raphael* and *Titian*, and divers excellent designs of the same *Raphael*, and of *Michel Angelo*; that especially of his Judgment. Returning again through the same Rooms, I could not but gaze again at the statue of my favourite *Heros*, *Alexander Farnesi*, and began at last to think that I was mistaken, even now when I said, that *Hercules* his statue stood in the Court below; for upon better reflection, I find no statue in the Palace to resemble *Hercules* so much, as this of *Alexander of Parma*; of whom I may say, as *Sulla* said of *Cæsar*, *In uno Cæsare, multi sunt Marii*: In one *Alexander of Parma*, there are many *Herculeses*.

Then mounting up into an apartment over the former, I saw divers Chambers exquisitely furnished with Pictures and lesser Statues. In the long Gallery there are divers rare pieces, of the hand of *Carraccio*. In the other Rooms many ancient curious things, as an ancient piece of Painting, found in *Adrian's Villa*, and made fifteen hundred years ago; another ancient Picture of *Eugenius* the IV. studying, and *St. Bernard* standing by him. A rare design of *Vassari*, representing a Town in *Flanders*, taken by *Alexander Farnesi*. *Michael Angelo's* true Picture. The Ve-

nus of *Michael Angelo*. The little old Picture of our Lady, and *St. John Baptist* in a small Mosaic work. A Crucifix in Ivory of *Michael Angelo's* making. The design, or rather the perfect model of the Bridge thrown over the *Sceld*, by which *Alexander Farnesi* took *Antwerp*. A great Cabinet of *Medals*, with a world of other rarities, too long to be related, but never enough to be seen.

Then descending into a little back Court, I saw there the famous *Toro*. It is a statue of a great Bull, to whose Horns, a Rope being tied at one end, and at the other end of it a Womans hair, two lusty Fellows are striving to push this Bull from a promontory, into the Sea below, and the Woman together with him, to make her away. The story is known, and it is of *Amphion* and *Zetus*, who to revenge their Mother *Antiope*, for the wrong done her by *Dirce* (who had got *Licus* King of *Thebes*, to repudiate *Antiope*, for to marry her) took this *Dirce*, and tying her to a Bulls Horns, threw them both, the Bull and the Woman into the Sea. The Bull, the two Brothers, the Woman, a little Boy, and a Dog, are all cut out of one Marble stone. The snatling Fellow that keeps this Bull, or rather, whom this Bull keeps, will tell you another story of this Statue through the Nose: But seeing he tells his story as well as tells it, you had better give him a *Julio* betimes, to be rid of him, than hear another long and new Fable.

Going from hence into the great *Piazza* again, I stept into the house of the *Signori Pighini*, which stands over against the Palace of *Farnesi*; to see two Statues, the one of *Venus*, the other

of *Adonis*; both ancient ones, and so rarely made, that the Earl of *Arondel*, late Lord Marshal of *England*, offered twelve Thousand Crowns for them, but was refused.

Passing from hence towards the Palace of Cardinal *Spada*, I entered into it, and there saw many exquisite Pictures.

Ponte Sisto
The Hospital of the
Holy Trinity.

Thence I went to *Ponte Sisto*, and from thence to the Hospital of the Trinity, which receives all Pilgrims coming to *Rome*, for three days, and treateth them plentifully. I confess, I went often hither, and as often admired the wonderful charity which is done here daily; but especially in the holy week in *Lent*, by the *Confraternity* of this *Hospital*, of which, most are Gentlemen. Here Noblemen, Bishops and Cardinals wash the Pilgrims feet, and then serve them at Supper in the long Refectory, where there are frequently, in the holy week, four hundred Pilgrims at once at Table.

S. Girolamo della
Charita.

Returning from thence, I went to *St. Girolamo della Charita*, a Church and House of good Priests, and most of them Gentlemen, living of their own expences, yet all in Community. *St. Philip Neri* instituted them, and lived among them thirty years. In the Church I saw, upon the high Altar, an excellent Picture of *St. Hierome*.

The English
College.

Hard by stands the English College, once an Hospital for the English, and built by the English Merchants in *Rome*, to receive English Pilgrims in; because a poor English Woman had been found worried by Dogs, in the night, for want of a Lodging. In the Church of this College

lege lies buried, Cardinal *Alan*, the last English Cardinal of our Nation.

From hence I went to the *Chiesa Nuova*, be-
 longing to the good Priests of the Oratory. This *The Chiesa Nuova.*
 is one of the neatest Churches in *Rome*, and the
 best served. It's all painted in the roof, by the
 rare hand of *Pietro di Cartona*, and richly gilt.
 Here I saw the neat Chappel of *St. Philip Neri*,
 a primitive Saint in all things but time. He was
 the Institutor of this holy Company of Priests,
 who are Religious Men in all things but in vows,
 and name. The Chappel and Altar of this great
 Saint, is on the Gospel side of the high Altar,
 his true Picture there, was made by *Guido Rheni*.
 Under this Altar, in a lower Chappel, or Vault,
 lieth the body of this Saint, in an Iron Chest: If
 you desire to know his Merits and Life, ask all
Rome which lately saw them, and daily feels
 them. On the other side of the high Altar with-
 in the Rails, lies buried *Cæsar Baronius*, once a *Cardinal*
 Priest of this house, and forced, after much re- *Cæsar Ba-*
 luctancy, to be made Cardinal by *Clement* the *ronius.*
 VIII. He deserved this honour in the opinion of all
 Men, for having written his incomparable Ecclesia-
 stical History: and if *Hercules*, for helping *Atlas*
 to bear up Heaven one day only, was feigned by
Poets to have deserved to be taken up to Hea-
 ven; I may justly say, that *Baronius* deserved
 well the purple of the Church, for having alone
 born up the cause of the Church of God, a-
 gainst a whole Troop of Centuriators. For my
 part, I reckon it among my felicities, to have li-
 ved after *Baronius*, and to have spent a good
 part of three years study, in reading his Sacred
 Annals, which cost him ten times three years
 study

study in writing. And here I could enter into a fair field of his Praises; and like the Eagle, in the story, having nothing else to give him, give him a Feather, that is one cast of my Pen; but that I write of Countries now, and not of Men; and that his full Praises may be included in those three short Encomiums; *Ecclesia Cocles*; *Caesar Christianus*; *Orbis Locupletator*.

The house of these good Priests deserves also to be seen, for the Libraries sake, which is one of the
The Oratory best in Rome, and for the great Oratories sake; where there is every Sunday and Holy-day in Winter at Night, the best Music in the World.

La Pace. From hence I went to the Church *de la Pace*, a neat Church, and adorned with excellent Painting and Statues. Here many famous Painters have signaliz'd their Memories, as *Peruzzi* of *Sienne*, *Vasaria*, *Lavinia*, a Lady of *Bologna*, *Fontana*, *Genteleschi*, *Cavalier Gioseppe*, *Rossi*, and *Raphael Urbin* himself, who painted the Prophets and Sybils in the Chappel of *Augustino Chigi*; and some think that he made the little Boys that are so well done. The Statues of *St. Peter* and *S. Paul* are of the Hand of *Michel Angelo*.

Going from hence through the Street of the Stationers, I came to *Piazza di Pasquino*, which is thought to be the very Center of Rome. And here I cannot forget *Pasquin* himself, who forgets no man. This *Pasquin* is an old broken Statue, something like that of *Hercules* in the *Belvedere*, described above, and of some rare Hand. And because it stands near three or four Streets, whereby to escape when they have fixed the *Libels*, jeering Wits set up here, and father upon poor *Messer Pasquino*, their Satyrical Jests, called
Pasquin.
 from

from him, *Pasquinades*; which *Morforius*, another Statue near the *Capitol*, useth to answer.

From hence passing on to the Church of *S. Pantaleon*, belonging to the Fathers of the *Schola* *Picæ*. I was willing to enter into it, and see it, because four Hundred years ago it was a Collegiate Church, and possessed by *English* Priests, as may appear by the Inscription upon a Bell which was cast then.

From hence I stept into *Piazza Navona*, called so by corruption, from *Piazza d'Agona*, because this *Piazza* was anciently a *Circus* for Sports, and it was called *Circus Agonalis*. In the midst of it anciently stood a great *Egyptian* Pillar, with Hieroglyphics upon it; and now of late it hath gotten another such Pillar set up here by Pope *Innocent* the X, with a rare Fountain issuing forth at the Foot of it, and adorned with four great Statues of white Marble, representing the four Parts of the World. In this place also stands the new Church of *St. Agnes*, built upon the place where she was condemned to the Stews. This Church is built at the Cost of *Princepe Pamphilio*, whose Palace joyns upon it. This Palace overlooking the *Piazza Navona*, deserues not only a glance of an Eye, but also an hours Inspection within. The Chambers are many and fair, and the great Hall a most lovely Room, if Paintings and variety of Pictures in Frames can make a House handsome.

In this *Piazza* I saw the Palace of the Duke of *Braccino*, of the House of *Orsini*, and that of the Family of *Torres*.

The *Spanish* Church here called *St. Jacomos*, is not to be forgotten. Here lies buried in it *Cia-*
conius, *St. Jacomo*.

conius, a learned Critic for a Spaniard. The Picture here in Oyl of *San Diego* is of *Annibal Caraccio*.

The Sapienza. Over against the Back-door of this Church stands the *Sapienza*, a fair College, where the publick Lectures are read. This College was begun by *Eugenius* the IV, but much beautified of late with handsome Schools, and a neat Church, by *Urban* the VIII, and a public Library by *Alexander* the VII. We have had in my time two *Englishmen* that were Readers here; Doctor *Hart*, and Doctor *Gibbs*, a noble *Cesarean Laureat* Poet, and the *Horace* of this Age.

St. Lewis. From hence passing through the *Piazza Madama*, and before the Palace of the Grand *Duca*, I went to *St. Lewis* his Church, belonging to the *French Nation*. It's an handsome Church, and well served with *French Priests*. There's also an Hospital belonging to that Church and Nation. In the Church I found, upon a Pillar on the left hand, the Picture of great Cardinal *Dossat*, a *French-man*, whom I may justly call Great, because he was both a great States-man, and yet a very good Man; that is, he was a great Servant to his King, and yet a great Servant of God. His rare Letters shew the one, and his Life written by *Du Verdier* shews the other. Here lies also buried, in the middle almost of this Church, an *English Priest* of great Vertue, by name *More*, of the Family of great Sir *Thomas More*; and Heir of that Family, if I mistake not. His younger Brother and he striving whether of them should be Priest, it was his prerogative of Age, which making him to be four and twenty before his Brother, made him enter into Orders before him,

him, and become Priest, leaving the Estate to his Brother. It was he that set us out the Life of Sir *Thomas More*, in *English*: at last retiring to *Rome* to be Agent for his Brethren the Clergy, having ended this Business there happily (which was the procuring a Catholic Bishop) he ended his Life so too, and was buried here by his own Choice.

From hence I went to the Palace of *Justiniani*, The Palace of Justiniani. which is hard by. Here I saw so many Statues of the old heathen Gods, and such Rooms full of old Marble Feet of them, that you would almost swear the Heathen Gods, when they were banished out of the *Pantheon*, had been committed hither as to a Prison: or that some of the Ancestors of this House had been Shoo-makers to the old Gods, and therefore was oblig'd to have their Lasts and Measures. For they had Gods of all sizes, seeing (as *Varro* saith) they had 30000 Gods. A world of these Statues are yet seen in the Gallery above, and in every Room in the House, which they clog, rather than adorn. And yet scarce one of them but is a *Palladium* to this Family; and would portend its sudden ruin if alienated. For as I remember the old Prince *Justiniani* dying without Heirs Male, left this Man his Heir, with this *Proviso*, that he should not so much as alienate one Statue upon pain of forfeiting the whole House and Goods. Judge then whether he had not need to keep the Statues chain'd up, as the *Tyrians* did their Gods, in a Siege; or whether the throwing of one of these Statues out of the Window, would not be properly a throwing the House out of the Windows. Upon which occasion, I cannot omit to tell you how the

ancient

Cassiod.

l. 7.

ancient Statues of Rome were grown at last to be so many in number, that (as *Cassiodore* saith wittily of them) *posteritas pene parem populum urbi dedit, quam natura procreavit*, Posterity had made almost as many Men, by Art, in the City, as were made by Nature. And these Statues grew to that excess too, that Marble ones were thought too vulgar, and Gold and Silver ones were erected by riotous Men, who scorned to be like others in any thing but in being Mortal. But to return again to this House, I cannot leave it without minding you of some rare Pictures, of *Titian* and other prime Masters, which are shown in the Gallery above; especially the rare Picture of *St. John* the Evangelist, of the hand of *Raphael Urbin*; and that of our Lady and *St. Joseph* in another Room, which is a rare Copy of that famous Picture in the Cloister of the *Annunciata* in Florence, of *Andrea del Sarta*.

St. Eusta-
chio.

From hence I went to the Church of *St. Eustachio*, having seen in the way the goodly Ruins of the *Thermæ* of *Alexander Severus*. In the Porch of this Church I saw an Inscription in a Stone, which told me that *Alexander* of *Parma* was Christened here with his Brother, being Twins. This Church stands in the place where *St. Eustachius* with his Wife *Theopista*, and his Sons *Agapitus* and *Theopistus*, were put into a Brazen Bull, and martyr'd by the brazen Heart of *Trajan*, whom *Eustachius* had served twice as General of his Armies, and gained him as many Victories.

The Roton-
da or Pan-
theon.

From hence I went to the *Rotonda*, otherwise called anciently the *Pantheon*, because it was dedicated to all Gods. This is a bolder piece of Architecture

cture than Men think. For whereas other Vaults are strengthened and made good by being shut up close at the top, and in the Center of the Vault, which hinders the Vault from shrinking; here this great massive Vault is left wide open at the top, with a hole above three yards wide in Diameter. Indeed *Sebastianus Serlius*, an experienced Man in Fabrics, thinks this Church to be the Unic example of perfect Architecture; and *Pliny* in his time placed it among the rarest Works that were then extant. It hath no window in it, nor any other light, but what comes in at the wide hole mentioned above. Anciently it was covered with Brazen Tiles, and those gilt too, as *Lipsius* thinks; but now it's covered with great flat Stones. It's an Hundred and forty Foot high, and as many broad: and yet it hath no pillars to bear up that great Roof. Indeed it hath thrust all the Pillars out of doors, and makes them wait in the Porch; where there are thirteen great Pillars all of one piece, each one 53 Foot high, and six in Diameter, all of a granite or speckled Marble. The *Capitelli* of these Pillars are the best in *Rome*, of *Corinthian* order. Here is the Tomb of the incomparable Painter, *Raphael Urbin*.

*Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci.
Rerum magna Parens, & moriente mori.*

In this Temple stood anciently the famous *Minerva* made by *Phidias*, of which Histories ring. There also was plac'd the Statue of *Venus*, in whose Ear that incomparable Pearl of *Cleopatra* hung, which upon a riotous Wager with *M. Antony*

tony (whether of them should make the most costly Supper) she was going to throw into a glass of Vinegar, to macerate it (as she had done another before) and drink it up: But *M. Antony* stopping her hand, and confessing himself overcome, the Pearl saith *Pliny*, was put in the Ear of *Venus* in the *Pantheon*. In the round holes over the Altars, were set those Heads of the Gods of the Heathens, which are now seen in the *Belvedere* of the *Maschere*. This Temple and its Porch were so lined anciently with Brass, that there was enough of it to make divers great Cannons, by Pope *Urbans* Command, and the great Canopy with the four Pillars which adorn *St. Peter's* high Altar. And though the People and *Pasquin*, two equally senseless things, murmured much at the taking away of this Brass, yet seeing the *Pantheon* receiv'd no damage thereby, and seeing it was improv'd to that heighth, that it became *Ecclesiæ Ornamentum & Urbi Munimentum*, the wiser sort of Men thought it well employed, and let the People and Malice talk. I had almost forgot to tell you that this Temple was made by *Agrippa*, who had been thrice *Consul*, as the words in the *Architrave* of the Porch yet shew.

From hence I went through the *Campo Marzo*, unto the Church of *St. Lorenzo* in *Lucina*, which is served by *Clerici Regolari Minori*. It's an ancient Church neatly repaired of late, and the greatest Parish Church in *Rome*.

From hence I went to see the Palace of *Borghesi*, which is hard by. This is one of the noblest Palaces in *Rome*. It gives you a fair Broad-side of Windows, three Stories one over another; and its Length is Prodigious. Mounting up to
the

*S. Lorenzo
in Lucina.*

*The Palace
of Burg-
hesi.*

the Chambers I found a fair open Gallery built upon Arches and Pillars round about the Court. This Gallery lets you into several Apartments; and on that side which overlooks the *Piazza*, I saw a Row of ten or twelve great Chambers, through which I looked at once. In these Chambers, and the other Rooms I observ'd these things.

1. Rich Hangings, and over them rare Painting, made by a *Capucin* Lay-Brother. The History of the Queen of *Sabas* coming to visit *Solomon's* Court; and the rape of the *Sabines*, which make this *Fregio* over the Hangings, are so rarely well done, that *Raphael* and *Michel Angelo* could not have mended them for Colours.
2. A great Cabinet of *Ebony*, set with Histories cast in Gold, and set with rich Precious Stones; it's valued at threescore Thousand Crowns.
3. A rare picture of *Hercules* and *Anteus*.
4. *Raphael's* own Picture.
5. The last Supper, by *Titian*.
6. The Terrass and Garden, with Box, Knots and Fountains of Water, all at the very top of the House, and overlooking the Street, River, Meadows and *St. Peters*.
7. The little black Gallery of Pictures, where among others I was shewn the Pictures of *Martin Luther*, *Nicolas Macchiavel*, and *Cesar Borgia*; the two last great Corrupters of Policy and Manners.
8. The low cool Gallery, full of Statues and Pictures, especially of the *Borghesian* Family. That of *Paulus Quintus* in a small Mosaick work is scarce to be discover'd from Painting: as also the assumption of our Lady in the same work. There I saw also *Titian's* own Picture, and the rare *Crucifix* made by *Michel Angelo*, so to Life, that some Men have fabulously given out that he drew it after a crucified Man.

*Mausoleum
Augusti.*

From hence I went to the *Mausoleum Augusti*, or the Tomb of *Augustus Caesar*, standing near *St. Rock's Church*, in a place hard to be found out. It was once one of the neatest Structures in *Rome*. And it was but fitting that the first of the Emperors should have an honourable Tomb; and that he who having found *Rome* built of Brick only, had left it all of Marble, should have a Marble Monument erected to him after his Death. *Ur-
bem Lateritiam inveni, marmoream relinquo:* said *Augustus*. The *Mausoleum* was a round Building of white Marble, going up with four Stories set round with Pillars, and each Story growing lesser and lesser, with green Trees set about every Story; having at the top of all, the Brazen Statue of *Augustus*. It was two Hundred and Fifty Cubits high. But now it's much defaced, and we see something of the greatness of it, but little of its Beauty.

Sueton.

*St. Ant. di
Padua.*

Going from hence to the Church of *St. Antony of Padua* belonging to the *Portughefs*, I saw the Tomb of the great Canonist and Casuist *Navarre*, or *Martin Aspeleuita*, with his Statue in Bust over it. This good Man hearing how his great Friend *Caranza* was called to *Rome* to answer for himself in Points of Doctrine, which he was falsely accused of, followed him thither of his own accord, to defend his cause and clear his innocence, and having done it, died here.

St. Augustino.

Near to this Church stands the Church and Convent of the *Austin Friars*. In the Church I saw the Tomb of *St. Monica*, Mother to *St. Augustin*. Here also lies buried *Onufrius Panvinus* a Fryar of this Convent, learned in sacred Antiquities, and in the *Hebrew Tongue*. In the Con-

vent

vent I often saw the neat Library, called *Bibliotheca Angelica*, because *Angelus Rocca*, a Bishop and Master of the Popes *Sacristy*, gave it at his Death to his Convent; with an Obligation of letting it be open in the Mornings. There among many curious Books, I remember to have seen the Prophecies of *Joachim*, where among other things he saith, that the *Turks* shall be overcome and ruined by three Nations: by the *French*, *propter bonos equos*: by the *English*, *propter bonos marinos*: and by the *Venetians*, *propter bonum consilium*. These are his very words.

*Bibliotheca
Angelica.*

*Joachims
Prophecy of
the Turks.*

Near to the aforesaid Church stands the Church of *St. Apollinaris*, and the *German College*. Here the best Singers of *Rome* meet constantly.

*St. Apollinaris
The German
College.
The Palazzo d'Al-*

Over against this Church stands the Palace of the Duke of *Altemps*: In which I saw the great Hall, and in it the triumph of *Bacchus* in a *Basso relievo* cut in Marble, with exquisite Art. I saw also here the representation of a Town cut in Wood, an ancient and curious piece. The Picture of our *B. Lady*, with her Son in her Arms, valued at five Thousand Pistols; it is of *Raphael's* Hand. The neat Library full of divers good Manuscripts and other Books. In fine, the noble Chapel with the Tomb of *S. Anaclet* Pope, under the Altar, with the Head of this Saint in the *Sacristy*, enchased in Silver, and set thick with rich Stones. The rich ornaments here for the Church Service, cost the Duke an Hundred and twenty Thousand Crowns.

From hence in fine, I went to *St. John Florentins*, a neat Church belonging to the *Florentins*, at whose cost it was built. Here is in one of the

*St. John
Florentins
Church.*

Chappels the picture of our Saviour's Resurrection, made by *Lanfranc*, a rare piece. And being lodged near this Church, I found that I had wandered all over *Rome*, and was now come again to the Bridge of St. *Angelo*, where I began my first days Journey thro *Rome*.

But seeing that in such Towns as this, there is always something to be seen after all, I made many irregular excursions up and down *Rome*, to view many things which I had not taken in my direct way before: as some Palaces, some rare Fountains, divers Antiquities, studies of *Virtuosi*, and the like, which I have been forc'd, for Methods sake, to pass over; yet because there are whole Books of all the Palaces, Fountains, Statues and Antiquities, set forth in Cuts and Pictures, I remit my Reader to them, while I ask one question.

Where are now those rare pieces of Antiquity which Histories rather mention, than we find now in *Rome*? as the *Cymboum Marii*; the *Gregostasis*; the *Curia Hostilia*, the Golden House of *Nero*; the Theater of *Pompey*, of which *Tertullian* saith, *Pompeius magnus solo suo Theatro minor*; the *Forum Nervæ*; the Theater of *Statilius Taurus*; the *Septizonium Severi*, the Tower of *Mecænas*; the *Hippodromus*; the House of *Gordianus*; the *Circus Flaminius*; the *Circus Maximus*; the *Arrium Libertatis*; *Scipio's* House; the Triumphal Arch of *Augustus Cæsar*, of *Domitian*? And a World of other such rare buildings, whereby the *Romans* thought to have eternized their memories; if you ask for these things in Books, you should find their names only, if you look for them now in *Rome*, you shall find no marks at all of them: which makes me cry out with *Petrarch*,

Crede

*Tertul. Lib.
de Spectac.
c. 10.*

Crede mihi aliis quam lapideis fundamentis eget gloria, ut sit mansura: Believe me, true permanent glory stands in need of other Foundations than those of Stone. Hence *Janus Vitalis* an ingenious Italian Poet, having observ'd that all the old massive Buildings of *Rome* are mouldered away, and that *Fluid Tyber* only remains still, cries out with this sweet Moral,

*Disce hinc quid possit fortuna; immota labascunt
Et quæ perpeino sunt fluitura, manent.*

But I cannot leave *Rome* without taking notice of the Devotion, Music, Ceremonies, Shows, Government, and the Inhabitants of this place: of each of which I will give a touch, both for my Travellers sake, and my Readers.

And first for the Devotion of *Rome*, I found it to be very great and real in those places where the *Quarante Hore* and Stations are kept. For all the year long the *Quarante Hore* go from one Church to another, through all the Churches of *Rome*; and there you shall always see a world of devout People praying and meditating and hearing the Sermons, and giving of Alms, and all this with that profound respect and silence, with that assiduity and concourse, with that fervor and zeal, that you need not ask where the Station is, but only observe where you see the People flocking so fast in the morning, and where the Poor make the greatest Hedge and Lane. In other Churches of *Rome*, upon their Festival days (which happen almost every day, in one place or other) they have the best Music can be got: and though this seems to draw mens Ears to the

Church, rather than their hearts ; yet when I remember what elevated thoughts it breeds in the mind , and how innocently it detains Men from doing worse, I cannot but place Church-Music among the acts of devotion.

*The Music
of Rome.*

Now, as for this Music, it is the best in the world, and in the best kind, which is Voices. For my part having read in a learned Author, that the hating of Music is a sign of a Soul quite out of tune, and not right strung for predestination ; and that the *Scythian* King, who held the neighing of his Horse to be far better Music, than the Pipe of famous *Timotheus* ; was held for an Ass himself ; I thought it both comely and lawful to love Music : And being in a place where the best Music was, I frequented it often with singular satisfaction. Now the best Music I heard, was the Music of the Popes Chappel , consisting of pure Voices, without any Organ or other Instruments : Every singer here knowing his part so well, that they seem all to be Masters of Music. Then the Music of the *Chiesa Nuova* ; of *S. Apollinaris* ; upon *St. Cecilies* day in the Church of that Saint, the *Patroness* of Singers ; of the Oratory of *St. Marcello* every *Friday* in *Lent* ; of the *Jesuits*, during the *Quarante Hore* in *Shrove-tide* ; of every good Church of Nuns upon their Patrons day ; especially that of the Nuns of *Campo Marzo*, where I heard often *Fonseca* sing so rarely well, that she seemed to me, to cheer up much the Church in its Combats ; and to make the Church *Militant*, either look like the Church *Triumphant*, or long for it. In a word, whosoever loves Music, and hears but once this of *Rome*, thinks he hath made a saving Journey

to *Rome*, and is well payed for all his pains of coming so far.

Having given my ears many a break-fast upon the Music, I gave my eyes many a Collation upon the Ceremonies of *Rome*, which were chiefly these. The Ceremony of the Popes opening of the *Porta Santa* of St. *Peter's Church*, in the *Jubile year*. The Ceremonies of the Popes Chappel, when he assists there, especially upon *Candelmas-day*, *Palm Sunday*, *Maunday-Thursday*, &c. The Ceremony of the Popes washing of thirteen Pilgrims Feet; of his singing Mass publicly in *St. Peter's Church*, upon *St. Peter's day*, and other great days; the Ceremony of Beati-fying and of Canonizing of Saints; the Ceremony of his creating new Cardinals, & giving them their Cap in public Consistory; the Ceremony of the Mass sung in *Greek* and according to the *Greek* rites, in the Church of the *Greek Seminary*, upon the Feast of the *Epiphany*, and *St. Athanasius* his day; the Ceremony of Baptizing the *Jews*; with a world of others. One Ceremony I was not unwilling to miss in my five several Voyages, because it always implies the death of a Spiritual Father, I mean, the Ceremony of a *Sede Vacante*: And of all the bad Compliments that ever I heard made, I like none so ill as that of a Noble Man of *Germany*, who being asked by Pope *Innocent* the X. whether he had seen all the Ceremonies of *Rome*, answered, that he had seen all, but a *Sede Vacante*, as if he had said; Holy Father, I have seen all the fine sights of *Rome*, but your death. A horrible *Tramontane* compliment, which put even the Pope himself to a smile.

The Cere-
monies.

The Shows
of Rome
Sacred.

As for the Shows, I saw divers, both Sacred and Prophane. As the whipping Processions in the Holy Week. The great Procession from St. Marcello's Oratory to St. Peter's Church, upon Maunday Thursday, in the Holy Year. The Spanish Procession, in Piazza Navona, upon Easter-day in the Morning, in the Holy Year. The Procession of the Zitelle upon our Ladies day in Lent. The Procession of the Priests of the Oratory upon Shrove Tuesday, to the seven Churches; with five or six Thousand persons following of them, all whom they treat in an open field, giving every one a couple of hard Eggs, and a slice of *salsigia*, with Bread and Wine. The several Cavalcata's of the Pope and Cardinals. The Spanish Cavalcata upon St. Peter's Eve, when then Spanish Ambassador presents, the purse of Gold, and the Gennet. The Girandola and Fireworks upon St. Peter's Eve and divers such like sacred Triumphs.

Prophane.

For the prophane Shows, I saw the solemn entries of Embassadors, especially those of Obedience, where each Prince's Embassador strives to out-vye the other, and by excessive expences, make their Masters Greatness appear above that of others. Their Cavalcata's to Court upon their public Audience: Their reception in a public Consistory: Their Audience of Leave are all stately. Then the curious Opera, or musical Drammata, recited with such admirable art, and set forth with such wonderful changes of Scenes, that nothing can be more surprizing. Here I have seen upon their Stages, Rivers swelling, and Boats rowing upon them; Waters overflowing their Banks and Stage; Men flying in the Air, Serpents

craw-

crawling upon the Stage, Houses falling on the suddain, Temples and *Boscas* appearing, whole Towns, known Towns, starting up on the suddain with Men walking in the Streets; the Sun appearing and chasing away darkness, Sugar Plumbs fall upon the Spectators heads like Hail, Rubans flash in the Ladies faces like lightning, with a Thousand such like representations. In fine, the *Carneval* pomps in the Streets, exhibited by Noble-men, with great cost and glory.

As for the Government of *Rome*, I found it divided into two parts: The Government of the City, and the Government of the Church. That of the City is exactly performed by a Governor (some Prelate of great parts) constituted by the Pope, to watch over the City carefully, and to render him an account weekly, of all that passeth. This Governour liveth always in the heart of the City, and hath besides his own Guards, a *Barigello* or Captain of the *Sbirri*, or Sergeants, to keep all in order and awe, both day and night. This *Barigello* hath, *Argus* like, an hundred eyes to spy into the deportments of all that live in *Rome*, and, *Briareus* like, as many hands, to carry to prison those that infringe the Laws. Hence Justice here is as exactly performed, as Orders are descreetly given out. The prizes of all things are printed and affixed in publick Places, and Shops Inns and Taverns are bound to have them set up in their entrance, that strangers may know the rates of all provisions, and blame none but themselves, if they be couzened. So that its as hard a thing to be couzened here, as its hard not to be couzened in other places. And for those that cannot read or speak

speak the Language well, *Sbirri* will ask of them, what they paid a Meal, how much for a pound of Meat, how much for a Pint of such and such Wine, &c. and if they find him to have been couzened either in the quantity, weight, or price, they'll right the stranger beyond his expectation, and punish the delinquent beyond his desire. The last *Jubile* year I was shewn some of the *Sbirri* in Pilgrims habits, on purpose to mingle themselves with the other Pilgrims, the better to observe how they were used or abused by their Hosts in Inns or Taverns, and accordingly punish them. In fine, Justice is so well administred here, and imprisoning cases so many, that the last Prince of *Conde* being in *Rome*, said he wondered much at one thing there, which was, to see so many Men go out of their Houses in the Morning, and return home again to dinner, without being imprisoned. A Knife in a Man's Pocket, a dark Lanthorn, a Sword worn without leave, &c. will suffice to make a Man be sent to Prison; and a Pocket Pistol found about you, or in your Cloakbag, is enough to make you be fet to the Gallies, with *tre tratti di corda*, that is, strappada thrice; yet they mitigate the rigor of these Laws to Strangers, who offend out of ignorance.

*That of the
Church.*

As for the Government of the Church that's done partly by the Pope himself, in several Congregations held before him: Partly by his Vicar General, a Cardinal who hath under him a *Vice-Gerent* (a Bishop) to help him. There's scarce a day in the Week, but the Pope holds one Congregation or other, about Church affairs, in which Congregations, not only Cardinals inter-
vene,

vene, but also Bishops and Doctors ; and where all businesses are headed as well as handled with great deliberation. Every three weeks the Pope holds a *Consistory*, where all the *Cardinals* that are in *Rome*, meet his *Holyness*, as at a Grand Council, to advise with him concerning the necessary affairs of the Church. And its pretty to see, how, like the motions of a well ordered Watch, all businesses here move at once, and yet never interfere or clash with one another.

As for the Inhabitants of *Rome*, they follow the fortune of their City, and as when *Rome* was but yet a new Town, the Inhabitants were but three Thousand in all, saith *Dionysius*, and when it was come to its full growth, it had three or four Millions of People : Insomuch, that in a great Plague, the Bills of Mortality came to ten Thousand Men a day, and this for many days together : So now, *Rome* having been six times sack'd and ruin'd (as I said above) is not the tenth part so populous as heretofore it was ; and even those Inhabitants that are now in *Rome*, are, for the most part, originary from other parts of *Italy* and *Europe* ; and have been drawn to take up here, either by preferment or business. The Nobility it self is, for the major part, foreign, and sprung out of such Families of Popes, Princes and Cardinals, as have been Foreign before their promotions and preferments. The true, Ancient and Illustrious *Roman* Families, I found to be these few, *Ursini*, *Colonna*, *Favelli*, *Frangepani*, and some few others.

Having thus, as Painters do, taken *Rome* in all her postures, I confess it happened to me, as it did to *Apelles*, taking the Picture of *Compaspe* ;
that

The Inhabitants of Rome.

Euseb in Chronico.

Cassiod. Epist.

that is, by looking so often and so attentively upon *Rome*, I began to be so far in love with it, as not only to subscribe to *Cassiodorus* his opinion, who affirms it to be a kind of crime not to live in *Rome*, when you can do it. *Piaculi genus est absentem sibi Romam diutius facere, qui in ea constitutus possit laribus habitare*; but also to subscribe to our old *Britain* Kings, *Cadwallader*, *Cedwalla*, *Coenred*, *Offa*, *Ina* and *Burghed*, who thought *Rome* also the best place to die in. For if those places be thought by all Men, the best places to

Rome, a fine place to live in.

live in, where a Man may learn the most experimental knowledg, and how to manage great affairs, where can a Man learn more knowledg than in *Rome*? Where all Languages are spoken, all Sciences are taught, the ablest Men of *Europe* meet, all the best Records are found, all Wits appear as upon their true Theater, all Foreign Embassadors render themselves, all *Nuncio's* at their return to *Rome*, unload themselves of the observations they have made abroad; and where every Stone almost is a Book; every Statue a Master; every Inscription a Lesson, every Antichamber an Academy? And again, if those places be the best to die in, where all comforts of the soul are best had; what place can be better to die in than *Rome*? The very Center and Bosom it self of Catholick Communion; and where there is so much devotion, and so much vertue practised, and where you have this comfort in your grave; that you lie in a ground which hath been bathed in the blood of so many Thousand Martyrs,

And a fine place to die in.

And thus much of *Rome*, in the describing of which, if I have been too *Prolix*, remember that

that great Ladies are long in dressing; if too short, remember that I only relate what I saw there, not all that is to be seen there.

Having thus seen *Rome*, I agreed with the *Pro-* My Journey from Rome to Naples.
caccio, to carry me to *Naples*. Others take with them a *Vetturino*, that lets them have Horses, and diets them too; I mean, defrays a Man for Meat and Drink and Horse-hire, both going and coming, and your Horse five days at *Naples* (but not your diet there) and lets you have his Horses two days, to go see *Vesuvius* and *Pozzolo*; and all this for fourteen or fifteen Crowns a Man. It's true, a Man is ill lodged, and badly treated in that journey, but it doth a Gentleman good to be acquainted with hardship.

Parting then from *Rome* by the Gate of *St. John Lateran*, we passed through these places.

Marino, a neat little Town belonging to Cardinal *Colonna*. It looks like a painted Town. Marino.

Veletri, famous for the birth of the Ancestors *Veletri*. of *Augustus Caesar*. Here's a brazen Statue of *Urban the VIII.* and a neat Palace and Garden of Cardinal *Ginetti*. Its an Episcopal Town.

The *Tre Taberne* where *St. Paul* was met, at *Tre Ta-*
 his first coming to *Rome*, by the *Christians of berne*.
Rome. Act. 28. v. 15.

Peperno, where *Camilla* the *Amazon* was born. Peperno.

Fossa Nuova, where *St. Thomas of Aquin* going to the Council of *Lyons*, fell sick and died. Fossa Nuova.

Taracina (old *Anxur*) the head Town of the *Tracina*.
Volscians, but now bare and bald; shewing nothing but some old ruins of the Heaven which *Antoninus Pius*, here adorned; and of an old Temple. Its an Episcopal Town.

Amycla.

Not far from hence stood anciently, the Town *Amycla*, that *Pythagorical* Town which was ruined by Serpents, because none would kill them; *Pythagoras* his Doctrin forbidding Men to kill any living Creature. Another time it was ruined

*Serv. in lib.**10. Eneid.*

by silence; no Man daring to speak of the Enemies coming; too many false Alarms having made the Magistrates forbid, under pain of death, that no Man should speak any more of the Enemies coming; so that when they came indeed, no Man durst speak of it. Thus, not only Philosophy, but even silence it self and obedience, two noble Vertues are hurtful to Men, if they be not accompanied with discretion.

*Amyclas silentium
predidit.*

Proverb. a-

pud S. Hieron.

From *Taricini* we went to *Fundi* to Supper; having passed through a Forest of Bay Trees, and through an open Gate, called *Portello*, which lets Men into the Kingdom of *Naples*.

Fundi.

Fundi is so called, because its built in a low Flat. Its antient, if you believe your Ears, not your Eyes.. For it looks younger than the other Towns I have passed through before. The reason is, because this Town was burned some 130 years ago by *Caradin Barbarozza*, Admiral of the great Turk *Solyman*. It was this *Caradin*, who, of a famous Pyrat, became King of *Algiers*, having persuaded those of *Algiers* to shake off the Spanish yoke. This *Caradin* being upon the *Mediterranean* Sea, and hearing, by his Spies, that *Julia Eonsaga* (widow of *Vespasian Colonna*, and the handsomest Woman in the World) lived here in *Fundi*, landed his Men in the Night, and sent them to catch her napping; resolved to make a fine present of her to his leud Master *Solyman*. But she leaping out of her Bed, rid away in her

Leo Afer.

very

very Linne n, and escaped so narrowly, that had she staid to put on any Cloaths, she had for ever put off all liberty. The Pyrats missing of this fair *Helena*, failed not to make a burning *Troy* of *Fundi*; ransacking it, and carrying away the best of its Inhabitants: Such dangerous things are great Beauties to weak Towns.

From *Fundi* we went to *Mela*, upon the *Via Appia*, so called, because *Appius Claudius*, a Noble Roman made it, at his own cost, during his *Consulat*. This Cawsey is one of the greatest Proofs of the Romans Greatness and Riches. For it was five days Journey long; beginning at *Rome* and reaching through the Kingdom of *Naples* to *Brandusium*. It was as broad as two Carts might easily meet upon it and pass: It was all of great black Flint Stones, each one as big as two Men can carry, and laid so close together, that they have held together these 1800 years, and seem, as *Procopius* saith ingeniously to be rather *Congeniti*, than *Congesti*, born together, than laid together. The frequent passing of Horses and Mules (for so many Years) upon this Cawsey, have made it both so smooth and shining, that when the Sun shines upon it, you may see it glister two Miles off, like a Silver Highway.

Arriving at *Molo*, called anciently *Formia*, I went to see *Cicero's* Tomb, which stands in a Garden not far off. And I the more willingly believe it to be his Tomb, because 'tis certain, that *Tully* had a *Villa* in *Formis* (which was this place) and thither he was going in his Litter, when he was overtaken by the executioners of the *Triumvir* and Beheaded. There are no words upon his

The *Via Appia*.

See *Plut. in Graccho*.

Procop l 1. de bell. Goth.

Mola Formia.

Val. Max. l. 1. c. 4.

his Tomb; of which if you ask me the reason, I can only tell you that either words in Prose could not speak, their *Tully* being dead; or Verses would not, out of Envy, praise him, who had made Prose so famous.

Caeta.

Having seen this, some of our Company and I took a Boat and four lusty Watermen to row us to *Caeta* and back again, while the rest stayed at *Mola* to provide Dinnner. Arriving in little more than half an hour at *Caeta*, we went up to the Castle where we saw the *Skeleton* of *Charles Bourbon*, once Constable of *France*; but afterwards taking against his own King upon a disgust, he served the Emperor *Charles* the V. and was made one of his Generals and Governour of *Milan*. Where having borrowed Money of the *Milanese*, and laid a deep Curse upon himself, wishing he might die (in the first Enterprize he undertook) if he paid not back the Money by such a time, he failed in his word, but his Curse did not. For his next enterprize was to sack *Rome*: there his Curse met him as he scaled the Walls; and being shot with a Musquet-Bullet, he was forced to pay his debt to Nature. His Body was carried to *Caeta*, where it stands with its Cloaths, Boots and Spurs on, in a long Box streight up, with this *Spanish* Epitaph over his Head.

*The Bishop
of Belley in
his History.*

*Bourbon's
body.*

*Francia mi dio la lecche,
Espagnalos y Ventura,
Roma mi dio la muerte,
Caeta la Sepoltura.*

France gave me Milk, Spain great Employments
gave.
Rome gave me Death, and here Caet' a Grave.

This Castle standing upon a Promontory overlooketh the Town, and thirty Miles of Sea. In the end of the Town, towards Land-side, for this Town is a pure *Peninsula*, I saw the Cloven Rock, which Tradition here holds to have been thus cloven at our Saviours Death. The long Stairs going down between the two Mountains in the very open gash, and rendring you to a neat Chappel below, strike you all the way long with a sacred Reverence. And are able almost to rend also a Stony Heart in two, with the thoughts of our Saviour's Passion.

*The Cloven
Rock.*

Upon the top of all this Promontory there is an antient Monument of *Manutius Plancus* an old Roman, with a great deal of old *Latin* upon it; but my riding Boots put me out of all reading Humour, and I was very willing to let *Plancus* lye quietly in his Monument above, so I could but recover again our Boat and there sit still. Of this Town was the famous Cardinal *Caetanus*, of *St. Thomas Aquinas* his Name, Order, and almost Learning. This Town was built by *Aeneas*, in honour of his Nurse *Caeta* who died here.

Returning again to *Mola*, we went after Dinner to see *Cicero's Grotte*, and so away.

*Cicero's
Grotte.*

We had not ridden three hours but we came to the Ferry of *Carigliano*, near to which I saw the fair Rests of an old *Amphitheater* standing alone in the Fields, with the Rests also of an *Aqueduct*. I wondered at first to see an *Amphitheater*

*The Ferry
of Carigliano.*

Minturna.

ter standing alone, and far from any great Town : but upon enquiry, I found that here had stood once a noble Town called *Minturna*, but now so ruined that not one Stone of it appeareth. Indeed we are often at this fault in *Italy*, and look for Towns in Corn-Fields. *Luna*, *Populonia*, *Cuma*, *Baia*, and *Minturna* cheat thus our Expectations, and leave us no Monuments of themselves, but a pure *Fuit Ilium*, which though it be Travellers loss, yet it's Mans comfort, that Towns do die as well as he : hence *Rutilius*,

*Non indignemur mortalia Corpora solvi ;
Cernimus exemplis oppida posse mori.*

Plutarch.

Having passed over the River in a Ferry-Boat, we entred upon the Meadows, in whose *Fens* (called the *Fens of Minturna*) *Caius Marius* lay hid a while, and there with his stern looks and manly Voice, saying, darest thou kill *Caius Marius* ? So terrified the Slave sent there to kill him, that he let him escape to his Ship, and so into *Africk*. He may speak big that speaks for his Life ; and any looks become a Man when he looks to himself well in dangers.

While we rode along these Meadows we saw before us the Mountain of *Garò*, anciently called *Mons Massicus*, famous for excellent Wines ; as well as the Country thereabout, which was called *Ager Falernus*, so famed by Poets for its *Vinum Falernum*.

Campania
Fœlix.

Passing thus along, we came at Night to *St. Agatha's*, and the next Morning betimes we entred into *Campania Felix*, so furnam'd because of its admirable Air, wonderful plenty of Corn and Wine,

Wine, and pleasant Prospects on all sides, which makes an Ancient call it, *Certamen Cereris & Bacchi*, the strife of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*. It was this Country which, with its delights broke *Hannibal's* Army; which neither Snow could cool, nor *Alpes* stop, nor *Romans* vanquish, saith *Seneca*. Indeed the pleasantness of this Country made us a full mends for all the ill way we had before: Nature having set that scurvy way there on purpose that we might like her Favourite *Campania* the better after it. I call this Country Natures Favourite, in imitation of *Pliny*, who calls it *Opus gaudentis nature*, that is, a Country made by Nature when she was in a good humour. It's an Heathen that speaks, and you must pardon him.

We intended that day to have gone to *Capua* to Dinner; but when we came thither, we did *Capua*. not find it at home. For this Town now called *Capua* is two Miles distant from the place where old *Capua* stood. Indeed the old *Capua* was a Town of Importance; for it was either the second or third in the World; and stood in Competition, as *Carthage* did with *Rome*. Nay it demanded of *Rome* to be used like a Sister, not like a Subject; and stood high upon it, that one of the Annual Consuls should always reside here. But that *Capua* is vanished with its vanity; and this *Capua* hath no reason to be so proud, being famous for nothing but that action of many noble Women here, who to avoid the Insolencies of the *French* Soldiers (received into the Town friendly) leapt into the River *Vulturno* to save their Virginity and Honour, from their leudness: an action rather wonderful, than warrantable.

See St. Aug.
1. 2. de mo-
rib. Eccles.
And St.
Thom 2. 2.
qu. 64. an. 5.

There is a Castle here of pretty Strength, a good River, and an Arch-Bishop's Seat.

Aversa.

From *Capua* we passed through *Aversa*, a sweet Seat of a Town, and once great, till *Charles* the I, King of *Naples*, almost ruined it. It's a Bishops seat still. Here it was that Queen *Joanne*

Naples.

of *Naples* strangled her Husband *Andreasso*; and was her self not long after served so too in the same place. Travelling some eight Miles farther we came to *Naples* before we could see it. This Town was antiently called *Parthenope*, from one of the *Syrens*. It's now called *Neapolis*, a new City; because the Inhabitants of *Cumæ* having out of Jealousy ruined *Parthenope*, were sore vexed with a Plague, till they had built it up again better than before. This happened about the year of the World, 1449.

Petr. a St. Romualdo in his Chronolog. Treasor.

The Kingdom of Naples.

As for *Naples*, it's now the head of a great Kingdom, so called. This kingdom belonged once to the Emperor: But after that it had been overrun by *Sarazens*, and freed by Pope *John* the X, united with *Alberico*, Marquis of *Tuscany*, it acknowledged the Church for its Mistress, and the first Man that was invested by the Pope (*Innocent* the II, 1130.) was *Roger* the Second, a *Norman*. Since that time the *French* and the *Spaniard* have struggled hugely for this Kingdom; sometimes the one plucking it to him, then the other. But now its under the *Spaniard*, who holds it of the Pope, and for it payeth every year the Purse of Gold, and the Gennet spoken of above.

It's importance to Spain.

This Kingdom is of great importance to *Spain*. It makes his Party too strong for *France* in *Italy*. It corresponds conveniently with *Sicily*, and *Milan*: And strengthens them both. In fine, it bear-eth

eth up notably the Interest of *Spain* in the Court of *Rome*: And it squeezeth it self now and then into huge Sums, four millions of Crowns, to send Tribute into *Spains* Coffers. For this Kingdom is a Thousand five Hundred Miles in Compass, four Hundred and Fifty wide. It hath in it twenty Arch-Bishops Seats; an Hundred and twenty five Bishops Seat? A Thousand <sup>It's great-
ness.</sup> five hundred Bourghs; two millions of Souls: Ten *Principalities*; twenty three *Duchies*; thirty *Marquisats*; Fifty four Counties; and about a <sup>It's
Strength.</sup> Thousand Baronies, whereof four Hundred are Ancient: It can raise an Hundred and fifty Thousand Foot, and an hundred Thousand Horse. It's ordinary Squadron of Gallies are but twenty.

As for the Town it self of *Naples*, if it be the third of *Italy* for greatness, it is the first for <sup>The Town
of Naples.</sup> strength and neatness; and therefore deservedly surnamed *La Gentile*, the Gentile. It hath *Campania* on one side of it, and the *Mediterranean* Sea on the other: So that it's fed by Natures best Dugs, Sea and Land. Its Air was always esteemed so pure; that the great Men of *Rome* had either their *Villas*, in *Naples*, or hard by. It's well built, well paved, well furnished with excellent Provisions, well filled with Nobility, and the Nobility well mounted. The chief street is *Strada di Toledo*, Paved with Freestone, and flanked with noble Pallaces and Houses. We entred into some of them, and others we saw which had not recovered their *emponpoint* since they had been sick of *Mazienello's* Disease: Their very looks shewed us that their Sickness had been *Convulsion-Fits*. The chief Palaces are these: The stately Palace of the Viceroy, that of *Gra-*

vina, Carassa, Ursino, Sulmone, Toledo, &c. Most of the Houses of *Naples* are made flat at top, to walk upon: A most convenient thing to Breath upon in the fresh Evenings, and easy to be imitated by other Countries.

I saw here also the several publick places of Assemblies of the Nobility, according to their several ranks. These places are like open walking places, rail'd about with high Iron Rails, and painted within.

The Molo.

Then the *Molo* running a quarter of a Mile into the Sea, and affording great refreshment to the Towns-Men who walk here in the Evenings in Summer, where they are sure to cool their Lungs with a sweet *Fresco*. At the end of the *Molo* stands mounted the high *Lantern*, to direct Ships home safe in the Night; and a fine Fountain of fresh Water:

The Churches of Naples.

As for the Churches here they yield to none in *Italy*. The *Domo* is antient, and therefore out of the mode a little: Yet it hath a modern Chappel which is very Beautiful: and is one of the finest in *Europe*, both for Brazen Statues, and rich Painting. The *Cupola* was painted by the rare hand of *Domenichino*. In this Chappel is the Tomb of St. *Januarius*, Bishop of *Benevent*, and now Patron of this Town; whose Blood being conserved in a little Glass, and Concrete, melts and grows liquid when it is placed near to his Head, and even bubbles in the Glass. A French Nobleman, Count of *La Val*, was converted from *Calvinism* to the Catholick Religion upon sight of this Wonder. On the Left-hand of this Chappel without, lies Buried Pope *Innocent* the IV. who ordered first, that Cardinals

Baronius
ex Brevis-
sim Rom.

should

should wear red Hats. The Verses upon his Tomb told me this. In the Sacristy are kept many precious gifts of Princes, and divers Relicks of *Saints* enchas'd in Gold and Silver.

Petrus à St. Romualdo in his Treasor. Chro ad an. 1604.

The *Annunciata* is both neat and devout: The *Cupola* and Roof are well painted and guilt. The two Infants of *Bethlehem* with their several Wounds, one in the Head, the other the Body, are shewn here. The Hospital is joyning to it, and is of great reception: It maintains two Thousand Sick and Decrepid in it; besides above eight Hundred Orphans and poor Children.

The Annunciata.

Near the great Hospital stands *St. Peters* Church, and before it the Altar upon which (as the Inscription saith) *St. Peter* said Mass at his first coming to *Naples*.

The *Theatins* Church called *St. Pauls*, is very neat; and if you saw it with its best Hangings on, you would think it one of the neatest Churches in *Italy*. The Roof is curiously painted and guilt. Here I saw the rich Tomb of *Beato Coetano* a holy Man of this Order, and the Tabernacle of the high Altar, both very Rich. In the Sacristy they have as rich Ornaments as in any Church of *Italy*.

St. Paulo.

The *Jesuits* Church here is the best they have in *Italy*, if it be not a little too wide for its length. In the Sacristy I saw the richest ornaments for the Altars, and the best Silver Candlesticks that I have seen any where else. It's rich in Painting, Sculptures, and Marble. The High Altar was not yet finished, but promiseth Wonders.

The Jesuits Church.

The *Franciscans* Church, called *St. Maria Nova*, is very trim, with its neat Chappels and Tombs, and guilt Roof. Here I saw the Tomb

St. Maria Nova.

of Lotretch; who commanded so long the *French* Forces in this Kingdom. His Virtue in Military affairs was so great, that his very Enemies admiring his worth, have caused his Body to be translated out of an obscure place, where it lay before, into this Church and Tomb. I wonder they did not cause these words of *Virgil* to be put upon it.

*Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent etiam hac defensa fuissent.*

*The Domi-
nicans
Church.*

The Church of the *Dominicans* is very handsome too, if you do not surprize it, and take it before it be dressed. I saw it once in its best attire, hung with a rare suit of Embroidered Hangings, which set it out with great advantage. I saw also here, the *Crucifix* which spoke to *St. Thomas of Aquin*, the Doctor of this Order and Country, and said, *Bene de me scripsisti Thoma*. In the Sacristy of this Church are kept in several Coffins (some covered with white, some with black Velvet) the Bodies of several great Persons, deposited here till their Tombs should be made: As of *Alphonso* the first, King of *Naples* and *Arragon*: Of *Queen Joanne* the unfortunate: That of an Emperor of *Constantinople*: That of *Durazzo*: That of the Marquis of *Vast*: with divers others.

*The Olive-
tani.*

The Church of the *Olivetani* is stately: Here lies buried *Alexander ab Alexandro*, a great Antiquary, whose ingenious Book *Genialium dierum*, gives light to many Books, by the unshelling of a world of antient customs of the *Romans*. In this Church also is the Tomb of brave
Marchese

Marchese di Pescara, surnamed the Thunderbolt of War. The words upon this Tomb are so ingenious (that though I profess not to set down many Epitaphs in this my Voyage) I cannot but strive to carry them into other Countries. They are these.

*Quis jacet hoc gelido sub marmore? Maximus ille
Piscator, belli gloria, pacis honos.*

*Nunquid & hic pisces cepit? Non. Ergo quid?
Urbes,*

Magnanimos Reges, oppida, regna, Duces.

Dic quibus hæc cepit Piscator retibus? Alio

Consilio, intrepido corde, alacrique manu.

*Qui tantum rapuere ducem? Duo Numina, Mars,
Mors.*

Ut raperent quidnam compulit? Invidia.

Nil nocuere ipsi; vivit nam Fama superstes,

Quæ Martem & Mortem vincit, & Invidiam.

The Church of *St. John Carbonare* is considerable for it self, but much more for the stately Tomb in it, of *King Robert*. In the Church of the Nunnery which stands at the foot of the Hill, as you go up to the *Carthusians*, I saw a most curious Tabernacle upon the Altar, of precious polished Stones. Its one of the richest I have seen any where, but that of *Florence* described above.

Then we mounted up that winding Hill of the *Carthusians* Church and Monastery, called *St. Martin's*. It's the most sumptuous thing in all *Europe* for a Monastery, whether you regard it's situation, or it's fabric. It's situated upon an high Hill under the wing of the Castle *St. Elmo*, to put

*The stately
Monastery
of the Car-
thusians.*

Barcly. Iron
Animorum.

put Castles in mind, that they ought to defend and protect Religion. The whole Quadrangle, or Cloister of this Monastery, is of pure polished white Marble, paved with Marble squares, and adorned round with a Baluster, and white Marble Pillars. Then entring into an open Gallery, we had as fine a Prospect as *Europe* can afford, not excepting that of *Greenwich*, thought by *Barcly. Iron Animorum*. clay, the best Prospect in *Europe*. For here I saw all *Naples* under me, with the perfect sight of the two other Castles, with the Haven, the *Molo*, the *Arsenal*, the Ships, the Country round about *Naples*, Mount *Vesuvius*, *Pausilipus*, the Ships at Sea, the Promontories of *Misenum* and *Minerva*, the Isle of *Caprea*, with a world of other delightful sights. Then I was led into the apartment of the *Padre Visitatore*, where I saw most neat Rooms, and some good Pictures. Then going to the Church, I found it to exceed the Cloyster, which before I thought to have exceeded all other things. It's all of Marble, gilding and painting. The Pavement is all of curious red and white Marble squares as also the Sacristy. The Chappels and Pictures match the roof, and the Pillars with their particular Graces. The Sacristy is absolutely the richest I ever saw. The great Cupboards are of such a rare *Mosaic* wood work, inlaid into Pictures, that it disputes hard with the Quire of *Dominicans* in *Bologna*. Here they shewed me a great Crucifix of Silver, which had been fifteen years in making. The *Remonstrance* to expose the B. Sacrament in, is made like a Sun, whose Beams are mingled with Silver and Coral. The great Candlesticks of Massive Silver, and the great Flower-pots are curiously wrought. Then

Then I went to see the three Castles; That of *St. Elmo*, which is hard by the *Carthusians*, *Castle St. Elmo*. was built by *Charles the V.* It stands well upon its own Guard, by reason of its high situation: But I doubt whether it can offend any enemy, except *Naples* it self, which is under it.

The *Castle Vovo* was built by *William the third of Normandy*, upon a rock in the Sea; and from its oval form, is called *Castel vovo*. There is a digue leading unto it from the Land.

The *Castle Nuovo* was built by *Charles of An-joyn*, designed King of *Naples*. It stands near the *Molo*, and level with the Town and Sea, as if it could defend and offend both. *Castle Nuova.*

These three Castles are guarded by natural *Spaniards*; and well furnished with great Cannons, by whose language (which is *ultima ratio Regum*, Kings last Arguments) the *Neopolitans* are either Catechised into duty, or threatned into obedience. Indeed, such a People and Town are not easily bridled: Such a wanton Courser as *Naples*, is not to be ridden with Snaffles; it hath often plunged under the King of *Spain*, but could never fling him quite out of the Saddle, *merce a gli tre Castelli*.

Then I went to see the Markets here, and found them most admirable, especially those of Fruit, which *Campania* sends hither: And were but the Taxes taken off, or reasonably moderated, *Naples* would be the cheapest and richest place in the world. But the Kings Officers, if they suck in *Milan*, and fleece in *Sicily*, they fley in *Naples*, which usage drove the People some years past, into such a desperate humour, that they took up Arms, under the command of *Mazainelo* *The Markets.*

zanello : His true Name was *Thomas Angelus Maia*, a poor Fisher-man, without Stockings or Shooes, who, for ten days together, swagger'd here so powerfully in the Head Two hundred thousand mutinous People, that when he commanded them to burn a House, they did it : When he commanded them to cast into the Fire all the Goods, Papers, Plate, Beds, Hangings, &c. of the *Gabelliers*, they did it without reserving the least precious Piece to themselves : When he commanded them to cry out, *Down with the Gabells*, they did it : When he put his Finger to his Mouth, they were all silent again ; as if this poor Fisher-man had been the Soul that animated that great Body of People : It was prodigious indeed, that such a poor young Man (not past Twenty three) in Wastecoat and Drawers, and his Fishers Cap on, should find such Obedience from such Rich and Witty Citizens. But as Tumultuous People make Arms of every thing their Fury meets with, so they make Captains of every Man that will but head them ; and as the Proverb goes, *In seditione vel Androclides belli ducem agit*. They shewed me the House of this Fisher-Man ; but the other Houses shewed me his Fury. Thousands have not yet recovered those ten days Tumults. Thus we see, that when Men are ripe for Rebellion, *Cromwells* and *Mazzanells* are cried up for great Men : Or rather, when God hath a mind to punish, Flies and Gnats are powerful things, even against Princes.

The Academies of Wits.

Here are two Academies of Wits, the one called the *Ardenti*, to shew their Ardor in studying : The other the *Oriofi*, wisely instituted as an allay to the others Heat.

Some

Some of the famous Men for Learning of this Lear Town, were old *Statius*, rare *Sannazarus*, *A-* Men. *lexander ab Alexandro*, and *John Baptist Marini*: three excellent Poets, and one Antiquary. *Naples* hath furnished the Church with eighteen Popes.

Having thus seen the Town it self of *Naples*, I was most willing to see the Wonders of Nature, which are near unto it. Horsing therefore betimes one Morning, we went with a Guide to see *Vesuvius*, the burning Mountain, some seven The Moun- miles distant from *Naples*. Our honest Guide tain Vesu- had studied the History of this Hill, and could tell how often it had broken forth into Flames, since the beginning of the World, that is, twenty times. *Xiphilinus* the Epitomist of *Dio*, relates at length, one that happened under the Emperor *Titus*. But the last which happened in the year 1631. he remembred very well, and related it to me as we went along, with a sad Preface, of

Infandum Peregrine jubes renovare dolorem,

because he could also say,

——— *Et quorum pars magna fui,*

having been an Actor in that Disorder. For he was Son to a rich Husbandman here, and with much ado, *Æneas* like, he had rescued his old Father from the Ashes of *Vesuvius*, which overwhelmed and buried whole Villages. Here said he, pointing to the place, stood a great Vineyard, one of the best of the Country; but now three fathom deep in Ashes. Here stood a Village full
of

of rich Husbandmen and goodly Houses; but now ruin'd by the Stones shot at it from *Vesuvius*. Here stood once a pleasant *Villa*, beautified with curious Walks, Orange-trees, Fountains and Arbors, but *Jam cinis est ubi villa fuit*. In a word, above Two thousand People were burnt, lamed or stifled in this Eruption. Then he shewed me the vast Stones, which overcharging the Stomach of *Vesuvius*, he had vomited up, with such a boaking, that *Naples* thought the day of Judgment had been at hand. Then he shewed me a Channel, where a River of fiery green matter, mingled with Brimstone, Allum, Iron, Water, and Salt-Petre, had run from that spewing Hill. The manner of its breaking out was thus: The Hill began first to smoke more vehemently than before: Then it flamed and cast out a Cloud of Ashes, which, had the wind stood toward the City, had cover'd all *Naples*, and buried it in those Ashes: Then it began to roar, as if Madam Nature her self had been in Labour; Thunder was but Pistol-crack to this noise: And the mouth a Cannon a full mile wide, must needs give a great report. It bellowed and thundered again: *Naples* trembled: The Ground swelled: The Sea it self shiver'd for fear, when the Hill tearing its Entrails with huge violence, was brought to Bed of a world of vast Stones, and a flood of Sulphurous Matter, which ran from the top of the Mountain into the Sea, for the space of three Miles. All this he told me, and this he shew'd me afterward, in a public Inscription, upon a fair Marble Stone erected hard by. And all this made me but the more desirous of seeing this Mountain. Wherefore spur-

ring

ring on, we came soon after to the foot of the Hill; where leaving our Horses, we began to crawl up that steep Hill for a good mile together, to the mid-leg in ashes. At last, with much ado, we got to the top of the Hill; and peeping fearfully (remembring *Pliny's* accident) into the great hollow, from the brink of it, found it to be like a vast Kettle, far greater than those Hell Kettles, near *Dislington*, in the Bishoprick of *Durham*, made by Earthquakes. For the Office of this Kettle is a Mile or two wide, and very nigh as deep. In the bottom of it, is a new little Hill, rising out of the hollow of the old, and fuming perpetually with a thick Smoke, as if it also would play tricks too in it's turn. Having gazed a while at this Chimney of Hell (for *Tertullian* calls *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, *Fumariola inferni*) we came faster down than we went up. He that is not content with this my short description of the burning of this Hill, let him read *Julius Caesar Recupitus*, who hath made a little Book alone of it, called, *De Vesuviano incendio Nuncijs*.

See Baker's
Chronic. in
Henric. 2.

Hell's
Chimneys.

Having recovered our Horses again, we came back to *Naples*; and the next Morning, taking a new Guide, we went to see the wonders of Nature about *Baia* and *Puzzuolo*.

Horsing then again betimes in the Morning, we passed by the Castle *Vovo*, and soon after to *Margelino*, to see the Tomb of *Sannazarius* the Poet, who lies buried in the Church of *Santa Maria del Porto*, which was once *Sannazarius* his own House, which dying, he left to be made a Church of, under that Title: So that in his Testament, he wrote *de Virginis partu*, as well

Our journey
to *Puzzuolo*.

Sannazarius's
Tomb.

as

as in his Book: And he might as well have written upon the Frontispice of this Church, as upon the Frontispice of his Book, *Opera Sannazarii de Virginis partu*. His Tomb here is adorned with Marble figures, and with this ingenuous Epitaph made of him by *Cardinal Bembo*.

*Da sacro cineri flores. Hic ille Maroni
Sincerus Musa proximus, ut tumulo.*

*Virgil's
Tomb.*

His name was *Jacobus Sannazarius*, but he changed his name for that of *Sincerus*, at the request of *Pontanus*, who also changed his Name too, and caused himself to be called *Jovianus*, as *Jovius*, in *Elogiis virorum doctorum*, saith. Not far off this place, nor far from the entrance of the *Grotte of Pausilipus*, in the Gardens of *St. Severino*, stands *Virgil's Tomb*, covered almost over with Laurel, or Bay-trees: As if that Poets Laurel were grown into a shady Bower, to make a whole Tomb of Laurel for the Prince of Poets.

From thence we returned again into our way, and presently came to the entrance of the *Grotte of Pausilipus*. This Mountain lying at the very back of *Naples*, and rendring the passage to *Naples* extremely inconvenient for carriages, it was thought fit to cut a Cart-away under Ground, quite through the Mountain: Some say it was *Lucullus*, that caused it to be thus boared: Others say it was *Cocceius Nerva*. Certain it is, that it is antient, seeing *Seneca* makes mention of it.

*The Grotte
of Pausili-
pe.*

Entring into the *Grotte of Pausilipus*, we found it to be about forty Foot high, and broad enough for two Carts laden to meet with ease. They
say

say here that it is a full Mile long; but I thought it scarce so much. We rid some forty paces by the light of the wide Entrance; but that vanishing, we were left in the Dark a good while, till we came to the half way, where there hangs a burning Lamp before the Picture of our Saviour in the B. Virgins Arms. The light of this Lamp was very grateful unto us; and I am confident a Puritan himself, were he here, would be glad to see this Lamp and Picture, and love them better for it ever after. All the way of this *Grotta* is very even and level, but hugely dusty; as a Room must be that hath not been swept these sixteen Hundred Years. The People of the Country meeting here in the Dark, know how to avoid one another, by going from *Naples* on the right hand, and returning on the left; that is, by keeping on the Mountain side going, and returning on the Sea-side: And this they express by crying out often; *Ala Montagna*, or *a la Marina*; to the Mountain-side, or to the Sea-side, to give notice whether they come, or go. Our Guide understood the Word, and he gave it unto me, and I to my next Man, it ran through our whole *Brigade*, which consisted of a dozen Horsemen in all. Almost all the way we rid in it, we shut our Eyes, having little use of them; and our Mouths and Noses too, for fear of being choaked with the Dust: So that our exterior Senses being thus shut up, our Interior began to work more freely, and to think of this odd place. My thoughts, coming newly from *Sannazarus* and *Virgils* Tombs, fell presently upon Poetry, (for all this Country is a Poetical Country) and I began to think whether this were not *Polyphemus*

his Den, because *Homer* makes it to have been near the Sea-side, as this is, and capable of holding great Herds of Sheep, as this also is. Sometimes I thought that it might have been here, that *Jupiter* was hidden from his devouring Father, *Saturn*, who came into *Italy* for certain; as also because *Sophocles* makes mention of *Jupiter Pausilipus*. But at last I concluded that this was the place where merry Gods and Goddesses, after their jovial Suppers, plaid at Hide and Seek, without being Hood-wink'd. By this time we began to see the other end of the Grot a far off, by a little Light which grew grater and greater, till at last we came to the Issue of it.

*Grotta del
Cane.*

Being got out of this *Cymmerian* rode, we began to open our Eyes again to see if we could find one another; and our Mouths too to discourse upon this exotick place. Thus we rid discoursing upon this Wonder, till we came to the *Grotta del Cane*, a new Wonder.

Arriving there we presently had a Dog ready (though for the most part the Dogs here run whining away when they see a troop of strangers arrive) and I saw the Experiment of that famous *Grotta*, which being but three yards within the side of the Hill, may be seen without entring into it. The Experiment is this. A Man takes a Dog alive, and holding down his Head with a wooden Fork to the Gound, the Dog begins first to cry, and then to turn up the white of the Eyes, as if he would die. Then letting him hold up his Head again, he recovers. And having thus twice or thrice shewed us the Experience of this infectious place, he puts down the Dogs head again, and holds it down so long, till the Dog seems

seems to be dead indeed. Then taking him by the stiff Leg, and running with him to the Lake *Agnano*, some forty Paces off, he throws him into the shallow water of this Lake, and presently he begins to recover, and to wade out. They would make us believe, that as it is the nature of this *Grotta* to kill, so it is the nature of this Lake to revive dead things again. But if the Dog were dead indeed, all the water of *Agnano*, tho' it were *Aqua Viva*, would not recover him: He is only astonished with the infectious Vapor which breatheth out of this *Sulphurous* ground below. The Pestilent nature of this *Grotta* was shewed us plainly by a lighted Torch, which as long as it was high from the Ground, burnt clearly: But as it was approached by little and little near to the Ground it grew dimmer and dimmer, till at last it burnt blew, and being held close to the Ground, it went quite out.

Then we were shown hard by, the Stoves of *St. Gennaro*, which by a natural sulphurous Vapor issuing strongly from low causes, put a Man presently in a Sweat, and are excellent Remedies for the *Neapolitan* Disease, called by some Authors, *Campanus Morbus*: Nature, an Indulgent Mother, thinking herself bound to afford a Remedy to the disorders which she her self hath enclin'd the *Neapolitans* unto.

The Stoves
of *St. Gennaro*.

Then fetching about the Hills by a narrow unfrequented way, we came to the Convent of the *Capucins* standing there where *St. Januarius* was Beheaded. In a little Chappel on the Right-hand as you enter into the Church, they shewed us the Stone upon which he was beheaded; the Blood is still upon it.

The Capu-
cins.

The Sul-
phatara.

From hence we descended down into the *Sulphatara*, where the burning Sulphur smokes out perpetually from under ground. This *Sulphatara* is a kind of Pit, environed on all sides with Banks, and it is about fifteen Hundred Foot long, and a Thousand broad. We rid down into it on Horse-back, and it sounded hollow under our Horses Feet, as if we had been riding over a wooden Bridg. There are divers *Spiracula*, or vents round about it, out of which the thick Smoak presseth furiously, as out of a Furnace; and makes Poets and Potters find matter enough; those for their Fables calling it, *Forum Vulcani*: These for their Medicinal Pots, which they make of this Brimstony Earth.

Near to *Sulphatara* stands a round Pool of black, thick Water, which always boileth; and whatsoever you throw into it, it comes out boiled indeed, but not entire; something or other of it being always diminished, saith *Leandro Alberti*. One putting in four Eggs in a long Ladle, pulled out but three again: I wonder Poets feigned not this Lake to be that part of Hell allotted to punish Usurers, seeing it takes use for every thing that's put into it.

Descending from *Sulphatara* to *Puzzuolo*, we wondered to see the very High-way smoak under our Horses Feet, when yet we found not them so fiery under us; but I found the Smoak to come out of little chinks of the dried ground: which shewed us that the whole Country was on Fire under us. Before we came to the Town we saw the remnants of a fair *Amphitheater*, and *Cicero's Academy*,

Immediately after this we came to *Puzzuolo*, *Puzzuolo*. so called, either from the multitude of Springs about it, or else a *Putore*, from the smell which this Brimstony Country affords. The Town is but little, yet anciently a Bishops Seat. Taking Boat here presently, we passed over the Creek of the Sea to *Baia*, which is three Miles from hence; and as we row'd along, I admired the wild design of *Caligula*, who built a Bridge from *Puzzuola* to *Baia*: Some of the Arches yet standing on both sides, shew us that his folly is real: And I believe *Suetonius* meant this work when he taxeth the *insanas substructiones*, and made buildings of this Emperor. That which contributed much to the bold attempt; was the nature of the Sand of this Country, which made into Morter, and let down into the Water, grows hard and solid, even to petrify there at last. *Puteolanus pulvis, si aquam attigit saxum est.* Pliny and Vitruvius. *Baia*.

Reaching the other side of the Bay, and leaving our Boat to attend us, we rambled for an hour and an half among the Antiquities of this ruined Paradise of *Baia*: For you know, *Nullus in orbe locus Baiis praeluxit amenis.*

First we were led to the *Mercato di Sabato*, looking still like a Street with ruins of Houses on both Sides. Mercato di Sabato.

Thence we went to the *Elizian* Fields, which are much beholding to Poets for their Fame: Otherwise they are but a very common Plat of Ground without any gracefulness at all; except only that if *Baia* were a Town still a Man might make a fine Bowling-ground here. But Poets who have Power and Licence to erect *Ibacum* in-

to a Kingdom, have out-poeted it here, by erecting this little spot of Ground into a Paradise.

*Piscina
Mirabili.*

Thence we came presently to the *Piscini Mirabili*, a vast building under ground born up by forty or fifty great square Pillars, long an Hundred and fifty Paces, forty wide, and thirty high. We descended into it by many Steps, and it's so well walled with Stone, and Lime on all sides, that Water cannot sink through. And all this was only to keep fresh Water in, either for the *Roman* Gallies that used to lie hereabouts, in this Harbor; or else for the *Romans* *Gusto*; who having their curious *Villa's* hereabouts, had no mind to drink of the Springs of this Bituminous Country. At the top of this *Piscini Mirabili*, I espied some Spouts of Stone yet remaining, by which they used to let the Water from above into the vast Reserver.

Promont.

Miseni.

Mare mor-

tuum Cento

Camerelle.

Returning again, we were shown the *Promontory of Misenum* a far off; and the *Mare Mortuum* hard by.

Then we went into the *Cento Camerelle*; so called from an Hundred little Rooms that were built together like Chambers within one another, to keep Slaves in, who served the Gallies.

Going again towards our Boat, we were shown the place where *Agrippina* should have been drowned by a false-bottomed Boat; but that failing, her Son *Nero* caused her to be Stabbed here. Indeed Breasts that had turn'd their Blood into Milk, to give Suck to such a Monster, could expect nothing else but to be emptied of all their Blood; but she was design'd to this ill usage long before. For being foretold, when she

she

she was with Child of *Nero*, that she had in her Womb a Son, who should be Emperor, but withal, who should kill her, she cried out: *Occidat, modo imperet: Let him kill me, so he be but Emperor*; and she had her Wish. It's said also that this *Parricide* (for, *Nero nunquam sine publici parricidii prefatione nominandus est*, (saith *Valerius Maximus*) after his Mother was kill'd, would needs have her ript up, that he might see where he had lodged nine Months together: And I believe that nothing hastened more the Conspiracy of the *Romans*, against him, than that they could now no longer endure him, who could not endure his own Mother. Hard by the Shoar stands yet the Tomb of that unfortunate Princess.

Then taking Boat again, we rowed by the ruins of *Marinus*, and *Cesar's Villas*, and divers other scraps of Antiquity, and all along in the Water (in a clear day) you may see the Foundations of *Baia*, and some Arches, and the Pavement of the very Streets; all now in the Sea. *Omnia fert atas*; and Time, which in all other places is called *Edax rerum*, may here be called *Bibax rerum*, having sup'd up here a whole Town.

Agrippina's Tomb.

Rowing on still by the Shoar, we came to the Foot of *Nero's* Pallace, near to the ruins of which, stands mounted a strong Castle, built *a la moderna*, upon a high Hill. Leaving here our Boat again, we were wished to put our Hands into the Sand of the very Sea which we found to burn under the cold Water.

Then we went hard by to *Cicero's* Baths, a great square place, where antiently were written over Head in old Letters, the names of the Diseases which these Waters Cured: Which

Cicero's Baths.

Letters some Physicians caus'd to be defac'd, pretending that they were superstitious Characters, when indeed they were unwilling Men should be cured by any thing, but the strange Characters in their *Recipes*.

*The Baths
of Tritola.*

Near these aforesaid Baths, are those of *Tritola*, where we were led into the long *Grotte*, and presently put into a Sweat by a stifling heat that met us violently in that long entry. I followed my Guide, and finding the steam to be Choaking, I stooped down low behind the Guide, to let him break the hot Air before me. As I thus stooped, I found out by Experience what others find by hearsay; that the nearer the Ground a Man stoops here, the cooler he finds himself. Thus *Anteus* like, fetching now and then succor from my Mother Earth, I found Humility to be a safe Remedy. In the middle of this long, narrow Entry there's a place for those that stand in need of Sweating, to stand on stradling wide, and so sweat abundantly. They told me that at the end of this *Grotta*, there are Baths of Sovereign Virtue; but I being well without them, had no mind to be choked in seeking out Health.

*Lacus A-
vernus.*

Returning from hence we had a huge walk of it to the *Lacus Avernus*, made by the River *Acheron*, i. e. *sine gaudio*: a fit name for the River of Hell. This Lake is famous for it's stinking Air which was observ'd to kill Birds as they flew over here. On the farther side of it was the Temple of *Apollo*.

*The Grotte
of Sibylla
Cumæa.*

Leaving this Lake on our Right hand, we made towards the *Grotte* of *Sibylla Cumæa*, so called from the City *Cumæ*, which stood not far off. This long *Grotta* was once a *Subterranean* passage

passage to the City of *Cuma* (as that of *Paufilippus* is yet to *Naples*) and the *Sybills Grotte* is that little dark Entry which strikes out of the long *Grotte*. This leads you to the Chamber of the said *Sybille* and her Baths. It's a fine retiring place for a chaste Maid, that fears as well to see as to be seen : *Tam timet videre, quam videri*, and such the *Sybills* were ; who for their *Virginities* sake, had the gift of Prophecy given them, saith St. *Hierome*. This *Sybilla Cumæa* Prophecied very particularly of our Saviour's Birth, and for that reason *Julian the Apostate* burnt her Prophecies saith *Ammianus Marcellinus*, an Heathen Historian of those times.

Tertull.

As we returned again from hence to our Boat, we gazed upon a great Mountain called *Monte Nuovo* because it was cast up in one Night (on *Michaelmas* Night, Anno 1536) by a Earthquake, which the Philosophers call *Brasmarichus*, that is, when the Earth is thrown up, and Mountains are formed. Some hold this Mountain to be three Miles high, but I think it enough to give it a full Mile. It cover'd (at its rising up) a great part of the old *Lacus Lucrinus*, which was quite suck'd up by this great fop.

Monte
Nuovo.

Then taking our Boat again, we returned to *Puzzuolo*, and at night to *Naples* ; where we staid but one day more, as well to rest our Horses, as to see the Silk-shops, where they make curious Silk Waistcoats, Stockings, Scarfs, &c.

He that desires to know the History of *Naples*, let him read the Book called, *Il Compendio dell' Historia di Napoli, di Collenuccio*. *The History of Naples.*

Having thus seen *Naples*, we returned again towards *Rome*, the same way we came, without any

Take heed
of the Ga-
bellers of
Fundi.

any danger of *Banditi*, but not without some trouble caused us by the Officers of the *Gabella* at *Fundi*, who met us a quarter of a Mile out of the Town, and stopt us upon the Road to search us, and see whether we had any thing liable to the *Gabella*; or more Money of the Country, than the Law allows Men to carry out. For my part, I had taken care of all this afore hand, and had nothing liable to the greatest rigor. But some of our Company, that did not believe the rigor to be so great, found it. For to some they pulled off their Boots, searched their Pockets, Breeches, Doublets; nay, even their Saddles, Horses tails, and the very Horses feet. From one Gentleman they took four Pistols of Gold, because he carried so much more than was allowed: Though with much ado we got the Gentleman his Money again; I have known divers that have not escaped so well, having been stripped in the open Fields, even to their Shirts, &c. their Watches taken from them, though they had brought them with them to *Naples*, and not bought them there. This is to learn my Traveller to be inquisitive in all his journeys, of the Laws of the Country where he travelleth, especially such obvious ones as concern public Passages, Bridges, Ferries, bearing of Arms, and the like; the knowledge of which customs will make him avoid many inconveniencies, which I have known others fall into.

In another Voyage to *Naples*, in our return to *Rome*, we made little excursions, to take in some places about *Rome*, which he had not seen before, as *Arbano*, *Castel Gandolfo*, *Frescati* and *Tivoli*, which lay almost in our way.

Rising

Rising therefore betimes at *Veletri*, we crossed over the Hills, and came to *Albano* (anciently *Albano*. called *Longo Alba*) and now one of the seven Bishops Seats about *Rome*, which are given to the eldest Bishop Cardinals, that they may be at hand always, and ready to assist the Pope in his affairs of importance. The others are *Porto*, *Ostia*, *Frescati*, *Tivoli*, *Preneste*, *Veletri*. In *Albano*, I saw nothing of moment but an old Church, and some old Houses: Yet seeing it stands in so good an Air, I wonder the great Men of *Rome* have not built Houses here, where the Wine is so exquisitely good. Indeed this Wine makes this Town to be much taken notice of by all strangers, as being the best Wine that's constantly drunk in *Rome*.

Hard by *Albano* stands *Castel Gandolfo*, the *Castle Gandolfo*. Popes Country House, in Summer. It stands very pleasantly, having on one side of it a Lake and Woods; and on the other, the *Campania* of *Rome*, and the City it self in view. I stept into this Castle but found nothing but bare Walls, it being unfurnished.

From hence we went to *Frescati*, called anciently *Tusculum*. *Frescati*. This is absolutely one of the sweetest places in *Europe*. The Town is but little; but round about it, especially on the Hill side there are so many curious *Villas*, *Pallaces*, *Gardens*, *Fountains*, *shady Walks*, and *Summer delights*, that I wonder not, if Princes, Cardinals, and other great Persons, retire hither, in Summer. In a word, here *Cato* was born, here *Lucullus* delighted himself, and *Cicero* studied and wrote his *Tusculan* questions. The first place we went to see here, was the *Villa Aldobrandani*.

This

*The Villa
Aldobran-
dina Belve-
dere.*

This *Villa* is also called the *Belvedere* of *Frescati*, because it stands so pleasantly; having the *Campania* of *Rome*, and *Rome* it self in sight on one side; and on the other, the Hill side all covered with Laurel Trees, curious Fountains, *Cascatas*, and other delightful Water-works, which afford here a cool season, even in the Months of *July* and *August*. The variety of these Water-works, are so many and so curious, that I cannot but describe them.

The Cascata.

First then, the rare *Cascata* presents it self, and its made thus. At the turning of a vast Cock, the Water (which is brought through a great Hill, from a source five Miles off) spouts out of the top of two high winding Pillars of Stone, which stand mounted upon the head of an high pair of open Stairs, and then falling down upon the same Pillars again, it follows the winding bent of them, cut into Channels and little Gutters, and so warbles about these Pilars visibly, till it arrive at the foot of them. There finding issue, it falls upon the foresaid Stairs, and covers them all with a thin gliding Stream, which makes an open Stair-case of Water. Besides, this Water sets a number of little Fountains on work, which stand on either side of these Stairs, and descends by degrees with them: So that in a moment the whole Hill side is spouting out Water and filling the Air with a sweet murmur.

The Girandola.

2. Then the Gardiner turning another Cock above, gives, at once, such store of Wind and Water to the great *Girandola*, below the Stars, in the *Grotta* of *Atlas*, that it imitateth perfectly Thunder, Hail, Rain and Mist.

3. By this time, the great Statue of the Centaure, with an Hunters Horn at his Mouth, windeth it duly, and in perfect measure. *The Centaure.*

4. *Pan* also plays on his Mouth-Organ tune-ably. *Pan.*

5. Whilst the Lion and the Leopard fighting together, spit angerly in one anothers Faces, though all pass in cold Blood, because in cold Water. *The Lion and the Leopard.*

6. These Waters also afford innumerable and inavoidable wetting places; as the false steps in the Stairs; the wetting place behind *Pan*; the wetting place behind the Centaure, and the little under-ground spouts on all sides.

7. Then the Hall of *Apollo* is opened, where he sitting upon Mount *Parnassus*, and the nine Muses under him in a Circle, with several wind Instruments in their Hands, strike up altogether melodiously, whilst an untouched Organ underneath the Hill, plays a soft ground to the Muses Instruments. *The Hall of Apollo.*

8. During the Melody, a little round hole in the midst of the Room, bloweth out from below, such a cool and stiff Wind, that bears up a little hollw ball of Copper, a yard from the Ground. Over the Door is this distich.

Huc ego migravi Musis comitatus Apollo.

Hic Delphi, hic Helicon, hic mihi Delos erit.

Then being led to see this Hydraulic Organ, and to view what Fingers Art had lent unto Water; I found the Organ to be made thus. First, the Pipes are like other Organ Pipes of Lead, and set in a close frame, as the manner is, with stops *The Water Organ.*

stops, and touches to them. Close to the stops the force of water turns a Wheel, made like a great Drum, and as long as the Organ. This Wheel hath in it, here and there, divers pieces of Brass, about the thickness of an half Crown piece, and just as broad as the stops of the Organ. These Brass pieces sticking out just so far, as to reach the stops in their turning about, and to press them down as the Organists Fingers do, and being placed here and there, in that Musical distance, as to strike their note in tune, as they turn about leisurely, they altogether compose a perfect and sweet Harmony; the Wind-pipe of this room (mentioned even now) serveth sufficiently for Bellows to this Organ, as well as to the wind Instruments of the Muse; and all is caused by force of Water. But as we were taken with these Water-works, which make this Organ play in tune, we were suddenly overtaken with another Water-work, which playing terribly upon us, put us quite out of tune: So seldom doth Wind come without Water.

*A terrible
wetting
place.*

Villa Ludovica.

Having seen this Garden and Pallace, we went to the *Villa* of Prince *Ludovica*, which is hard by. The House is but little, but the Garden is both large and adorned with store of Water-works; so that if the Gardiner befriend you not, you cannot escape without being soundly wet. One thing I observed in this Pallace here, that the Curtains of the Beds are wrought with little holes of Needle-work, that the Air may enter by them, but not the Gnats.

*Monte-
dragone.*

From hence we went to the *Villa* of Prince *Borghese*, called *Monte-dragone*, from the Dragon in his Arms. It stands a mile and an half from

from the *Belvedere*, and the way to it, is through curious walks of Laurel-trees. The House is stately, and capable of lodging a King, with his whole Court. The Chambers are neat and fit for both Seasons, Winter and Summer. I saw divers good Pictures in them. The last Supper is of *Alberto Dureo's* Hand, and hugely esteemed. The story of *Polyphemus* is of the Hand of *Lanfranco*. But that which pleased me best, was the Hall below, full of the true Pictures of famous Men, both for Learning and Arms. Its an excellent School, where a Man may learn much true skill in Physiognomy, and see how Worthies looked. This Hall lets you out into the little neat Garden, where you find Water-works, wetting sports, and a pretty *Girandola*.

Having thus seen *Frescati*, we went to *Tivoli* *Tivoli*. some fifteen Miles off. This is an antient Town, standing upon an Hill some fifteen Miles distant from *Rome*, and in sight of it. It was anciently called *Tyber*, and held by the *Romans* for a delicious place. We saw here the old Temple, and the House of *Sibylla Tyburtina*. Then we saw the *Cascata*, much admired here by those that never were in *Switzerland*, or at *Terni*. This here is made by the River *Anio*, which falls suddenly down a stony Rock, and foams for anger, to see its bed grown too short for it. Indeed it makes such a murmuring complaint against nature, to the stones below, that it almost deafs, like the *Catadoups* of *Nilus*, all its neighbors.

Thence we went to the *Villa* of Cardinal *d'Este*. *Villa d'Este*. It stands high and overlooks the *Campania* of *Rome*. But the Gardens of this *Villa*, is that which

which is here most looked after. They lie upon the side of an Hill, and are placed in four rows of Gardens, with four degrees in the descent, all furnished with *Cascatas*, *Grottas*, and other admirable Water-works: The Water is let in hither from the River *Anio*, which runs behind this Hill. For they have tapt the very Hill, and bored the Rock quite through to the River ; so that the Gardiner hereby turning a great Cock, can let in as much Water as fills the Fountains, the *Cascatas*, the *Grottas*, the *Girandola*, and the other rare Water-works. Hence is made the great Fountain of *Leda* ; the Stairs of Water ; the long walk of two Hundred paces, set all along with little stone Fountains and Basins, purling in your ears, and casting out little tets of Water as you walk along them. And here you shall see as rare things for sight and delight, as the World can afford in this kind. Here a perfect representation of old *Rome* in a Perspective : Where you see the *Capitol*, the *Pantheon*, the chief *Triumphal Arches*, the *Circos*, *Theaters*, *Obelisques*, *Mausoleas*, and even *Tyber* it self: Here curious groves of Trees making a green spring in the midst of Winter : Here cool *Grottas* and Fountains, making a cold Winter in the midst of Summer. Here false birds chirping upon true Trees, every one according to his true nature ; and all of them chattering at once at the sight of a false Owl, appearing and howling in a Tree. Here curious *Grottas*, especially the *Grotta* of Nature, adorned with Nymphs, Shells, Statues, and unavoidable wetting places, and Organs playing without any Man touching them : There a fearful *Girandola* of the Dragons, thundering

dering as if they would set Heaven on Fire with cold Water, and pelt *Jupiter* from thence with Hailstones. But I wrong these things, which are rather to be seen than described: And my Travel-ler will wrong himself much, if he stay not here three or four days, to view *munitamente*, these wonders of Art. Having seen these famous places, we returned to *Rome* again; where we saw its chief rareties over and over again; for *Romani juvat usque videre*, and all Men that have seen *Rome* only once, desire to see it again: Hence the *Romans* taking leave of a stranger departing from *Rome*, after his first Voyage, say jesting to him, *a Riveder ci*; that is, Farewel till I see you again; knowing that every Man who hath seen *Rome* but once, will desire to return again. For my part, I confess I was of this sentiment in my first journey; but now having seen it five several times, I took a long leave of it, and began to think of returning homeward by the way of *Loreto* and *Venice*. And that we might be sure to be at *Venice* at the great solemnity of the *Ascension*, we left *Rome* the first week after *Easter*.

We set out of *Rome* by the *Porta del Populo*, all along the *via Flaminia*, which reached as far almost on this side of *Rome*, as the *via Appia* did on the other; that is from *Rome* to *Rimini*. Its called *Flaminia*, because the *Consul Flaminius* made it by his Souldiers, in time of peace, lest they should grow idle and have their strength to seek when the War should break out. The rest of the way from *Rimini* to *Bologna*, was paved by *Æmilius Lepidus* the Collegue of *Flaminius*, and from him called *via Æmilia*.

Via Flaminia.

Ponte Molo.

This *via Flaminia* led us first to *Ponte Molo* (*Pons Milvius*) a good Mile distant from the Gates of *Rome*, where *Constantin* the Great overcame *Maxentius* the Tyrant, and drove him and his Men into the River. Here it was I saw *Tyber* first; and I wonder to find it such a small River, which Poets, with their Hyperbolical Ink, had made swell into a River of the first rate.

Tyber.

Narni.

Following on the way, we passed by *Castel Nuovo*, *Civita*, *Castellana*, *Utricoli*, and so to *Narni*: so called from the River *Nar*. It was anciently called *Nequinum* (wicked Town) because of the Inhabitants, who being pressed with hunger in a Siege resolved to kill one another, rather than fall alive into the Hands of their Enemies. They began with their Children, Sisters, Mothers, Wives, and at last fell upon one another; leaving their Enemies nothing to triumph over but bare Walls and Ashes. This Town is an ancient Bishops Seat, and *St. Juvenalis* (whose body lyeth in a neat low Chappel in the *Domo*) was the first Bishop of it. A little out of the Town are seen high Arches, belonging anciently to an *Aqueduct*.

Terni.

From hence we went to *Terni*, a Bishops Seat too. It was called anciently *Interamna*, because of a world of little Brooks here. This Town stands in a most pleasant soyl, and is famous for being the birth-place of *Cornelius Tacitus* the great Historian. Arriving here betimes, we went four miles off, to see the famous *Cascata*, in the Mountains, which far excells that of *Tivoli*.

Spoleto.

From *Terni* we went to *Spoleto*. This is a neat Town, which giveth denomination to the Dutchy of *Spoleto*. Anciently the Country here-
about

about was called *Umbria*, but in aftertimes it was called, the Dutchy of *Spoletto*, upon this occasion. The Emperor *Justin* having called *Narses* (the great General) out of *Italy*, he sent *Longinus* with the Power and Title of *Exarch*, in his place. This *Longinus* settled himself in *Ravenna*, and governed the rest of *Italy* by his Captains and Officers called *Duces*, or *Dukes*. Hence *Rome* lost her Consuls, (*Narses* and *Basilus* being the two last Consuls) and was governed by a Duke too, as well as *Spoletto*. This Town hath been famous anciently, for holding out against *Hannibal*, even then when he had newly overcome the *Romans* at the Lake *Thrasimeno* near *Perugia*; in which Siege of *Spoletto*, happened that famous Prodigy (which I may call, in a manner, a *Metaphysical transmutation*, rather than a *Metamorphosis*) mentioned by *Leonardo Alberti*, who quotes *Livy* for it; of a Man in *Spoletto*, changed into a Woman in the time of the Siege. Surely it was some notable Coward, whom Nature disavowing, degraded him of his Breeches. Hence I remember that *Plato* saith, *Abjectori armorum Maxime conveniret, ut in Mulierem ex Viro translatus, sic puniatur: A Man that casts away his Arms in a Battle, ought to be punished, by being changed from a Man into a Woman.* Plato lib. 12. de Legib.

This Town of *Spoletto* gives the name to the pleasant Valley of *Spoletto*, which lies near it. The Valley of Spoletto. It's above thirty Miles in Compass, surrounded on all sides with Hills, and those Hills are clad with many fine Towns: People willingly dwelling here, where the Air and the Earth, our chiefest Nurses, are so purely good.

Foligni.

From *Spoletto* we went to *Foligni* (*Fulignum* in Latin) famous for *Confectioners*. Not far from hence stands *Assisium*, famous for *St. Francis*, Founder of the *Franciscan* Order; the Convent here is stately, and much visited by devout Pilgrims: And *Montefalco* famous for the miraculous heart of *B. Clara*.

*Assisium.**Montefalco.**Tolentino.*

From *Foligni*, climbing up the *Apanins*, we came to *Tolentino*, famous for the Tomb and Relicks of *St. Nicholas Tolentinas*. Of this Town was *Philelphus* a learned and noble Knight, who desirous of possessing of the Greek Tongue in Perfection, was not only content to go into *Greece* in Person, and there visit the ruins of *Athens*, and the Tombs of the ancient Philosophers; but brought thence with him a *Grecian* Lady, whom he had married at *Constantinople*, by whose daily Conversation he might learn the pure Accent of the *Greek Tongue*. And this he did in such Perfection, that he triumph'd over the *Grecians* themselves in their own Language. Witness that dispute which he had with *Timotheus*, a *Grecian*, about the Force and Accent of a *Greek Word*, where both of them growing hot, and betting at last their Beards, which they both wore then long, *Philelphus* won the others Beard; and caused it to be shaved off immediately, and kept it in his Family as a Trophy: Though the poor *Grecian* would have redeemed it with a considerable Sum of Money. Indeed they deserv'd both to lose their Beards, that could be so hot about such a Hairs matter, as the Accent of a Word. The Statue of this notable Shaver, victorious *Philelphus*, I saw here in the Town-house.

From Tolentino we went to *Macerata*, a neat *Macerata.*
 Town of *la Marca*; and passing through *Recana-*
ta, another handsome Town of the same Coun- *Recanata.*
 try, we came betime to *Loreto.* *Loreto.*

Resolving but to stay here one day, we put out all our time to use presently, and spent that Afternoon, and the next day in viewing exactly this sacred place, which is so much frequented by the devout Pilgrims of all Christendom. This place at first was nothing but a plain High-way till the Chamber of our Blessed Lady (in which the Angel announced unto her the mystery of the Incarnation of our Saviour in her Womb) was translated thither miraculously by the Hands of Angels, about the year 1294, when Infidels and Turks over-spreading the holy Land, would otherwise have profaned that holy place, which even from the Apostles time had been turned into a Chappel. For my part, though this be no Article of Faith, yet when I remember what was said in this Chamber, by the Angel to our Lady, to wit, *Non est impossibile apud Deum omne Verbum: Nothing is impossible to God*, I easily believe that he who plac'd this great World it self in a place where there was nothing before, can easily place a House there where there was no House before; and that he who makes an Angel wheel the *Primum mobile*, and the vast Machines of the Heavenly Orbs, quite round in four and twenty hours, may easily make Angels translate this little Chamber of our Lady, from one part of the World to another. Now that it was so translated *de facto*, both ancient Records, solid depositions, constant tradition, and the belief of all, almost of the Catholick Princes of Eu- *See Truse-*
linus his
History of
the House
of Loreto
 rope

rope (who have sent rich Presents hither) do testify. Besides I can say this, that the Walls are of such a Stone as is not used in any House in all the Country about : A great Presumption, that this Wall is Exotic. Again, the holy House here having no foundation in the Ground (as we see plainly) it is not credible that it was built here by Men who would have given some little Foundation to Walls of that thickness, and to a House of that bigness, especially standing alone in the Fields, as it did at first, and exposed to all Weather. Add farther, that the very old Painting which is seen upon part of the Wall on the inside sheweth the high Antiquity of this House. In fine, the whole Country would have given the Lie to his tradition at first, or as soon as Men had begun to cry it up for an House brought thither miraculously.

*The holy
house of
Loreto.*

Now for the holy House it self it stands in the midst of a great Church which hath been built over it in latter times, for the better conveniency of the Peoples Devotion, and the Church Service : And round about it more immediately there hath been built a decoration of white Marble, which stands half a Foot distant from the holy House, that Men may see it was not intended so much for a Prop, as for a Decoration to it, as also to keep it from the hands of devout Pilgrims, who otherwise would have made no scruple to have been nibbling at the Stones of the Walls here, and so in time have much defac'd the holy House with their Pious Thefts. This Decoration is set round with two rows of statues of white Marble, cut by the rarest Workmen of Italy in those times, to wit, *Sanfovino, Bandinelli,*

San

San Gallo, Monte Lupo, and others. The lower row of these Statues expresseth the figures of the ancient Prophets: And the other row above expresseth the Statues of the *Sybills*, who Prophecyed among the Gentiles, and Heathens, of our Saviours Birth of a Virgin, and his Passion, as you may read at large in *Lactantius*.

As for the matter and form of this House, I found it to be of hard, red Stone, like Brick, but far harder and bigger than our Brick: The form somewhat square, about the bigness of a reasonable lodging Chamber. There's but one Window in it, and anciently there was but one Door; but now there are three; one at either side, and one behind the Altar, for the Chaplains that have care of the Lights and Lamps, which are always burning here. Towards the upper end of the House there is an Altar, where the Holy Sacrifice of Mass is offered from four in the Morning, until one in the Afternoon. This Altar is of Silver, and was given by *Cosmus II.* Great Duke of *Florence*. Before it hangs a Lamp of Gold, as great as two Men could carry. It was the gift and Vow of the Senate of *Venice* in a Plague time. On either side of the Walls are fastened two great Candlesticks of pure Gold, made like *Cornucopias* and neatly wrought, they were the gift of the great Dutches of *Florence*, *Magdalena d' Austria*, as her Arms upon them told me. On the Gospel side of the Altar, there's an old Cupboard within the Wall, in which are yet kept some little Earthen Dishes, which were brought hither with the House, and therefore Tradition holds them to have been our Saviours Plate, and our Ladies Vessels. Now this Cupboard is adorn'd

with a door of Silver given (if I remember well) by a Duke of *Parma*. In the end of the holy House there is a Window, where it is imagined the Angel entred when he came Embassador to the *Virgin Mary* concerning the great Business of the Incarnation of his Lord and Master. This Window is now chequed and enriched with Silver. Round about above, hang Silver Lamps; and on the sides of the Walls there remains yet some very old Painting, wherewith this Chamber was painted when it was first consecrated into a Chappel in the primitive times. In the very bottom of this Chamber, they shewed me, by a lighted Candle, how that it hath no Foundation in the Ground; but stands here just as if it had been let down from the Air, and set upon the plain Ground.

Close behind the Altar runs quite cross the Chappel, a great iron Grate, through which you see the Statue of *Cedar*, of our Blessed Lady, with her Son in her Arms. It's said to have been made by *St. Luke*, and was brought hither, together with the Chappel or holy House. It stands up high in the very farther end of the Chappel: It's about four Foot high, and adorned with a particular kind of Vail hung before it, looking something like a Womans Garment. They call these Vails here, *Vesti*, and they are of divers Colors and Stuffs; but all rich and glittering; witness that which I saw in the *Treasury*, which was given by the *Infanta Isabella* of *Flanders*, which is valued at forty Thousand Crowns. It's set thick with six rows of Diamonds down before, to the number of three Thousand; and it's all wrought over with a kind of Embroidery of
little

little Pearl, set thick every where within the Flowers with great round Pearl, to the number of twenty Thousand Pearls in all. Upon the Heads of our Saviour and our Lady in that Statue, are set two rich Crowns (close Royal Crowns) of Diamonds given by the Queen of *France Anne d' Austriche*. Before the Breast of this Statue hangs a Royal *Tosone*, or Fleece of rich Jewels, given by a Prince of *Transilvania*: A Collar of Rubies, Pearls, and Diamonds, and a rich Cross hanging at it, all given by Cardinal *Sfondrati*. Round about the *Niche*, in which this Statue stands, there goes a close row of precious Stones of several sorts and Lustres, but all great, both in bulk, in value, and in number; being Seventy one, in all, and together composing a rich *Iris* of several colours. Between this Statue of our Lady, and the Iron Grate, hang a row of Lamps, (about twelve in all) of pure Gold, and all as big as a Mans Head, one whereof exceeds the rest in curious Workmanship; and it was the gift of *Sigismond*, King of *Polonia*.

All the rest of the Chappel, where those Lamps hang, is loaden with the rich Vows, and Presents of great Princes. These I yet remember: To wit, the Image in Silver of the eldest Son of *Ferdinand* the Third, Emperor, with a Chain of Diamonds about it. An Angel of Silver, holding out and as it were presenting to our Lady a Child of Gold in Swathing-Bands, upon a Silver Cushion. It was the gift of the aforesaid Queen of *France*, being brought to Bed of the *Dolphin*, now *Lewis* the XIV. The Picture of this Prince of *Conde* in Silver kneeling, a vow of his Mother when he went first to War. The *Busto*
of

of St. *Barbara* in Silver, set with Jewels ; the gift of an Arch Duke of *Austria*. Another *Busto* of St. *Girione*, set with Jewels also a gift of a Queen of *Bohemia*. The Statue of St. *Ladislaus* in Silver ; the gift of *Ladislaus* the IV. King of *Polonia*. A fine kneeling Stool or Pew of Silver, given by Cardinal *Colonna*, with a world of other Silver Presents, wherewith this place is filled. In fine, I saw there the very Chimney which was anciently in this Chamber ; its under the Statue of our Lady, and now adorned with Silver.

The Treasury.

Having seen the Holy House or Chappel, we were led the next Morning into the *Treasury*, where many other rich presents are kept. This *Treasury* is a large Room forty paces long, and about fifteen wide, like a long Chappel vaulted and painted over head. On the left hand of this Room, stand great Cupboards, which opening above, have little Nets of strong Wyar before them, which let in Eyes to behold, but keep off Hands from touching the inestimable *Treasure* contained within them. Some of these presents were given by Popes, some by Kings, Queens, Princes, Cardinals, Generals, Ladies and Noblemen of several Nations. In one Cupboard they shewed us a whole service for the Altar, that is, Crucifix, Candlesticks, Cruets, Basin and Eure, and the foot of the Chalice, all of Amber. In another, such a whole service of Agate. Another such a Service all of *Lapis Lazuli*, given by Count *Olivares*. Another all of Coral given by the Arch-duke *Leopold*. In another, such a Service in Chrystal. In another such a Service of Silver, with Flower-pots nearly wrought, given by

by *Don Thadeo Barberino*, Prefect of Rome. In another, a stately Crucifix of *Ebony* adorn'd with many curious Pictures in Miniature, given by Pope *Clement* the VIII. In another, the Spread-Eagle of Diamonds, the Gift of *Mary*, Queen of *Hungary*. Two Crowns of Gold enrich'd with Pearl; the Gift of a Queen of *Polonia*. A Crown of Gold set with great Rubies of extraordinary size; the Gift of a Dutcheſs of *Nevers*. In another the Crown and Scepter of Gold enamell'd, given by *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*, at her first coming into *Italy*. In another, the enamelled Pigeon, with a rich Jewel in its Breast; the Gift of the Prince *Ludovisio*. The Heart enriched with Diamonds, with a great Emerald in the middle of it, of an excessive bigness; the Gift of *Henry III.* of *France*, at his return out of *Polonia*. In another, the rich enamelled three corner'd Jewel, with the Picture of the Blessed Virgin in the middle of it; the Present of two *Bohemian* Counts and a Gentleman; who being thrown out of a Window in *Prague*, by the Calvinists, and recommended themselves to God's Protection, and our Ladies Intercession, fell down all three gently, without the least hurt: Their Names were Count *Martintis*, Count *Slavata*, and a Gentleman that was Secretary to Count *Slavata*, who being thrown out the last, and falling upon the Count his Master, cryed him mercy for his rudeness in falling upon him: A great argument that they were little hurt, when they could Compliment with one another. There are now three Pillars before that house in *Prague*, out of which these three Men were thrown. In another Cupboard I saw several great Chains of Gold,

Gold, given by great Men; and some of these by great Generals. In another, a great Heart of Gold, as big as both a Mans hands, enamelled with blew, and set on the outside of it, with these Words in pretty big Diamonds, J E S U S, M A R I A, and within it are the Pictures of the Blessed Virgin on one side, and of the Queen of *England*, *Henrietta Maria*, one the other; the Heart opening it self into two leaves. In another, a neat little Heart also, of Gold, enamelled and set with Jewels, the Present of Madam *Christina*, Dutches of *Savoy*; and Sister to the foresaid Queen of *England*, with her own and her Sons Picture in it. In another, the Picture of our Blessed Lady, with her Son Jesus in her Arms, cut in a great Pearl, and set in Gold. In another Cupboard, I saw a Picture of our Blessed Lady, wrought curiously in *Indian* Feathers of several Colors, and cut short as Plush; which Picture changeth Colors as often as you change its Situation, or your own Posture. In another, a great *Custodia* of Chrystal, given by *Christina* of *Tuscany*. In another, a *Custodia* of *Lapis Lazuli*. In another, a Diamond valued at twelve Thousand Crowns, the gift of the Prince d' *Oria*, in *Genova*. Another of almost equal price, given by a *German* Prince. In another, a curious Book of Gold covered with Diamonds, with the leaves of Gold, but rarely painted in Miniature, the gift of a Duke of *Bavaria*. In another, the *Samaritans* Well of Gold, with Pictures of our Saviour, and the *Samaritan* Woman in Gold also; the Present of Cardinal *Brancaccio*. In divers other Cupboards, I saw a world of Jewels of all sorts, which confounded my Memory as well

well as dazled my Eyes. In other great Cupboards, they shewed me excellent Church Ornaments, of most rich Stuffs, embroidered with Silver and Gold, but one there was (to wit, a whole compleat Suit for the Altar, Priest, Deacon and Sub-deacon) so thick covered with an Embroidery of Pearl, and those no little ones, that I could not perceive the Ground of the Stuff for Pearl: All these were the Presents of *Catherine Zomoisky*, Wife of the Chancellor of *Polonia*; and they are valued at an Hundred and thirty Thousand Crowns. I know not whether this suit of Church Ornaments, or that described above in the Popes *Sacristy*, be the Richer.

On the other side of this Room, are great Windows, betwixt every one of which, are set upon long Tables, divers great Towns, so precisely expressed in Silver, with their Walls, Ramparts, Churches, Steeples, Houses, Streets, Windmills, &c. That whosoever had once seen these Towns, would easily know them again in their Pictures here, they were all Vows and Gifts, and all ingenious *German* Work, as well as *German* Towns.

This is all I can Remember, though not half I saw in this *Treasury*. And having thanked the civil Priest that shewed us this fine place, we went out again into the great Church; where I observed upon the great Pillars that make the Isles of this Church, the History of the Holy Houle engraven in Stone, or written in Parchment in a fair Text-hand, in twelve or thirteen several Languages, for the use of the Pilgrims who flock hither from all Countries:

Going

Going out of the Church, I saw before the Church door the Statue in Brass of *Sixtus Quintus*, and a stately Fountain.

From hence we went to see the Cellar of the Holy House, which furnished with Wine, not only the Governors House, the Canons and the Church-men, the College of the *Penitentiaries*, the Convent of the *Capucins*, the *Seminarists*, the Hospital and all those that belong to the Church any way ; but also furnish'd all Pilgrims, yea even all Princes, Cardinals, Bishops, Ambassadors, and great Men of known quality, with Wine, as long as they stay here upon Devotion. For this reason there belong large Revenues to this Church ; and this Cellar is absolutely the best I saw in *Italy*. The Vessels are hugely great, and not to be removed from hence. They have a way to take out a piece of their broad sides, and so to make them clean. They are all hooped with Iron, and some of them are so contrived, that they can draw three several sorts of Wine out of one Vessel, and by the same tap. The Experience is pretty, but the Wine is better. Now whether these Vessels be too many, or the Revenues of the Holy House too great, you may easily conjecture, when so many Persons are fed daily, as I mentioned above, and so many Thousand Pilgrims pass so frequently that way. *Turselinus* * writes, that between *Easter* and *Whitsuntide*, there have flock'd thither, sometimes, five, sometimes six Hundred thousand Communicants ; and in two days space in *September* (about the Feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady) there have appeared Two hundred thousand Communicants, most of which were Pilgrims.

* In his
Hist of Lo-
reto, l. 3.
c. 25.

Having

Having refreshed our selves in this Cellar, we *The Apothecaries-shop.* went to the Apothecaries-shop, belonging to the holy House also; and furnishing Physick to sick Pilgrims for nothing. There we saw those famous Pots, which make even Physick it self look sweetly, and draw all curious strangers to visit them. For round about a great inner Shop, stand Pots. of a great Size, painted by *Raphael Urbin's* own Hand, and therefore judged by *Virtuosi* to be of great Value. Witness those four only, on which are painted the four *Evangelists*, for the which were offered by a *French* Ambassador in his Kings name, four Pots of Gold of the same bigness, and were refused. Brave *Raphael*, whose only touch of a Finger could, *Midas* like, turn Galli-pots into Gold. But as *Phydias* his Statues of Clay were as much adored antiently, as his Golden ones; So *Raphaels* Hand is as much admired in the Apothecaries Shop of *Loreto*, as in the *Vatican* Pallace of *Rome*. These Pots were given to the holy House by a Duke of *Urbini*, whose Subject *Raphael* was, and for whom he had made them with more than ordinary Art.

He that desires to know more of *Loreto*, let him read *Turfelinus* his History of *Loreto*. For my part, my time being out, I must be gone.

Taking therefore Horse again, we made towards *Venice*, and saw these Places in our way.

Ancona, the Capital Town of the *Marca*, and one of the best Havens in the *Gulph*: Corresponding with *Slavonia*, *Greece*, *Dalmatica*, and many other Countries. Its built upon a Promontory, and back'd up Land-way, with a good Castle. The Haven was built by the Emperour *Trajan*, whose Triumphal Arch is yet seen here, and

and is the chief Monument of this Town. Here is a *Molo* striking two Hundred paces into the Sea. *Pius II.* whilst he stayed here to animate in Person, the great expedition against the *Turks*, which he had zealously given beginning to, died. In the Vaults of the great Church, are kept many Saints Bodies and pretious Relicks. Its called *St. Ciriaco's Church*, and it is the Cathedral.

Senegallia. From *Ancona* we went to *Senegallia*, all along the Sea side. This Town is so called from the *Senones Gallie*. Its a very neat and pleasant Town, standing in a sweet Air. Its a Bishops Seat. Here began anciently *Gallia Cisalpina*.

Fano. From hence we went to *Fano* (*Fanum fortune*) because of the Temple of Fortune built here in memory of a Battle won by the *Romans*, near the River *Metaurus*, hard by where *Asdrubal*, *Hannibal's* Brother was slain. Here's an antient Triumphal Arch yet standing. Not far from this Town also, *Varsetes* overcame *Totila*. Its an Episcopal Town.

Pesaro. From hence we went to *Pesaro* standing also most pleasantly by the Sea side. Its called *Pesaro*, and *Pesaurum* in Latin, from the weighing here of the Gold which the *Romans* beseiged in the Capitol, sent hither to be payed to the *Gauls*, saith *Servius*. It once belonging to the Dukes of *Urbino*, but for want of Heirs Male, fell to the Church by right. From the Bridge of Stone, which is here, begins the *Marca d' Ancona*. The Air is here thought by *Uranoscopists*, to be the best in *Italy*; as are also the Figs here.

Catholica. From hence we passed by *Catholica*, a poor Village, adorned with nothing but a stately Name, and an Inscription upon the Wall of the Chapel,

pel, rendering you the reason why this Town is called *Catholica*, which was this. When the Emperour *Constantius*, a fierce *Arian*, used violence to the Fathers that had been assembled in the Council of *Arimini* (a Town not far off) and would not suffer them to depart (their business being done, which they came for, to wit, the Catholick Faith of the Council of *Nice* being here asserted and confirmed) till they had complied with the Emperour's faction, consisting of *Arians*; Many of them too weakly (being weary of so long a stay from their Seats) fell to an unworthy compliance with the *Arian* Party. Which the zealous *Orthodox* Fathers seeing, left *Rimini*, and came into this little Village, because they would not Communicate with the *Arians*: Whereupon this Village got the Name of *Catholica*, because the true Catholick and *Orthodox* Fathers retired hither. If you ask me then, whether this Council of *Rimini* were good or no; I answer you, that the Council was good and *Orthodox*, and confirmed the Faith of the *Nicene* Council against the *Arians*; which was the business it was called about. And what happened afterwards when the Council was ended by the oppression of the Emperour, is not to be imputed to the Council, but to some weak Fathers, as an error of Conversation, and a too unworthy Compliance.

From *Catholica* we went to *Rimini*, called *Ariminum* in Latin, this is a pretty Town, in which the foresaid Council was kept. In the Market place I saw the Stone (set now upon a *Pedestal*) upon which *Cæsar* stood when he made a Speech to his Souldiers, to make them resolve to march

Rimini.

march up to *Rome*. Hard by, in the same Market place, stands a little round Chappel, famous for a miracle wrought there by St. *Antony of Padua*, in Confirmation of the real Presence. The History is too long, but seen here painted round the Chappel, with a cast of an Eye.

Cesena.
Forli.

From hence we went through *Cesena* an Episcopal Town; and *Forli*, *Forum Livii* another Bishops Seat; in the way before we came to *Cesena*, we saw an old Inscription in Stone, set up by a little River side, which I found to be the very Decree of the old Senate of *Rome*, forbidding in general, any Officer or Souldier whatsoever, to pass over the *Rubicon*, upon pain of being judged an Eenemy to his Country, and guilty of high Treason. By which Words I gathered, that this little River here now called *Pistatello*, was *Rubicon*, mentioned in the Decree of the Senate; and that this Decree pointed at *Julius Cesar* and his Army. Yet *Cesar* being resolved to march up to *Rome* with his Army, made a Speech to his Souldiers; and finding a compliance in their resolutions, passed over *Rubicon*, crying out: *Facta est alea: We must either Sink or Swim*, and so passed on to *Rome*, which he soon possessed himself of, and then of the World. When once powerful Men draw their Swords, they throw away their Scabbards; and when once they have offended beyond Pardon, they strike at the very Throat of Authority; running upon that horrid *Maxime*, that *scelera sceleribus sunt tuenda*.

Faenza.

From *Forli* we passed on the Right hand of *Faenza*, *Faventia* in Latin (leaving the way on the Left hand, which leads to *Imola* and *Bologna*) *Faenza* is a neat Town, as all the others we had

had passed by before : But having no considerable thing in it, but white Earthen Pots, called Vessels of *Faenza*, we stayed not long in it, but made towards *Ferrara*. In the way I found little worth Observation, except only, that as we Travelled one Night somewhat late for Coolness, I saw Millions of little Flies in the Air, carrying a bright Light about them like Glow-worms. They continued all the way to our Inn for two hours after Sun set, especially upon the Corn Fields and high Grass. It was huge pretty me thought, to see Heaven upon Earth almost, and flying Stars conduct us to our Lodging. A Poet would have sworn by all the Cords of *Apollo's* Harp, that *Jupiter* then was making *Vulcan* pave the Vault of Heaven with a *Mosaic* Work of Diamonds, and that these were only the sparks that fell from him : Or that he was repairing the old Causey of the *Via Lactea* with fresh Stars, and that these were the old ones which he had thrown away. I caught some of these fiery Flies, to see where it was that they carried their little *Lanterns* and *Candles*, and I found it was in their Tails. The Country People call them *Lucciole*. And I believe, these are those Flies which *Pliny* Plin. l. 18. c. 26. calls *Cicindelas*, and *Aristotle* calls *λμπύρισα*. Arist. l. 1. de partib. animal. c. 3.

Passing thus along we came late to a little Village, and the next Morning betimes to *Ferrara*. This Town of *Ferrara* was once the Seat of a Sovereign Prince of the house of *Este*, but for want of Heirs Male, after the Death of *Alfonso* the II. it fell to the Church, and *Clement* the VIII. took possession of it in Person, by an Entry and Ceremony, worthy of the Pen of Cardinal *Bentivoglio* who was there. The Town stands in a

Plain, carrying above four Miles compass; it hath a good *Citadel*, strong Walls, Ramparts, Bulworks, and a good Garrison of Soldiers. Here are fair Streets, and very handsom Pallaces; but People are somewhat thin. The things which I saw here were these.

The Rarities.

1. The *Domo*, Ancient rather than Beautiful.
2. Over against it, two Statues in Brass, of the Princes of the House of *Este*; the one Duke; the other *Marquis*; the one Sitting, the other on Horseback.

3. Behind these Statues is the House of Justice, or Town-house.

4. The strong Pallace of the Dukes anciently, is in the middle of the Town, with a great Mote about it; the Court within is painted with the Pictures of all the Dukes of *Ferrara*: here the Popes Legate lyeth.

The Diamond Pallace.

5. The Diamond Pallace, as they call it, is of white Marble without, whose Stones are all cut Diamond ways, into sharp Points. Having seen it without, I longed to see it within, hoping that a Diamond Pallace without, would be all Carbuncle and Pearl within. But I was deceiv'd; for entring in, I found nothing worth the Pains of going up the ugly Stairs; and the poor Woman that kept the House told me as much, as well as the cold Kitchen. I wonder the Master of this House doth not keep it always lock'd up, that Strangers might value it by its outside only, which is admirable indeed.

Ariosto's Tomb.

6. The Monastery of the *Benedictins* is stately, in whose Church I found the Tomb of *Ariosto*, Author of the long Poem called *Orlando Furioso*. He was esteemed, in his Life-time, a great Poet, and

as such was Crowned *Laureat* Poet, by the Emperor *Charles* the V. but he was oftentimes seen, even in the Streets, to be too much transported with Poetick Fury, and to become *Ariosto Furioso*, while he was penning his *Orlando*. He had a rich Vein, but a poor Purse; and while his head was crowned with *Laurel*, his Breeches were often out behind, as well as those of *Torquato Tasso*, of whom *Balzac* saith, that though he were a good Poet, yet he had *des fort mauvaises chausses*.

7. The *Carthusians* Church is neat and full of good Pictures.

8. The Church and Convent of the *Carmelites* is also neat, in whose Library I saw a Manuscript of *John Bacon*, and another of Learned *Thomas Waldensis*, both *English-Men*, and both Learned Men.

Here's an Academy of Wits called *Gli Elivati*. The Academy of Wits.
Of this Town was *Hyronymus Savonarola*, Au- The Learned Men.
thor of the *Triumphus Crucis*; and *Baptista Guarini* Author of the *Pastor Fido*.

He that desires to know the History of *Ferrara*, The History.
let him read *Giovanni Baptista Pigna*, who hath written of it, *ex Professo*.

From *Ferrara* we went to *Padua* in two days, the Season being good and dry; otherwise in Winter, it's too deep a way to go by Land; therefore most Men embark at *Ferrara*, and go by Boat to *Venice*. The first day passing over the *Po* in a Boat at *Francalino*, we reached *Ruigo* the first Ruigo.
Town of the *Venetian* state. This Town is built near where *Adria* (from whence the *Adriatic* Sea Adria.
is called) once stood, and almost upon its ruins. It's governed by a *Podesta* and a *Capitano Grande*, as the other Towns of *St. Mark* are. Of this

Town was *Cælius Rhodiginus*, a Man of various Learning, as his Books shew; and *Bonifacius Bonifacii* another learned Humanist.

From *Ruigo* we arrived at *Padua* betimes, but the desire of seeing *Venice*, made us hasten away the next day; deferring to see *Padua* till our return from *Venice*.

Embarking then betimes in the Morning at *Padua* in a *Piotta*, a neat little Barge, taken to our selves, and much more honourable than to go in the great Tilt-Boat, where all sorts of lousy Ruffians and idle People throng you up, we saw a world of stately Pallaces and Gardens, standing upon the Banks of the River *Bronta*, and shewing us that we were approaching to a great Town indeed.

Some five Miles short of *Venice*, we left the River and the Horses that drew us, and rowed through the shallow Sea which environeth *Venice* on all sides, for above five Miles space. This low Sea is called here *La Laguna*; and the Water is so shallow that no great Ships can come to *Venice*, little Vessels come by certain Channels which are well fortified with Castles, Forts and Chains, so that no Man can come to *Venice*, but with leave, or knocks. We arrived there betimes, and all the way we admired to see such a stately City, lying as it were at Anchor, in the midst of the Sea; and standing fixed where every thing else Floats.

The Origin of *Venice*. *Venice* at first was nothing but a company of little dry Spots of Ground, which held up their Heads in a shallow Sea, furnished by seven Rivers, *Piava*, *Sila*, *Livenza*, *Po*, *Adige*, *Brenta*, and *Tagliamento*, which run into it. To these little dry

dry Spots of Ground, Fishermen repaired anti-
 ently for their Fishing, and built little Cottages
 upon them. But afterwards *Italy* being overrun
 by *Goths*, *Huns*, and *Visigoths*, divers rich Men,
 from several parts of *Italy*, as well as from *Padua*,
 fled hither with the best of their Goods, to save
 them and themselves in these poor Cottages, un-
 known to those barbarous Nations: And finding
 by Experience this to be a safer place than any
 else, they began to provide against those frequent
 Disasters of barbarous IncurSIONs, by building
 good Houses here. This many Men did and
 made at last a fine Town here, and greater than
 her Mother *Padua*. This happened twelve Hun-
 dred years ago, which makes *Venice* glory, that
 she is the antientest Republick in *Europe*. To
 which purpose I cannot omit to tell you here a
 pretty Story which was told me in *Paris* of a
Venetian Ambassador, who residing in the Court
 of *France*, and finding himself in a Visit, where
 there were many Ladies, was seriously asked by
 a grave old Lady, (who heard him speak much
 of the *Seignory* of *Venice*) whether the *Seignory* *Est elle*
 of *Venice* were fair or no? Yes Madam said he, *belle?*
 on of the fairest in *Europe*. Is she great said the
 Lady again? Yes Madam said the Ambassador, *Est elle*
 she is great enough. Is she rich said the Lady? *grande?*
 Worth Millions replied the Ambassador. Me- *Est elle*
 thinks then said the Lady, she would be a good *riche?*
 Match for *Monsieur* the King's Brother: Yes Ma- *Quelle ai-*
 dam, replied he again, but that she is a little too *ge a elle?*
 old. Why how old is she I pray you, said the
 Lady? Madam, answered the Ambassador, she
 is about twelve Hundred years old. At which
 the Company smiling, the good Lady preceiv'd

her Error with blushing, and *Monsieur* was unmarried for that present. Indeed *Cosmography*, and *Topography* are hard Words; and as the old saying is, *aliquid Sceptum, aliquid Plectrum*, a Looking-Glass is not the same thing with a Map.

Venice
now.

As for *Venice* now, 'tis one of the fairest Cities in *Europe*, and called by the Proverbial Epithite, *Venetia la Riccha*, *Venice* the Rich. It's well nigh eight Milns in Compass, and in form something like a Lute. It hath no Wall about it to defend it, but a Mote of Water, that is five Miles broad, which surrounds it. It hath no Suburbs, but a world of little Islands close by it. The Streets of *Venice* are all full of Water; and for this Reason they use no Coaches here, but visit in Boats.

The Gondolas.

These Boats they call here *Gondolas*, and there are above twenty Thousand of them. For besides, that every noble *Venetian* or rich Man, hath two or three of his own; there are always a World of them standing together at several publick Wharfs; so that you need but cry out, *Gondola*, and you have them lanch out presently to you: These *Gandola's* are pretty neat black Boats like our Oars, holding six Persons conveniently upon the Seats, which are covered over head with a thick black Cloath, with Windows at either side, which in Winter defends you from the Wind, and in Summer from the Sun. The multitude of these *Gondola's* help to employ a great many poor Men, and to make a world of Mariners for publick Service, in time of need. Ordinary people here may go up and down the Town by little back Alleys, which they call here *Calle*; these by winding up and down, and deli-

delivering them over several Bridges, hugely puzzle Strangers at first. Of these Bridges there are above 1500 in *Venice*, all of Stone, and of one Arch reaching from one side of the Street to the other, while the *Gondola's* run under the Arch. The greatest of these Bridges is called the *Rialto*, built over the *Canal Grande*, all of white Marble. This is one of the finest Bridges in *Europe*, because of the one Arch only, and of the vast wideness and height of that Arch; the Channel here being as wide as any Man can throw a Stone. This Bridge bears upon its Back two rows of Shops, and little Houses covered with Lead; and lest this great weight should make the Foundation sink, they built upon *Piloties*, that is, great Trees rammed into the Ground, to the number of six Thousand in all. In fine, this Bridge cost two Hundred and fifty Thousand Crowns. It were a fine sight to see, in an hard Frost, the streets of *Venice* all frozen, and People walking up and down upon Diamond Streets, or a Chrystal Pavement. In the mean time it's no unpleasing sight to see the Streets full of Water, and such stately Palaces on either side: Especially the *Canal Grande*, which runs quite through the middle of the City, and is hedged in on either side with stately Houses; among which are counted two Hundred Pallaces fit to lodg any King. The whole City hath in it Thirty two Monasteries of Religious Men, Twenty eight of Religious Women; Seventy Parish Churches; and about an Hundred and fourscore Thousand Inhabitants.

Having said thus much of the Situation of *Venice*, I will now speak of the Government, Strength, Riches, Religion, and Interest of this Republick,

Republick, and then fall to the particulars I saw in it.

*The Government.
The great Council.*

For the Government here, it's purely *Aristocratical*, by the *Doge*, and the Nobles. The great Council consists of two Thousand Gentlemen. This is the *Basis* of the State Government: Because that out of these are chosen all the other Magistrates, *Potestas*, *Generals*, *Capitani*, *Grandi*, *providetori Generali*, *Embassadors*, &c. This great Council assembles frequently in one great Room of the *Doge's* Pallace, where there are Seats for them all, and where Businessses are voted by Baloting; that is, by putting in a close double Box of two Colours, a little Ball about the bigness of a Button, which is made so soft, that no Man can hear into whether part of the double Box the Ball falls. Every Gentleman in this great Council hath two of these Balls given him, one white, and the other red: The one signifying the Affirmative vote, the other the Negative: So that they give their votes secretly, and without being known afterwards for what party they stood, or without giving example to others to follow them in their Votes, as leading Men would do; and so draw all into Faction and Cabals.

The Doge.

To run through all the Magistrates and Officers of this Republick, the *Pregiadi*, the *savi Grandi*, the *savi di Terra ferma*, the *savi de gli Ordini*, the *Consiglio de dieci*, &c. would be a work too long for a Traveller, and too tedious for my Reader. I will only speak of the Supream Magistrate here, the *Doge*, or Prince as they call him, who represents the Head of this Republick. He is now chosen by the whole Senate, and is for Life: Heretofore he was Hereditary, till the year 1032.

The

The manner of Baloting in choosing the *Doge*, is such a puzzle, that I had rather you should read it in *Sabellicus*, than I give my self the trouble of describing it. For the most part, they chuse a Man well stricken in years, and one who hath made his Circle of Embassies: That is, hath been fifteen Years Ambassador in the chief Courts of *Europe*, three Years a piece in every one: And so acquired unto himself a perfect knowledge of all States, and State affairs. Being chosen once, he cannot stir out of the *Laguna* without leave. Mor at home can he do all things of his own Head; but with the advice of his Counsellors, who are six, chosen out of the most honourable Gentlemen of the City. These six sit with him in Counsel, and execute with him all Businesses, as to give Audience, read Letters, grant Priviledges, and the like: Which cannot be executed by the *Doge*, if there be not four Counsellors with him; and yet they can execute and act without the *Doge*; and it's they that have Authority to propose in the great Counsel, things of concern. In giving Suffrages, his Suffrage is no more than an ordinary Senators in the Senate; but he hath two Voices in the great Counsel. The *Doge* and these Counsellors are called *Il Collegio*, but then in main publick affairs there enter into this Counsel, Six *Savi grandi*, five *Savi di Terra Ferma*, five *Savi de gli Ordini*, and Three *Capi de Quaranta Criminali*, This full College distributes Business to the other Magistrates to be handed, having been headed here.

The Habit of the *Doge* is ancient, and hath something of the *Pontifical* Habit of it His Pomp, Train, and Lodging are all Princely; and in public Functions he hath carried before him the eight
Silver

Silver Trumpets, the great *Umbrella* of Cloth of Tissue, the Cushion, the Chair, the gilt Sword, and a white wax Candle carried by a Child. All Letters of State are written in his Name, and Money is coyned in his Name, but the *Impronto*, or stamp of it, is always the figure of St. *Mark*, or St. *Marks* Lyon. For the most part the *Doge* is chosen out of those whom they call here, *Procuratori di St. Marco*. These *Procuratori* are of high rank and esteem in this Republick. Heretofore there was but one *Procuratori di San Marco*, whose Office was to have a care of all things belonging to St. *Mark's* Church, and the *Treasure*. But now there are Twenty five, most of which have made their Circles of Embassies in foreign Courts, and are fit Wood to make *Doges* of: Though some of them of late have been assumed to that dignity for Money; the State now making Money of all Men, as well as of all things.

*Procurato
ri di Sant
Marco.*

*Their
Strength.*

As for the Strength and Power of *Venice*, it's very great, their Possessions in *Italy*, being full as great as the Pope's; and out of *Italy*, far greater. In *Italy* they hold fourteen Provinces under them. They are Lords of the *Gulph*, or *Adriatic Sea*.

They possess the Coast of *Dalmatia*, beyond the *Gulph*. They hold the *Iles* of *Corfu*, *Cephalonia* and *Zant*.

Candia, or the *Ile* of *Creta*, belongs to them by due. The Kingdom of *Cyprus* also is pretended to by them; and by it and *Candy*, whose two Crowns they shew us in the Treasury, *Venice* is stiled *Serenissima*. The Kingdom of *Cyprus* came to the *Venetians* by *Catherine Cornaro*, who was made Heir of it by her Son, the King thereof, who died young and without Issue, about the year 1438. The story

is

is this, *Catharine* was Daughter of *Marco Cornaro*, *Loschi in*
 and Neece of *Andrew Cornaro*, two Noblemen of *Compendo*
Venice. *Andrew* was sent *Auditore General* into *Histor.*
 the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, in the time of *James*
 King of that Island, and helpt him to many thou-
 sand Crowns, whereby he settled his tottering
 Crown. One day as the King was talking familiar-
 ly with him, he let fall (whether by chance, or
 design) a little Picture in *Miniature*, of a very
 handsom Lady. The King curious to see it, call'd
 for it civilly, and viewing it well, fell hugely in love
 with the Original of it, which *Andrew* assured him
 to be far handsomer than the Copy; and withal ad-
 ded, that if his Majesty liked her, she was his Neece,
 and that therefore he offered her freely to him for
 his Wife, with all the Money he had already lent
 him, and an hundred thousand Crowns more.
 The King bit willingly at these two Baits, Beauty
 and Money, and was not quiet till he had married
 her. Of her he had but one Son, whom (dying)
 he left under his Mothers Protection, but he dying
 also not long after, left his Mother heiress of the King-
 dom; and she at her Death, left this Crown and
 Kingdom to the *Venetians* by Will and Gift. This
 whole History I saw Painted in the Pallace of *Cor-*
naro by the hand of *Paulo Vernose*. As for the
 strong holds which the *Venetians* possess in *Italy*,
 they are these: *Crema*, *Bergamo*, *Brescia*, *Peschte-*
ra, *Chiosa*, and *Palma Nuova* in *Fruili*. This last *Palma*
 is one of the best places in *Europe*. It hath nine *Nuova.*
 Royal Bastions; Eighteen Cavaliers, which com-
 mand all the Neighbouring *Campagna*: It hath
 ditches of Water about it, thirty Paces broad and
 twelve deep; Its Ramparts behind the Wall are
 high and covering, and they are always fringed
 with

with an hundred pieces of Cannon, and ready to receive six Hundred more, which are always in its *Magazin*, ready upon all occasions. And for Men and Armour, as the great Arsenal in *Venice* hath always Arms in readines for an hundred Thousand Men; so this State being peopled with three Millions of Men, would easily find three or four hundred Thousand Men of Service, and an hundred Gallies: Yet their ordinary *Militia* is but of fourscore Thousand Foot, and some six Thousand Horse; and about thirty Gallies.

Their
Riches.

As for their Riches, though their ordinary Revenues (before the late Wars with the Turk) exceeded not four Millions, yet now they spur themselves, and the Country up to excessive sums. Few die but they bequeath something to such a Christian Service as this War is. Besides this, the Taxes are much augmented, and seizures and forfeitures more narrowly looked into, to help publick expenses. In fine, besides this, the great trading which *Venice* driveth (*Aleppo* alone bringing in some years, four Millions of Gold) the *Venetians* have found out a very compendious way to raise, in one quarter of an Hour, and by one dash of a Pen, fifty Hundred Thousand Crowns, to help themselves withal at a dead list, and incommode no Man. This they did, *Anno*. 1646 when fifty rich Families in *Venice* gave to the State an hundred Thousand Crows a piece, to be made noble *Venetians*. The like course they took to raise Money, about an hundred Years ago, when they were set upon by most of the Princes of *Europe* at once.

Their Re-
ligion.

As for their Religion, its *Roman Catholick*, and they have never changed it since the beginning
of

of their Republick. Hence Mr. *Raymond* in his *Mercurio Italico*, page 188. saith truly, that *Venice* hath this property above all other States ; that she is a Virgin, and more, from the first infancy, Christian ; having never yet fell from her Principles either in Government or Religion. It began to be built the very same year that St. *Augustin* died, as *Baronius* observes.

As for the Interest of the Publick, they are now well with the Emperor ; not out with *Spain*,
 nor too secure of his Friendship ; kind with the *French*, as long as they keep out of *Italy* ; well affected to *England*, and just friends with the Pope. Their Interest.

Now for the particulars which I saw in *Venice*, they were these.

1. The Men themselves here, who looked like Men indeed : And as a Philosopher anciently said that when he came from *Corinth* to *Sparta*, he seemed to come from Horses to Men: Some thought, when I came from *France* to *Venice* I came from Boys to Men. For here I saw the handsomest, the most lightly, the most proper and grave Men that ever I saw any where else. They wear always in the Town (I speak of the Noblemen) a long black Gown, a black Cap knit, with an edging of black Wool about it, like a Fringe, an ancient and manly wear, which makes them look like Senators. Their Hair is generally the best I ever saw any where ; these little Caps not pressing it down as our Hats do, and Periwigs are here forbid. Under their long Gowns (which fly open before) they have handsom black Suits of rich Stuffs, with Stockins and Garters, and Spanish Leather Shoos neatly made. In a word, I never so many proper Men together, nor so wise

wife, as I saw dayly their walking upon the *Piazza* of *St. Mark*. I may boldly say, that I saw there five hundred Gentlemen walking together every day, every one of which was able to play the Ambassador in any Princes Court of *Europe*. But the misery is, that we strangers cannot walk there with them, and talk with them, but must keep out of their way, and stand a loof off. The reason is this: This state (as all Republics are) being hugely jealous of her liberty and preservation, forbids her Noblemen and Senators to converse with Foreign Ambassadors, or any men that either is an actual Servant or Follower of an Ambassador, or hath any the least relation to any Princes Agent, without exprefs leave: And this upon pain of being suspected as a Traitor, and condignly punished. This makes them shy to all Strangers, not knowing what relation they may have to some Foreign States-man or Agent. For the same reason, they will not let their Wives visit the Wives of Foreign Ambassadors residing in *Venice*, for fear of being suspected to commit Treason by proxy. They have in the Wall of the Pallace, in divers places certain wide Mouths of Marble Stone, over which I found written these words: *Denuncie secrete*, private informations, into which they cast secretly Papers of accusations, by which they accuse secretly any Officer or Nobleman, whom they durst not accuse publickly. This makes Men stand hugely upon their guard, and be wary with whom they converse, and what they say.

The noble
Women of
Venice.

2. As for the Women here, they would gladly get the same reputation that their Husbands have, of being tall and handfom; but they over-do it with their horrible *Cioppini*, or high Shoes, which

which I have often seen to be a full half yard high. I confess, I wondered at first, to see Women go upon Stilts, and appear taller by the Head than any Man; and not to be able to go any where without resting their Hands upon the Shoulders of two grave Matrons that usher them: But at last, I perceived that it was good Policy, and a pretty ingenious way either to clog Women at Home by such heavy shoes (as the *Egyptians* kept their Wives at home by allowing them no shoes at all;) or at least to make them not able to go either far, or alone, or invisibly. As for the young Ladies of this Town, that are not married, they are never seen abroad, but masked like *Mascarades* in a strange Disguise, at the Fair time, and other public solemnities or shows, being at other times brought up in Monasteries of Nuns, till they be married.

3. Then I went to the Church of *St. Mark* the Evangelist, whose body lyeth here, having been translated hither from *Alexandria*, 820 and odd years ago; having ever since been one of the chief Patrons of this State, as his *Lion* hath ever since been the Arms of the Republic, and its Seal in all public writings. This Church is built *a la Thedescan*, as they call it, and as the best Churches built about those Times, were. Its neither great, nor high; but so rich for the materials, that nothing but Mosaick work and Marble appear in it. The Roof and the Walls a good way down, are curiously Painted with *Mosaick* Histories and Pictures; and the rest of the wall is rare marble. Among those *Mosaick Pictures*; there are to be seen in the vault of the Arch over the Door of the Treasury, two old Pictures the one of *St. Dominick*, the other of *St. Francis*; both made before they instituted their several

*St. Marks
Church.*

Baronius
an. 1190.

Orders, and yet both in the Religious Habits which those of their Orders wear; and all this out of the predictions of *Joachim* (Abbat of *Curacium*, and not of *S. Fleur*, as some wrongly call him) who lived before these Orders were instituted. The Picture also of the Pope, near to the Pictures of the foresaid Saints, is said to be a Prophetical Picture of the said Abbats describing; representing the last Pope that shall govern the flock of Christ, when all the world shall be of one Religion. The Pavement of this Church is suitable to the rest, being in some places composed of vast Marble stones, naturally representing the Waves of the Sea; in other places its curiously inlaid with stones of several colors expressing Flowers, Stars, Birds, Beasts and the like: Among which stones I perceived here and there some *Turky* stones of great value among us, but here not scorning to be trod upon. Thirty six Marble Pillars of a round form, and two foot thick in Diameter, hold up the roof of this Church. The high Altar is a rare piece, especially when you see the back of it open, as I did upon the Ascension Eve. This back of the Altar is richly adorned with divers rows of little enamelled Pictures, *a la Greca*, set in Gold, and enriched with brave Pearl and Pretious Stones intermingled every where between the Pictures. This most rich Ornament, or back of the Altar, was given by a *Doge of Venice*, and brought from *Constantinople*. Behind the high Altar stands the Altar of our Blessed Sacrament, where there are two transparent round Pillars, four yards high. In the Sacristy, which is hard by, I saw neat Mosaic work in the roof; and an admirable Picture of *St Hierom* of the same work also. Round about the inside

side of the Church; over the Pillars, hang the *Scutcheons* of several *Doges*, in a large size. For the *Doges* at their Creation, cause three things to be made: First their Picture which is set up in the *Sala* of the great Council: Secondly their Arms or Scutchion; which are sometimes of Silver, and of an huge size; and are set up after the *Doges* death in the Church for ever. Thirdly they must make their Picture in the *Collegio*, or *Pregiadi*.

4. From the Church we were let in to see the Treasury of St. *Mark*, which joyns to the Church. It was shewn us by the special leave from above, and by two noble *Venetians*, who are always present when it is shewn. We were first shewn the Spiritual Treasury; and then the Temporal; that is, first the Relics and then the Jewels. The Relics were these principally. A great authentical piece of the holy Cross, above a span long. It is the greatest piece I have seen any where, except that in the Holy Chappel in *Paris*, and though some enemies of the very Cross of Christ, as well as of other Relics, do jeeringly say, that there are so many pieces of the Holy Cross shewn in the World, they if they were all put together, they would make a Cart load of Wood: Yet I dare maintain more probably, that all the pieces, any one Man can say, are shewn in *Europe* (and I have seen a good part of it) would not make so much of the Cross, as one of those parts on which our Saviours hands were nailed: Seeing the greatest part that we find of it, is no thicker than an ordinary mans Finger, and little longer than a Span; and that very part of it which I saw in the Popes own Sacristy in the *Vatican*, is no longer than a mans little Finger: And if the King of *France* (St.

The Treasury of St. Mark.

The Spiritual Treasury.

Lewis) in his two expeditions into the Holy Land, could get only so little a piece of it, as that which is shown in *Paris*, in the *Saint Chappelle*: And if the Pope himself could get no greater a piece of it, than mentioned above, I do not wonder, if in other places, they shew such little shreds of it, as altogether would not make two foot of Timber, much less a Cart load. We saw also here a finger of *St. Mark*. His Ring with a Stone in it, which our *Lapidaries* cannot tell how to name. Some of our Saviours Blood, gathered up in his Passion, with the Earth it was spilt upon. A thorn of the Holy Crown of Thorns. A Nail which nailed the two pieces of the Cross together. A Finger of *St. Mary Magdalen*. A piece of *St. John Baptist's* Cranium. A Tooth of *St. Mark*. A piece of *St. John Baptist's* Habit. Some of our Blessed Ladies Hair. An ancient Picture of *St. John Baptist*, enamelled in Gold. A piece of our Saviours white Robe when he was scourged. A very ancient Picture of our Blessed Lady, carried about anciently by *Constantine* the Great, who had it always with him. One of the Stones of the *Torrent*, wherewith *St. Stephen* was Stoned. And in fine, the Sword of *St. Peter*.

The Temporal Treasure.

Then leading us to the temporal *Treasure*, in another Room, they shewed us (by Candle light, as they did also the *Spiritual Treasure*) these things. First, the twelve Crowns of Gold, and the twelve breast and back pieces (like Womens close bodies) of beaten Gold also, set thick, as well as the Crowns, with exquisite Pearl, both round and big: Twelve young Virgins used to wear them anciently upon a Feast day. Then three great Carbuncles, one whereof weigheth six Ounces, and is bigger than an ordinary Hens Egg: They value

it

it at two Hundred Thousand Crowns. Then the two Crowns of Gold set thick with precious Stones; one being the Crown of the Kingdom of *Cyprus*; the other of the Kingdom of *Candy*. After this they shewed us the *Doge's* Crown, called here, *il Corno*, because its made somewhat sharp and turning in at the top like a Horn. It's set round with a close row of excellent Pearl, each one as big as an Hasel Nut, with a vast Ruby in the front of it, worth a Hundred Thousand Crowns, say they, and one of the fairest Diamonds in *Europe*, in the top of it. Then they shewed us many other rich things, as the *Flower de Luce* of Gold, with a rich Diamond in it, given by *Henry III.* of *France*, at his passing by *Venice*, when he came out of *Poland*. The two *Unicorns* Horns, far less than that at *St. Denys* in *France*; but no less true. The two Crucifixes set with Pearl and rich Jewels, and in great number. The great Candlesticks and Thurible of beaten Gold, and curiously wrought, each one being almost as heavy as a Man can carry in both hands. The great *Chalice* of gold, as great as a man can carry in both hands. A *Saphyr* weighing ten Ounces. A cup or dish, as broad and deep as an ordinary Callote (or Cap, which we wear under our Hats) and all of one *Turky-stone* entire, and of huge Value; It was sent unto this Republick, by a King of *Persia*. A Vessel like a Tankard, of a rich *Gamelo*; its Handel being curiously engraven with a Diamond. A little Vase of the roots of *Emeraud*. Another of *Sardonick*. A great cup of *Agate*. Another of *Roman Agate*, far finer than the former, and more transparent. A rich *Pax* of Mother of Pearl. A *Spanish* Embassador, once viewing this Treasure, took a Candle

and looked curiously under the long Tables, upon which these rich things are exposed; and being asked what he looked for, answered; that he looked whether this Treasure had Roots or no, as his Masters Treasure had, and therefore groweth yearly: Meaning the *India Fleet of Spain*, which bringeth home yearly to the King of Spain's Coffers and Treasure, twelve Millions.

The Doges
Pallace.

5. Having seen this Treasure, and thanked the two noble *Venetians* that stood by, and requited the under Officers that shewed it; we went into the *Doge's Pallace*, which joyns to *St. Marks Church*; and mounting up the open stairs into the open Gallery, we saw the two great Marble Statues of *Mars* and *Neptune*, which stand at the Head of these Stairs, and signifie the strength of the *Venetians*, both by Sea and Land. They are excellent pieces, otherwise great *Sansovinius* would never have owned them by writing under them, *Opus Sansovinii*. This open Gallery led us into a world of Chambers of Justice and Clerks Offices, all thronged with business and busy Men. Going up from hence into a higher story, we saw the *Doge's Chambers of Audience*, his *Anti-chambers*, his Dining-room, and the like. From thence we were led into several great Chambers of Council, all rarely well painted. After that we saw the great Chamber, or *Sala*, of the Senate-house, where the Nobles meet upon affairs, as great as the Chamber. For here they meet about the chusing of publick Officers, either for the governing of the City or Army: And sometimes they have been forced to stay there eight days (saith *Sabellicus*) not being able to agree about the Elections; they not being permitted to depart thence till they agree. This

Senate;

Senate-house or great Chamber, is above three-score paces long, and thirty wide. Its full of Seats for the Noble *Venetians*, to the number of two Thousand Men, who have right to enter here. It's painted on all sides by the rarest Painters that were in *Italy*, when this Room was made. Over the *Doge's* Throne, is a rare piece of painting, covering the whole end of the Room above, and representing Heaven in a glorious manner. It's of the Hand of *Tintoret*. The great Pictures upon that side of the Room, which looks towards the Court of the Pallace, contain the History of Pope *Alexander* the III. and the Emperor *Frederic Barbarossa*. I saw also in this great Room, and in the next joyning to it, the true Pictures of all the *Doges* of *Venice*. In the other Chambers of this Pallace, in the Churches, and other Pallaces of this Town, I saw so many, and so rare pieces of painting, of *Titian*, *Tintoret*, *Bellino*, *Gentile*, *Castel*, *Francisco*, *Bassano*, *Paolo Veronese*, *Perdonone* and others, that with Madam *Romes* leave, I dare boldly say, that no place of *Italy* hath so many rare Pictures in it, as *Venice* hath; and perchance, you will be of my Opinion, if you read the curious Book of *Rodolphi*, who hath written the lives of the Painters of *Venice*, and the *Venetian* State, and sets down where their prime pieces are to be seen.

7. Having seen these Chambers of *Judicature*, *The title* we were led about to the *Sala* of the *Consiglio de Arsenal*. *Dieci* (otherwise called, the little *Arsenal*) in the Pallace still. It's a curious sight, and therefore not to be omitted by my Traveller. There are Arms in it for a Thousand Men, ready upon all occasions of Sedition or Treason. The Muskets are always charged and primed, and every six Months

they discharge them, to charge them a fresh. Pikes and Swords are also so ordered here, that by plucking a string, they fall into the hands of those that should use them: So that in less than half an hour a thousand Men may fall out armed. In the end of the great Room where the Muskets hang, stands a great Iron Ball pierced through like a Basket-hilt, and four times as big as a Soldiers Helmet, within which there is a Spring, which being uncock'd by the pulling of a Cord, strikes fire into Gunpowder, which lieth round about within this ball, in a train, and there are so many several ends of Match as there are Muskets here; half of the Match hanging out of the holes of the Ball, the other half being within, and reaching into the train of Powder: So that the first Man that should come in and pluck the foresaid Cord, would presently strik fire, and light the Match all at once; and then every Man catching a Musket, and one of these Matches lighted, they are armed in a moment. This Armory is to secure the *Doge* and the Senators (while they are assembled in Council) from such like Treasons as have been plotted against them, whilst they were sitting in Counsel. And for this purpose, there's a door which openeth out of the Senate-house, into this Armory; and the Keys of it are always laid near the *Doge*, when he sits here in Consultation: Nor is this so much an *Italian* Jealousy, as a prudent Caution caused by past Dangers. For they shew us in the great Arsenal, the Armory (with one Arm only, to be worn under a *Venetian* Gown, while the other Arm was showed bare, to take off all suspicion) of *Bajamante Theopoli* and his Complices, to the number of Eight Hundred Men, who intend-

ed

ed to kill the whole Senate, while it was assembled ; and make *Bajamante* Master of *Venice*. But the Plot was dash't in the Execution ; because *Bajamante's* Brains were dash'd out by a poor Woman, who seeing him march under her window in the head of his rebellious crew, threw down from her Window, a great earthen Flower-pot upon his Head, and killed him dead. His party seeing this, retired, and were soon subdued : And his House was turned into a Shambles for Butchers ; a fit disgrace for him who would have been the Butcher of his Prince and Countrimen. Here also, in this Arsenal, we saw the Sword and Arms of brave *Scanderbeg*, Prince of *Albania*, who won seven Battels over seven, the most illustrious *Bassas* the great *Turk* had, and died after all, peaceably in his Estates, in spite of *Amurath*. Its said, that the great *Turk* hearing how *Scanderbeg* with his Sword had cloven Men in two, sent to him ; and desired him to send him his Sword, his cutting Sword ; which he did : The *Turk* tried it upon his Slaves, and finding that he could not cleave Men as *Scanderbeg* had done, sent him word, that he had not sent him his true Sword ; to whom *Scanderbeg* replied, that he had sent him indeed his Sword, but not his Arm. As for this Sword, which they call here *Scanderbeg's* Sword, its a broad thin Blade of a reasonable length, but light, and of as good Metal almost, as its Master. We saw here many other curiosities : As the Standard of the *Doge Zani*, who restored Pope *Alexander* the III. unto his Seat again ; with his Sword, Buckler and Helmet. The Standard of the great *Turk*. The Standard of Horfes hair belonging also to the great *Turk*, and which he hung out always before

fore Battle, as a signal of combat. It was taken by a *French* Man called *Ciotar*. The Statues of *Ludovico Sforza* Duke of *Milan*, and of his Wife *Visconti*. The Statue or head of *Carara*, whom they call the Tyrant, but how truly I know not: The Statue or head in Brass of brave *Venerio*, General of the *Venetians*, in the Battle of *Lepanto*. The Head in Brass, also of brave *Bragandino*, fled alive by the *Turks* for his Countries Service. The Picture of *Santa Justina* in a great Case set with rich Stones. This Case was made for a great Looking-Glass which the *Venetians* sent unto the *Sultans* of the great *Turk*; but the Ship that carried it, meeting in the way a Frigate which brought the News of a great Victory gotten over the *Turks* by the *Venetians* upon *Santa Justin's* day, it returned back again with the present; and the Senate caused the Glass to be taken out, and *Santa Justina's* Picture to be set in Place of it. Then we saw a rare Carpet, or rather a curious piece of Stuff with Figures in it, sent to the Republick of *Venice* by a King of *Persia*. The habits of two noble *Chinese*, who were Baptized at *Venice*. The Armour of brave *Gatta Mela*, with the Picture of a Cat in his Head-piece. The Armour of some of the ancient *Doges* of *Venice*, who, to the number of Forty or Fifty, went to War in Person, and did such things there, as to make their very Armor to be Honourable. The Habit, Buckler, and Sword of a King of *Persia*; the Arms are set with rich Stones. The Armor of *Henry* the IV of *France*, with his Pocket Pistol. The Armor of the Duke of *Rohan*. The compleat Armour of a little Boy about ten years old, who was found dead in a Battle, fighting for the *Venetians* and his Country; and not known who he

he was. Poor brave Child ! Who being worthy never to have died, doest not so much as live in History ! Indeed I did not think till then, that *Mars* had his Abortives too, dying before their time, and before they were named. Then they shewed me *Attila's* Helmet, with the Head-piece of his Horse. A Cannon shooting seven Shots at once, as if Death, with his single Dart, went too slowly to work. Another Cannon shooting threescore Shots in ten Barrels. A Halbert with a Barrel within it, shooting fourteen Shots. Another Halbert shooting seven Shots. A Cannon of Iron carrying two Miles, and curiously wrought into Flowers with the points of Chizels. The Chollar of Iron of the *Paduan* Tyrant (as they call him here) *Carara*. The little Iron Cross-bow of the same Tyrant, with which he is said to have shot Needles a Span long, and killed many Men privately, who knew not how, or by whom they were hurt. Then the Devils Organs, or a Trunk of Leather, with ten Pistol Barrels in it, of a Foot and half long ; and so disposed in order like Organ-pipes, that upon the opening of the Lock of this Trunk, all these Barrels being charged with several Bullets, should let fly at once ; and so scattering wide, kill all those that should be in the Room. This Trunk was contriv'd by a revengeful Man, who having a Mind to be revenged both of his Enemy, and of his Enemies Friends at once, sent him this Trunk by an unknown Bearer (as a present from a Friend) while he treated his Friends at dinner. The holes through the sides of it, made by the Bullets, shew the devilish effect of this Trunk, and how well it deserves the name of the Devils Organ. The Box of *Bortargoes* here is just such another Invention. A Pi-
sol

stol in a Pocket-Book here is as bad as the others; which being Chargd and let off, would presently read your Doom. Swords and Daggers, with Pistol and little Gun Barrels running along their Blades, which being held drawn with the Broad-side to a Man, appear to be only plain Swords and Daggers, and yet they discharge thrusts not to be parried by any fencing Guard. I saw also here a fine Tabernacle of Christal: A burning Lamp found in *Antenor's Tomb in Padua*. A Burning-Glass, which burneth half a Mile off: A rare *Adam and Eve*, with the Serpent and the Tree, all cut out of one piece of Wood by the rare hand of *Alberto Dureo*: And in fine, the Picture of King *James of England*, the only Picture of any foreign Prince that I saw there.

The Piazza
of St.
Mark.

Having thus seen this Cabinet of *Mars*, we went out of the Pallace into the *Piazza* of *St. Mark*, upon which both the aforesaid Church of *St. Mark*, and the *Doge's Pallace* look. This is one of the noblest *Piazza's* that a Man can see in any Town. It runs from the Sea-side, up along the Pallace, to the Church of *St. Mark*, and from thence turning on the left hand, it spreads it self into a more large and longer open place, most Beautiful to behold; for the whole *Piazza*, even from the Sea-side to the farther end, is built upon Arches, and Marble Pillars; and raised up with beautiful Lodgings, fit to lodg all the *Procuratori* of *St. Mark*; all the rich foreign Merchants; a world of persons of condition; the *Mint*, and the famous Library. In that part of the *Piazza* which lies under the Pallace the *Nobili Venetiani* walk together, twice a day, to confer about business of State. This meeting here of the Noblemen is called the *Broglio*. And in the
end

end of it, close by the Sea-side, stand two great Pillars of rich Marble, the one bearing upon it the Image of St. *Theodorus*, the other the Lyon of St. *Mark*; these two Saints, St. *Mark* and St. *Theodorus*, being the two Patrons of this City. These two Pillars were erected here by a *Lombard*, who required no other recompence for his Pains, than that it may be Lawful for Dice-players to play at Dice between these two Pillars, without being punished or molested; nay, though they played false play: Here also between these two Pillars they execute Malefactors, to shew that they deserve not the Protection of those two Patrons, who break the Orders of that Town which is under the Protection. It's pity that the *Lombard* himself was not whipp'd here, at least, for making himself the Protector of idle Rogues there, where the Saints are Patrons of honest Men. Over against the Pallace stands the *Mint*, in a place called *La Zeccha*, and from hence the Gold coined here is called *Zecchino*; a piece of Gold worth some seven Shillings and Sixpence of our Money. Hard by it stands the Library, famous both for the quality and quantity of the Books that are in it. *Petrarch* (once Canon of the Church of *Padua*) gave his Library to it; and *Bessarion* a Greek Cardinal of great Learning and Worth, gave as many great Manuscripts unto it, as cost him thirty Thousand Crowns, and yet by this Legacy, *Bessarion* was but even with the *Venetians*, who honoured him in such a particular manner, as to send out the *Bucentauro* it self to bring him into *Venice*, being sent thither *Legat* by the Pope.

8. Going from hence into the other part of the *Piazza*, which stands before the Church, I espied
upon

upon the very out corner of the Wall of the Church (as you come out of the Pallace) four Porphyry Statues of four Merchants embracing one another. Having enquired what those Statues were set for there, I was told by a grave old Gentleman of *Venice*; that those whom these Statues represent, were four Merchants and Strangers, who brought hither most of the Jewels mentioned above in the Treasury: And that afterwards poisoning one another out of Covetousness, left this State heir of all. Just before the Church stand three tall Masts of Ships, upon curiously wrought Pedestals of Brass, & each Mast bearing, upon great days, a stately Flag, & Streamers. These three Masts signify the three noblest parts of the *Venetians* Dominions, to wit, the Kingdoms of *Cyprus*, and of *Candy*, and the state of *Venice*. In this *Piazza* I found always a world of Strangers perpetually walking and talking of Bargains and Traffick, as *Greeks*, *Armenians*, *Albanians*, *Slavonians*, *Polonians*, *Jews*, and even *Turks* themselves; all in their several Habits, but all conspiring in this one thing, to sell dear, and buy cheap. Here also they have every night in Summer, a world of *Montebanks*, *Ciarlatani*, and such stuff, who, together with their druggs and remedies, strive to please the People with their little Comedies, Popet-plays, Songs, Musick, Stories, and such like Buffonery. It's strange to see how they find daily, either new fooling or new Fools, not only to hear them, but even they throw them Money too for such poor contentments. In this *Piazza* also stands the *Campanile*, or high Steeple of *Venice*, distant some fifty Paces from the Church of *St. Mark*. It's built forty Foot square on all Sides, and two Hundred and thirty six high. The
top

top of it is covered with gilt Tiles, which, in a Sun-
 shine day, appear gloriously afar off. The Foun-
 dation of it is almost as deep underground, as the
 top of it is high above ground; a wonder, if you
 consider that it stands in *Venice*. From the top of
 this *Campahile* we had a perfect view of *Venice* un-
 der us, and of all its neighbouring Islands, Forts, Seas,
 and Towns about it; as also of the outside of St.
Marks Church, its Frontispiece, its Cupolas, and
 the four Horses of Brass gilt, which stand over the
 Frontispiece. These Horses came out of the Shop,
 not out of the Stable of *Lisippus* a famous Statu-
 ary in *Greece*, and were given to *Nero* by *Tirada-*
tes, King of *Armenia*. They were carried by *Con-*
stantine the Great from *Rome* to *Constantinople*; and
 from thence they were transported hither. In fine,
 from the top of this Steeple we saw the compass of
 the great Arsenal of *Venice*, which looked like a
 little Town in our Sight. Indeed some make it
 three Miles about; but I cannot allow it so much.
 The sight of this *Magazin* of War afar off, made
 us hasten down from the Steeple to go see it nearer
 hand.

9. Taking therefore a *Gondola*, we went to the
 Arsenal, where, after the ordinary formalities of
 leaving our Swords at the Door, and paying the
 Porters Fees, we were admitted, and led through
 this great Shop of *Mars*. It's so well seated near
 the Sea-side, and so well built, that it might serve
 the *Venetian* Senators for a Castle, in time of dan-
 ger: And in it there is a Well of fresh Water, not
 to be poisoned, because of the two pieces of *U-*
nicorns Horn set fast in the bottom of it. I confess
 I never saw any where such Oeconomy as is here
 observ'd. Fifteen Hundred Men are daily employ-
 ed

*The Arse-
 nal.*

ed here, and duly paid at the Weeks end, according to their several Employments and Works. The Expences of these Workmen amount to a Thousand Ducats every day in the Year: So that they make account that they may spend in this Arsenal four Hundred and thirty Thousand Crowns a Year: Enough almost to maintain a pretty Army constantly. Every Workman here hath Wine twice a day, and that very good too, but that it is a little mingled with Water. We were led through all the vast Rooms of this *Magazin*, Rooms like vast Churches: In one of them I saw nothing but great Oars for Gallies, seven Men going to one Oar. In another, nothing but vast Sterns. In another, nothing but vast Nails for Gallies and Ships. In another, they were making nothing but Salt-peeter for Gunpowder. In another, they were casting great Cannons, Morter-pieces, and Chambers. In another, they had nothing but a pair of vast Scales to weigh Cannons with. In another, Masts for Gallies and Ships, of a prodigious greatness and length; and yet of such a rare Timber, that one fillipping up one end of them, you hear it easily at the other end, by applying your Ear to it. Some of these Masts are worth fourscore Pounds. In other vast Rooms I saw store of Cannons of all sizes, both for Ships and Gallies; where also I saw some *Turkish* Cannons with words upon them in the *Turkish* Language. There I saw also one Cannon shooting three Shots at once: Another five; one great Cannon found buried in *Candy* full of Gold Medals: The great Cannons cast here while *Henry* the III. of *France* dined in this Arsenal. They had heretofore a prodigious quantity of Cannons here, but now these
Rooms

Rooms are much emptied, by reason of this War with the *Turks*. In other great Rooms I saw huge heaps of Cannon-Bullets of all sizes, with some Ensigns won over the *Turks*. Then mounting up into the Chambers above, I saw in two vast Rooms, Arms for fifty Thousand Men. In another, Arms for twelve Gallies: In another, Arms for fifty Gallies. Here also I saw the suit of Armor of *Scanderbeg*: That of the *Doge Zani*; the *Lantern* of *Don John* of *Austria's* Ship in the Battle of *Lepanto*: The *Lantern* of a *Turkish* Gally: The Armor of *Benjamante Theopoli*, and his complices, with one Arm only: Some Arms taken from the *Turks* in the Battle of *Lepanto*: Other Arms taken from the *Genuesi*; a great Cross-Bow shooting vast Arrows of Iron, above five quarters long: An Invention of great use, before Guns were found out. A Cannon-Bullet with four long Irons, like the tops of Halberts; which shut up close into it when they put it into the Cannon, but open again of themselves as soon as the Bullet is out of the Cannons Mouth: And so spreading into four parts, cut all they meet with strange Fury; a dangerous invention in Sea Battles, to spoil Cordage and Tackling. Here also they shew us the Description of the Town and Fort of *Cliffa*, and how it was taken by the *Venetians* some twenty years ago. Then descending from thence, we went to see the places where they make new Gallies, and mend old ones. There I found a vast square Court three Hundred Paces broad in every square, and full of vast Penthouses, capable of holding in them, Gallies of fifty Paces long a piece. In the midst of this Court is a vast square pond of Water, let in from the Sea, where the new Gallies are tryed;

and the old ones are let into the Arsenal to be mended and rigged a new. Here I saw a world of Gallies, and a world of Men working about them most busily. There were heretofore divers of these great Courts full of Gallies, but now they are much exhausted; the Gallies being abroad in War. Hence it is observed that this Arsenal, before these Wars, could arm two Hundred Gallies, and two hundred Thousand Men. Here it was that they made a Gally, and set her out at Sea while *Henry the III* dined here in the Arsenal; which made that King say then, that he would give three of the best Towns in *France* (except his Parliament Towns) for such an Arsenal. Indeed the Arsenals of *Paris*, *Genua*, *Zurick*, *Naples*, and *Geneva*, seemed to me to be little Gunsmiths Shops in comparison of this. They were then making here two new *Galleasses* (when I was last there) of vast bulk and Expences. In fine, I saw here the old *Bucentoro*; and presently after the new *Bucentoro*. This last is the Galley of State, of the *Doge*, when he goeth forth upon the Ascension-day, accompanied with the Senate, to espouse the Sea as they call it here. This is a noble Galley, all gilt without, and wainscotted round about the Deck, with gilt Seats. There runs a Partition of Wood quite along the Deck of the Galley, with Seats on both sides, and with a low open roof of Wood to let in Air, and yet keep off the Sun; and all this is gilt and painted, and capable of five Hundred Senators, who in their scarlet Robes wait upon the *Doge* that Day. The *Doge* sits in the *Puppe*, in a Chair of State with the Popes *Nuncio* on one hand of him, and the Patriarch of *Venice* on the other, and a place for Music behind them. The Slaves are all under Hatches, and

and not seen at all; but their Oars, (twenty on each side) move all at once, like great Wings, which make the *Bucentoro* move most Majestically. And this is all that I can remember in this Arsenal, except the Cellar of Wine, and the great Rooms, (as I came out) where Women only are employed in mending old Sails; and Men (a part) in making great Cables: And indeed those vast Anchors which lye near the wooden Bridge here at the entrance, stand in need of Cables of the greatest size.

10. I happened to be at *Venice* thrice, at the great Sea Triumph, or Feast of the Ascension, which was performed thus. About our eight in the Morning, the Senators in their Scarlet Robes meet at the *Doge's* Pallace; and there taking him up, they walk with him processionally unto the Shoar, where the *Bucentoro* lies waiting them; the Popes *Nuncio* being upon his right Hand, and the Patriarch of *Venice* on his left Hand. Then ascending into the *Bucentoro*, by a handsome Bridge thrown out to shoar, the *Doge* takes his place, and the Senators sit round about the Galley as they can, to the number of two or three Hundred. The Senate being placed, the Anchor is weighed, and the Slaves being warned by the Captains Whistle, and the Sound of Trumpets, begin to strike all at once with their Oars, and to make the *Bucentoro* march as gravely upon the Water, as if she also went upon *Cioppini*. Thus they steer for two Miles upon the *Laguna*, while the Music plays, and sings *Epithalamiums* all the way long, and makes *Neptune* jealous to hear *Hymen* called up in his Dominions. Round about the *Bucentoro* flock a world of *Piotta's*, and *Gondola's*, richly covered over head with sumptuous Canopies of Silk, and rich Stuffs, and

rowed by Water men in rich Liveries, as well as the Trumpeters. Thus foreign Embassadors, divers Noblemen of the Country, and Strangers of Condition wait upon the *Doge's* Galley all the way along, both coming and going. At last the *Doge* being arrived at the appointed place, throws a Ring into the Sea, without any other ceremony, than by saying : *Desponsamus te, Mare, in signum perpetui Domini.* We espouse thee, O Sea, in Testimony of our perpetual Dominion over thee : And so returns to the Church of St. *Nicolas* in *Lio* (an Island hard by) where he assists at high Mass with the Senate. This done, he returns home again in the same State ; and invites those that accompanied him in his Galley, to Dinner in his Pallace : The preparatives of which dinner we saw before the *Doge* was got home. This Ceremony of marrying the Sea, as they call it, is ancient ; and performed yearly in memory of the grant of Pope *Alexander* the III. who being restored by the *Venetians* unto his Seat again, granted them Power over the Adriatic Sea, as a Man hath power over his Wife ; and the *Venetians* to keep this Possession, make every Year this watery *Cavalcata*. I confess, the sight is stately, and a Poet would presently conceive that *Neptune* himself were going to be married to some *Nereide*.

II. Having seen this Ceremony in the Morning, we went after Dinner to see the Evening *Corso* at *Murano*, where we saw those fine *Gondolas* and *Piattas*, which he had seen waiting upon the *Doge* in the Morning, now rowing in State up and down the great *Canale* of *Murano*, to the sound of Trumpets ; and with all the force of the brawny Watermen that row them. Sometimes meeting too thick in the Arches of the wooden Bridge here, they crack

The Corso
at Murano.

crack one anothers *Gondolas*, break one anothers Oars, overturn their Boatmen, and are stop't for an hour together without being able to untangle. Embassadors themselves of Foreign Princes appear in *Corso* this Evening, with all their bravery (five or six *Gondolas* all in one Livery, as well as all the Gallants and Gentry of *Venice*, who appear here this Evening at *Corso*.

12. The next Morning no sooner appeared, but *The Fair*. new sights appeared also, and now upon land; and the Scene was *St. Mark's* place, where the Fair opening this day, and lasting for ten days, drew all the Gallants of *Venice* to come, and behold all the Gallantry and Riches that either Domestic or Foreign Merchants could set forth to sail. But the most part of the young Ladies that came to see the Fair, came in an odd dress, with a false Nose, and a little beard of black Wool, disguising their Mouth and Nose: So that they could see all the Fair, and be known to no body. Thus they go often to Marriages, and other Assemblies, when they have no mind to be known.

13. Having thus seen these foresaid sights, we *St. George*. went on with visiting the other things in the Town, and one day we went to the Island of *St. George Major*, where we saw a stately Monastery, Church, Cloister and Garden, which take up this whole Island. The Church is one of the best in *Venice*, and built by *Palladio*, the famous Architect. In the Church I was shewn the great silver Lamp, as great as two Men could carry. In a Pillar of Marble standing over a side Altar, I was shewn the Picture of a Crucifix, which was discovered, at the polishing of this stone, to have been naturally in the Vein of the Marble. In the

Refectory, I saw an admirable Picture of the Supper of *Cana* in *Galilee*, made by *Guido Rheni*. I visited it often, and could never satiate my Eyes with such a rare Piece. It takes up the whole end of the great Refectory.

The Pallace
of Signore
Nani.

14. From thence we rowed to the Pallace of *Procuratore Nani*, which stands in an Island beyond *St. Georges*. The Pallace is richly furnished with the true Pictures of many modern Princes and Ladies of *France*, *England* and *Germany*. This Pallace hath one strange thing belonging to it, beyond the Pallaces of *Venice*: To wit, a neat Garden, for Gardens in *Venice* are as wonderful things as Coaches: And I cannot remember, that looking upon the Whole City, from top of the high Steeple, I saw two places where there were any green Trees. But the best thing that I saw here, was the *Procuratore Nani* himself, the greatest Ornament of the *Venetian* Senate, whose learned Pen hath already given us an excellent History of *Venice*.

The Capu-
cins.

15. From hence we walked to the *Capucins* Convent, which is in the same Island, and Church neatly built, and far above the rate of *Capucins*; but it was a vow of the Senate in time of the Plague; and they regarded more, in building it, their own Honor than the *Capucins* simplicity.

Madonna
di Salute.

16. From hence, returning again towards the Town, we steered our *Gondola* to the Church of *Madonna di Salute*; a new round Church, vowed by the State in another plague Time, and likely to be one of the finest Churches in *Venice*, when it shall be ended. In the Sacristy I saw a rare Picture of a Feast, by *Tintoret*; and others in the roof, by *Titian*.

17. From

17. From hence we went to the Church of the Canon Regulars, called *La Carita*, in whose Monastery Pope *Alexander* the III. lay hid privately like a poor Chaplain of this Church, unknown to the very Fathers of this place: Till at last he was discovered by a devout Pilgrim, who having seen him often in *Rome*, and hearing him say Mass here, discovered him to the Senate, and so he was both acknowledged by the Senate, and defended by them, as we said above. Over the entrance of the Quire, is seen the Picture of *Alexander* the III. receiving the Emperor *Frederic* to the kissing of his Feet, by the means of the *Doge* of *Venice*, who stands by: Here's also a good Picture of our Saviour's raising up *Lazarus* again to Life: Its of the hand of *Bassan*.

18. Another time I went to the *Dominicans* Church, called *St. Giovanne & Paulo*, where I found, among the Tomb-stones, that of the Lord *Henry Aubigni* (second Brother to the Duke of *Lennox* and *Richmond*) who died here in his Travels. Before the door of this Church stands the *Equestris* Statue in Brass gilt, of *Bartolomeo Coleono Bargamense*, a great Commander, to whom (as the words bear; *ob militare imperium optime gestum*) the Senate decreed this Statue to be erected. The Tabernacle and Altar are very stately. The Chapel of *St. Hiacinth*, and the miracles of this Saint are of the hand of *Bassan* and *Palmarino*. The Martyrdom of *St. John* and *Paul* is a Masterpiece of the hand of *Titian*. The Convent also of *St. John* and *Paul* is one of the most stately ones in *Italy*. The Refectory is famous for painting.

19. The Church of *St. Salvatore* is a fair Church, and well adorned with neat Tomes of divers

Doges and great Persons. Upon the back of the high Altar is seen a Picture of the Transfiguration, of the hand of *Titian*. Upon an Altar on the right hand of the Wall, is a Picture of the Annunciation, under which *Titian* wrote these Words, *Titianus, fecit, fecit*, to assure Men by this double affirmative, that it was a good piece, worth his twice owning. There's another Picture of the last Supper, made by *Titian's* Master. Upon the Epistle side of the high Altar stands a little Chappel, over whose Altar is the Tomb of *St. Theodorus* with his Body in it. He is one of the Patrons of this Town.

*St. Chryso-
stome.*

20. In the Church of *St. Chrysofome*, I saw, upon a side Altar, on the left Hand, the Statues in stone of our Saviour and his twelve Apostles, neatly cut, by *Tullius Lombardus*, whose rare Statues adorn also *St. Antonie's* Tomb at *Padua*. His Statues are easily known by the neat Hands.

21. In the Church of the *Apostoli* I saw a rare Picture of *St. Lucy*, but now somewhat old.

22 In the Church of the Jesuits, I saw the Tomb of *St. Barbara*, Virgin and Martyr.

The Domo.

23. In the *Domo* (the Cathedral of *Venice*, but standing much out of the way) I saw little considerable, but the Tomb of *St. Laurentius Justinianus*, an Holy Man, a great Preacher, and the first Patriarch of *Venice*: The Patriarchal seat of *Grado*, being removed hither in his Time.

St. Giacomo.

24. I saw also the Church of *St. Giacomo*, the first Church that was built in *Venice*, and built twelve Hundred years ago, in the Infancy of *Venice*, as an old Inscription here told me. Here are some good Pictures of *Lanfrancus* and *Marcus Titianus*, old *Titian's* Nephew and Scholar.

25. And

25. And being in *Venice* upon *St. Georges* day *The Greeks* (the 23^d. of *April*) we went to the *Greek Church*, Church. I mean to the *Greek Schismatics Church*, which is dedicated to God, in honour of *St. George*, and therefore this day was one of their greatest solemnities. Their Ceremonies and Service differed little from the *Catholick Greeks*: And if any one desire to know their Tenents, and how near they come to the *Roman Catholicks*, let him read a Book, in a thin *Folio*, Printed at *Wittemberg*, Anno. 1584. under this Title, *Acta & scripta Theologorum Wittembergensium & Hieremia Patriarchæ*.

26. We went after dinner one *Saturday*, to see *The Jews* the *Jews Synagogue*. Among other things I heard *Synagogue*. here a *Rabbin* make a Homily to his Flock. He looked like a *French Minister*, or *Puritanical Lecturer*, in a short Cloak and Hat. The Snuffling through the Nose, made all the edification that I saw in it: It was in *Italian*, but the coldest discourse that ever I heard in any Language. Indeed it was their *Sabbath* day; and they eat no other meat that day, but cold meat.

27. Another day we went to *Murano* again, to see *The Glass-* the *Glass-houses* which furnish almost all *Europe* with drinking Glasses, and all our *Ladies Cabinets* with Loking-glasses. They utter here forth two hundred Thousand Crowns worth a year of this brittle Ware; and they seem to have taken measure of every Nations Belly and Humour, to fit them with Drinking-glasses accordingly: For the *High Dutch* they have high Glasses called *Flutes*, a full yard long; which a Man cannot drink up alone, except his Man, or some other, hold up the foot of these more than two handed Glasses. For the *English* that love Toasts with their Drink, they have

have curious Tankards of thick Chryſtal glaſs juſt like our Silver Tankards. For the *Italians* that love to drink leiſurely, they have Glaſſes that are almoſt as large and flat as Silver Plates, and almoſt as uneaſie to drink out of. And ſo for other Nations. In one Shop they were making a ſet of Glaſſes for the Emperor, of five Crowns every Glaſs: There were Drinking-glaſſes with high Covers made like ſpread Eagles, and finely gilt. Sometimes to ſhew their art, they make here pretty things. One made a Ship in Glaſs, with all her Tacklings, Guns, Maſts, Sails and Streamers. Another made an Organ in Glaſs three Cubits high, ſo juſtly contrived, that by blowing into it, and touching the ſtops, it ſounded muſically. A third made a perfect Caſtle, with all its fortifications, Ramparts, Cannons, Centry-houſes and Gates. Here alſo I ſaw them make thoſe vaſt Looking-glaſſes, whoſe brittlenefs ſheweth Ladies themſelves, more than their reflection doth. In fine, in *Murano*, you ſee the Pallace of Signor Camillo *Treviſano*, with the rare Garden and Fountains *a la Romana*.

The Shops.

28. After this we went up and down the Town of *Venice*, ſometimes a foot, to ſee better the Shops as thoſe of Silks, Cloths of Gold, of Books, and the Apothecaries Shops, where I ſaw them make their famous Treacle: Sometimes in a *Gondola*, to view over and over again, the *Canale Grande*, and the Brave Pallaces which hem it in on both ſides: Sometimes entring into the beſt of thoſe Pallaces, to ſee their rich furniture and contrivances. The beſt are, of *Juſtiniani*, *Mocenigo*, *Grimani*, *Prinli*, *Contarini*, *Foſcoli*, *Loredano*, *Guffoni* and *Cornaro*.

The Pallaces.

29. Then I enquired what learned Men had *The learned*
 adorned *Venice*, and I found these two to have been *Men*.
 chief, *Laurentius Justinianus*, *Hermolaus Barbarus*,
Petrus Bembus, *Aloysius*, *Lippomanus*, *Paulus Paruta*,
Baptista Egnatius, *Ludovicus Dolce*, *Paulus Manu-*
tius, with divers others. I saw some years ago the
 noble and ingenious *Loredano*, whose witty Books
 make him famous over all the Academies of *Ita-*
ly and *Europe*. As also the *Procurator Nani*, whose
 excellent History hath got him immortal fame.

30. Here's an Academy of wits, called *Incogniti*, *The Acade-*
 and for their Arms, they have the river *Nilus* with *my of wits*.
 this this motto, *Incognito, & pur noto*; unknown, and
 yet famous.

He that desires to know the History of *Venice*, *The Histo-*
 let him read *Andrea Morasini*, *Paolo*, *Partua*, *Sa-* *rians*.
bellico, *Berdino Tomasino*, *Corido* and *Nani*.

Having thus seen all *Venice*, over and over a-
 gain, in a months stay there, I was most willing to
 leave it; having found it true of *Venice*, what *So-*
rates said of *Athens*, that it was *melior meretrix*, *The defects*
quam Uxor; a fine Town for a fortnight; but not *of Venice*.
 to dwell in always; and this by reason of some
 stinking Channel, bad Cellars for Wine; worse
 Water, and the moist Air of the Sea, not the
 most wholesome scarcity of Earth, even to bury
 their Dead in; and little Fuel for firing. So that
 finding the four Elements wanting here in their
 purity I was willing to leave these polished *Hol-*
landers, and return to *Padua*.

Padua is the second Town to the *Venetian State*, *Padua*.
 though once the Mother of *Venice*. Its old enough
 to be Mother of *Rome* it self; having been built by
Antenor, whose Tomb is yet seen here. The Town
 is very great, and fuller of good Houses, than of
 Men

Men of condition : Tyranny and too frequent Murders having much depopulated it, in point of Nobility. It stands in the *Marca Trevigiana*. The Walls about it are strong, and back'd up with fine Ramparts. It lies near the *Eugenian Hills*, in a fertile soyl, and plain, which makes the Proverb say, *Bologna la grassa, ma Padua la passa*. Its famous for the study of Physick, as many of our thrice worthy Physitians in *England* can testify. The chief things I observed in it are these.

*Antenor's
Tomb.*

1. *Antenor's Tomb* with *Gotic Letters* upon it : Which makes me doubt whether this Tomb be so antient as they make it.

2. The publick Schools called here *Il Bue*, or *Oxe* : What if the first Readers here came from *Oxford* as they did to the University of *Pavia* ?

3. The Physick Garden, to acquaint the Student in Physick, with the nature of Simples.

*St. Antony's
Tomb.*

4. The Church of *St. Antony of Padua*, whose Body lies in the open Chappel on the left hand ; and this Chappel is adorned with curious figures of white Marble, representing the chief actions of this Saints life. Under the Altar reposeth his Body, and before it hang some twenty seven great Lamps of Silver, or Silver gilt. Over against this Chappel, stands just such another open Chappel, called the Chappel of *San Felice*, which is rarely painted by famous *Gietto*, who made the *Campanile* of *Florence*. In a side Chappel on the right hand, is the Tomb of brave *Gatta Mela*, whose true name was *Erasmo di Narni*, of whom more by and by. The Tomb of *Alexander Contareno* General of the *Venetians*, and it is one of the best cut Tombs I have seen : Its fastened to a side Pillar. The Quire of this Church is all of inlaid Wood.

In

In the Cloister of the Convent are seen many Tombs of learned Men: And in that quarter of the Cloister, which lies upon the Church, I found written upon a black Marble stone, these words: *Interiora Thomæ Howardi Comitæ Arundelia*: The Bowels of the Earl of *Arundel*, late Lord Marshal of *England*. No wonder if his Bowels be enchas'd in Marble, after his death, who in his life time, loved Marbles *con todas sus entrantias*, with his whole Bowels. His *Marmora Arondeliana*, commented upon by learned Mr. *Selden*, shew this sufficiently. This great Man died here in *Padua*, and yet in a manner at home; because he had made *Italy* familiar to him while he lived at home.

5. Going out of this Church, I saw the *Equistris* statue of *Gatta Mela*, the *Venetians* General, whose Tomb I saw even now in the Church. He was nicknamed *Gatta*, because of his watchfulness in carrying business.

6. The Church of *St. Justina*, is one of the finest Churches of *Italy*; and no wonder, seeing its Architect was *Palladio*. Under the High Altar of this Church, lies buried the Body, of *St. Justina*. The fine *Cupolas*; the curious Pavement of red and black Marble; the rich High Altar, all of *Pietre comesse*; the curious Seats, in the Quire, with the Histories of the old and new Testament cut in Wood in them; the fine Picture at the end of the Quire, over the Abbat's Seat, containing the Martyrdom of *St. Justina*, by the hand of *Paolo Veronese*; the Tomb of *St. Luke* the Evangelist; and that of *St. Matthias*; the Well, full of Relics; and the Tomb of *St. Prosdochimus* *St. Peter's* Disciple, and first Bishop of *Padua*, do all make this Church very considerable. Before this Church and Monastery

*St. Justina's
Church and
Monastery.*

ry lies the *Campo Sante*, and a fair field, where they keep Monthly a *Mercato franco*, and where the Evening *Corso* is kept, by Ladies and Noblemen in their Coaches in Summer.

The Monastery here is one of the fairest in *Italy*, and the second of that Order. The painted Cloister, the neat Library, and the Picture of *St. Justina* in the Abbat's Chamber, made by *Paolo Veronese*, are all worth your Curiosity. The *Domò* is not so well built as it is endowed with rich *Prebendaries*. An hundred Thousand Crowns a year go to the maintainance of an Hundred Clergy-Men, and Officers belonging to it. The Prebends are twenty seven, and ordinarily Gentlemen.

8. The Pallace of the *Capitano Grande* is stately without : Here stands the curious Library.

The great Hall.
9. The great Hall called here, *Il Palagio di Ragione*, is a vast Room 180 paces long, and forty broad, without Pillars. It hath four great doors to it, and over every door the statue of a learned *Paduan*. This Hall is also painted in the roof, with Astronomical figures, representing the influence of the Superior Bodies over the Inferior. At one end of it you see a round Stone, with these words written about it, *Lapis opprobrii*, the stone of disgrace; upon which whosoever will sit publickly, and declare himself not to be *Solvendo*, cannot be clapt up in Prison for Debt. At the other end of this Hall stands *Livy's* Head in white Marble, and out of a little Back-door there, joyning to the Wall of this Hall, stands *Livy's* Busto in Stone with this Epitaph under it in old Gothick Letters ; *Ossa Titi Livii Patavini unius omnium mortalium iudicio digni, cujus prope invicto calamo invicti Populi Romani res gesta conscriberentur.*

10. The Picture of the High Altar in the *Augustins* Church, made by *Guido Rheni*; and that of *St. John Baptist* in the Sacristy, of the same hand, are both exquisitely well done.

11. The Ruins of an old Amphitheater are seen hard by the *Augustin's* Church. There's now a House built upon the place, yet the Court is oval still, and carries the name of *Arena*. Here they tilt, and use other sports of *Cavalry*.

12. In the *Dominicans* Church there is a very stately high Altar of *Pietre Comesse*. Behind the Altar (in the Quire) are the neat Tombs of the *Carari*, once *Signors* and *Princes* of *Padua*, till they were put out by the *Venetians*.

13. In the Church of *San Francesco Grande*, I saw a curious Altar of white polished Marble, which pleased me very much, and the Tombs of *Cavalcante* and *Lengolio*.

14. In the little neat Church of the *Oratorians*, called the Church of *S. Thomas of Canterbury*, lies buried the Lady *Katherine Whitenhall*, in a Vault made on purpose, and covered with a white Marble Stone. She was Daughter to the late Earl of *Shrewsbury*, and Wife to the Noble and Vertuous *Thomas Whitenhall Esquire*. If you would know more of her, read here the Ingenious Epitaph written upon her Tomb, and made by her sad Husband. For my part having had the honour to see her often in her Travels, I cannot but make honourable mention of her here in mine; She having so much honoured my profession of Travelling, by her generous Humour of Travelling. She was as nobly Born as the House of *Shrewsbury* could make her: as comely, as if Poets had made her. Her behaviour was such, that if she had not been noble by Birth,

Birth, she would have passed for such by her Carriage. Her good qualities were so many, that if they had been taken in pieces, they would have made several Women Noble, and noble Women happy. She was wise beyond her years, stout above her Sex, and worthy to have found, in the World, all things better than she did, except her Parents and Husband. Her only fault was that, which would have made up other Ladies Praises, too much Courage; which beset her with the name of Talbot. But whilst her only Courage baled her on to Journeys above her Sex and force (having seen Flanders, France, and Italy, accompanied by her noble Husband, and an handsom Train) in her return back, like a tall Ship, coming laden home, and fraughted with precious acquisitions of Mind, she sunk almost in the Heaven, and alas! Died.

The Academies of Wits.
The learned Men.

15. Here are two Academies of Wits; the one called *Gli Recoverati*: the other, *Gli Infiammati*.

The most famous Men of Padua for Learning were these, *Livy*, *Apponius*, *Paulus* the Jurisconsult, *Sperone Speroni*, *Antonius Querenchus*, *Jacobus Zabarella*: and *Titian* the famous Painter.

The Historians.

He that desires to know the History of Padua, let him read *Angelo Portinari delle felicitade di Padua*: *Antonio Riccobono, de Gymnasio Patavino, & de ejus praeclaris doctoribus*: as also the Book called *Gl' Origin di Padua*.

Vicenza.

Having thus seen Padua, we steered towards Milan again, to make the compleat Gyro of Italy. The first days Journey was to *Vicenza*, a fine Town belonging to the *Venetians*, and standing upon the two Rivers *Bachilione*, and *Rerone*. Here we saw the neat Town-house and large *Piazza*: The House and fine Garden of Count *Valmarana*, with the curious Labyrinth in the Garden: the *Arcus Triumphalis*, made

made by *Palladio* at the Towns end; letting you into a fair Field called the *Champo Marzo*, The Theater. where Ladies and Cavaliers in great store meet at the *Corso*, in their Coaches, every Summer Evening: the admirable Theater for Plays and Opera's; it was made also by rare *Palladio*, and is capable of Three thousand People, who may all sit and see with conveniency. The fine Palaces here, and those full of People of Condition.

Here's an Academy of Wits, called *Gl' Olym-* The Academy of Wits.
pici.

He that desires to know the History of *Vicenza*, let him read *Jacomo Mazari*, and *Alfonso* The Historians.
Loschi.

From *Vicenza* we went to *Verona*, called *Verona la Nobile*; belonging to the Venetians also. It stands in excellent Air, and no Man ever saw it but liked it. Its watered with the River *Addefis*, which coming out of *Germany*, runs by *Trent*, and so to *Verona*. Hence this Town abounds with good Provision, Wine, and Rich Merchants, which makes me of Opinion, that *Verona* would be a better Summer-Town for Strangers to live in, than *Padua*. The things that I saw here, were these; the three Castles, which with the new Bulwarks, make this Town able to defend it self against any Enemy.

2. The Cathedral, or *Domo*, antient rather than stately: In it is buried Pope *Lucius* the III: with this Ingenuous Epitaph upon his Tomb:

Luca dedit lucem tibi, Luci, Pontificatum

Ostia, Papatum Roma, Verona miri.

Imo Verona dedit tibi Lucis gaudia, Roma

Exilium, tuas Ostia, Luca mori.

3. The famous Tomb of the *Signori della Scala*, who once were Masters here, and from whom *Joseph* and *Jalins Scaliger* pretend to have come: This Tomb is seen from the Street, and is much esteemed for its height and Structure.

4. In the Monastery of *St. George*, the rare Picture of *St. George*, made by *Paolo Veronese*, for which the late Lord Marshal of *England* offered Two thousand Pistols.

The Amphitheater.

5. The rare Amphitheater, built at first by the Consul *Flaminius*, and repaired since by the Townsmen, and now the most entire Amphitheater in *Europe*.

The Academy of Wits.

Here's also an Academy of Wits, called *Gli Philormonici*.

The Learned Men.

The famous Men for Learning here, were these; *Zeno Veronensis*, an Antient Father, and great Preacher; *Cornelius Nepos*, *Pliny* the Second, *Catullus*, according to that,

Mantua Virgiliogaudet, Verona Catullo.

Fracastorius, *Onuphrius*, *Panninus*, *Paulus Aemilius* the Historian, *Francesco Pona*, *Aloysius Novarinus*, and *Paolo Veronese* the ingenious Painter.

Near *Verona*, upon the Plains, before you come to the Town, was fought a famous Battel, where *C. Marius* defeated the *Cimbers*. Near this Town also was fought a famous Battel between *Theodoric* and *Odoacer*, where the latter was defeated.

The Historians.

He that desires to know the History of *Verona*, let him read *Torello Saraina*, *Girolamo di Corte*, *Compendio dell' Istoria di Verona*; and the *Antiquitates Voronenses* of *Onufrius Panninus*.

From

From *Verona* we went to *Brescia*, by the way *Peschiera*. of *Peschiera* and *Difenzano*. *Peschiera* is a strong Fort belonging to the Venetians, and guarded by a constant Garison. It stands upon the *Lago*. *Lago di Garda*, *Lacus Benacus* antiently, and is almost *Garda*. surrounded by its Crystallin Waters. It's a most regular Fortification, with five Bastions, and high Ramparts, which cover the whole Town.

Difenzano is a little Town upon the Lake of *Difenzano*. *Garda* also. Here they have excellent Fish, and Wine; that is, rare *Carpioni*, and *Muscattello*, which they call *Vino Santo*.

From hence after Dinner we arrived betimes at *Brescia*, another strong Town of the Venetians. We saw here the Castle, the Townhouse, neat Churches, the Ramparts and Walls of the Town; the Crystalline Brooks running through the Streets; and the Shops of the Gunsmiths, especially that of Famous *Lazzarino Comminazzo*.

The best Historians of the *Brescian* Affairs, is *The Hist.* *Ottavio Rossi*, in his Book called *Memorie Bresciane*.

From *Brescia* I went once to *Crema*, and *Bergamo*. *Crema*, two strong Towns of the Venetians, and both Frontiers to the State of *Milan*. The first is very strong, and Famous for fine Linnen made here. The latter is strong too, both by its Castle, good Walls, and its high Situation upon an Hill, which gives you a fair prospect into the *Milanese* for twenty or thirty miles. In the Church of the *Augustins* lies buried *Ambrosius Calepinus*, Author of the excellent Latin Dictionary, which Learned *Passeratius* hath set out

since with great additions. Its in six Languages.

From *Bergamo* I went to *Milan*, one days journey. Another time I went from *Brescia* to *Milan* by the way of *Mantua*, and *Mirandola*.

Mantua.

Mantua belongs to a Sovereign Duke, or Prince, of the House of *Gonsague*. It stands in the midst of Marshes, which are nourished by the River *Mincius*; so that there's no coming to it but by two long Bridges over the Lake. And yet this Town was taken some Forty Years ago: No Town being impregnable where an Als laden with Gold can enter; or where Faction keeps one Gate. For about that time the Emperor's Army, by secret Intelligence, presenting it self before it, was let in; and sacked the Town. At the entrance of the Town Gates, they observe the Fashion of many other Towns in *Italy*, to make Travellers leave their Pistols and Carabins at the Gate where they enter, and not see them again till they meet them at the other Gate where they go out; giving them, for all that, a *Contrasegno*, or little Talley, whereof you keep one piece, and the other is tied to your Pistols, whereby you may claim and challenge them.

Valer.
Maxim.
l. 2. c. 1.

This was an antient Custom in the *Romans* times, as I find in *Valerius Maximus*, who saith, it was the Practice of those of *Marseilles* (then a Roman Colony) *Ut hospitia sua, quemadmodum advenientibus humana sunt, ita ipsis tuta sint.* As for *Mantua* it self, its well built, and full of good Houses. The Duke's Palace was heretofore one of the richest of *Italy*. I was told that it had seven changes of Hangings for every Room in the House; besides a world of rare Pictures, Statues, Plate, Ornaments, Cabinets, an Unicorn's Horn,

Part II. A Voyage through Italy.

Horn, an Organ of Alablatter; six Tables, each three Foot long, the first all of Emeralds, the second of *Turkey Stone*, the third of Hyacinths, the fourth of Saphirs, the fifth of Amber, the sixth of Jasper Stone. But the *Imperialists* swept all away. The Origin of the House of *The Duke's* *Gonsague* is from *Germany*. For a long time they *Family* were only Marquises of *Mantua*, till *Charles V.* made them Dukes. The Revenues of this Prince *His Rev-* are about Five hundred thousand Crowns. His *nues.* Interest (as that of the other lesser Princes of *Italy*) is to join with the stronger of the two *His Inter-* Nations, *France* or *Spain*. And he hath been of- *est.* ten forc'd to put now and then a *French* Garison, and now then a *Spanish* Garison into his strong Town of *Casal*; one of the strongest Places I *Casal. Its* saw in all *Italy*; having an excellent Cittadel at *Strength.* one end of it, a strong Castle at the other, and strong Ditches, Walls, and Ramparts every where. In fine, this Duke can raise about Fifteen thousand Foot, and Two thousand Horse.

Of *Mantua* were these two Excellent Latin Poets, Old *Virgil*, and Modern *Baptista Mantuanus* a *Carmelite*.

He that desires to know the History of *Mantua*; let him read *Mario Aquicola*. *Its History.*

From *Mantua* we went to *Mirandola*, being *Miran-* invited thither by its wonderful Name. It is a *dola.* Principality far more ancient than great; and it is so called from three Children born here of a great Lady, at one Birth. The Story, as it is pretty, so it is related by good Authors, and *Franciscus,* therefore I will give it you here, in the end of *Pius.* this my Italian Journey, as a Farewell. And 'tis *Leander.* this: *Constantius* the Emperour, Son of *Constan-* *Albatus,*

tine the Great, had a Daughter called *Euridis*; who being grown up in Years, fell in Love with *Manfred*, a Courtier of her Uncle *Constantine*, an handsome well-bred young Gentleman. *Manfred* was both Courtier enough, and wise enough, to understand this to be no small Honour; and therefore embraced her Affection with a corresponding Flame. In a word, they meet often; talk of it; give mutual Promises; make all the Money they can, and Jewels, and flee away secretly. They come into *Italy*, land at *Naples*, from thence to *Ravenna*, and at last pitch upon this Country where now *Mirandola* stands. It was then a place overspread with Thickets and Under-woods, and furnishing some Pasturage for Sheep, and Cottages for Shepherds. Here then they chuse to live privately, and converse with none but Country Swains, and Shepherds. Blind Love, whither dost thou hurry Princesses, to make them prefer Cottages before Courts? At last, with their Money they buy Land, and *Manfred* grew soon to that Authority among his Neighbours, that they chuse him for their Head; and recur unto him upon all occasions for his Advice and Protection: In the mean time (having solemnly Married *Euridis* at his arrival in *Italy*) she brings him forth three Sons at once, *Picus*, *Pius*, and *Papazzo*; and *Manfred* grows far more considerable daily in these Parts. At last the Emperor *Constantine* coming into *Italy* upon his Occasions, and being Complimented by all the several Provinces thereof, this Province, among the rest, chose *Manfred* as their Ambassador to the said Emperor, to carry to him the tender of their Respects and Homage. *Manfred*

fred accepted of the Employment, and carried himself so Gallantly in the Embassy, that the Emperor Knighted him, and upon further trial of his Worth raised him to high Favour. *Manfred* seeing the Realities of the Emperor, thought it now high time to discover himself to him. Wherefore casting himself one day at the Emperor's Feet, and begging his Pardon, he discovered himself unto him, and told him his whole Story and Adventures. At first the Emperor was a little troubled; but finding such Freedom and Gallantry in his Carriage, mingled with such humble Ingenuity in the Confession of his Fault; he not only pardoned what was past, but presently sent for *Euridis* and her Children to come to him, and live at Court with him. This done, he makes *Manfred* Count and Marquis of a great part of these Countries, and gives him leave to build Towns and Castles there: And for his Arms gives him the Black Eagle. In fine, in Memory of the three Children born so wonderfully at one Birth, he commands that the chief Town should be called *Miranda*. After the Death of *Constantius*, *Manfred* and his Lady returned with great Riches unto their old dwelling place, and there began to build *Miranda*; which in process of time was called *Mirandola*. This true Story, if it look like a Romance, you must not wonder, seeing Romances now a days look like true Stories.

The Prince of *Mirandola* receives yearly Four-score thousand Crowns.

The greatest Ornament of this Country, was that Famous *Joannes Picus Mirandulanus*; whose Life Sir *Thomas Moor* wrote, and having written it, lived it.

Jo. Picus
Mirandulanus.

From *Mirandola* I struck to *Parma*, and so to *Piacenza*, *Lodi*, and *Marigno*, described all above; and at last to *Milan* again, where I had been before, and where my *Giro of Italy* ended, as now my Journey and Description doth. I taking here a new rise from *Milan*, and crossing through *Swisserland* by the Lake of *Como*, and over Mount *St. Godart*, came to *Basil*; here Embarking upon the *Rhine*, I saw *Strasburgh*, *Brisac*, *Spire*, *Philipsburgh*, *Openheim*, *Coblentz*, *Hamerstede*, *Wermes*, *Francfort*, *Mayence*, *Cologne*, *Dusseldorp*, *Skinskonce*, *Rais*, *Wesel*, *Arnhem*, and divers other Rhinish Towns: Then having viewed *Holland* and *Flanders*, I came at last to *Calais*, and so home to my dear Country, *England*, by way of *Dover*.

FINIS.

THE

A

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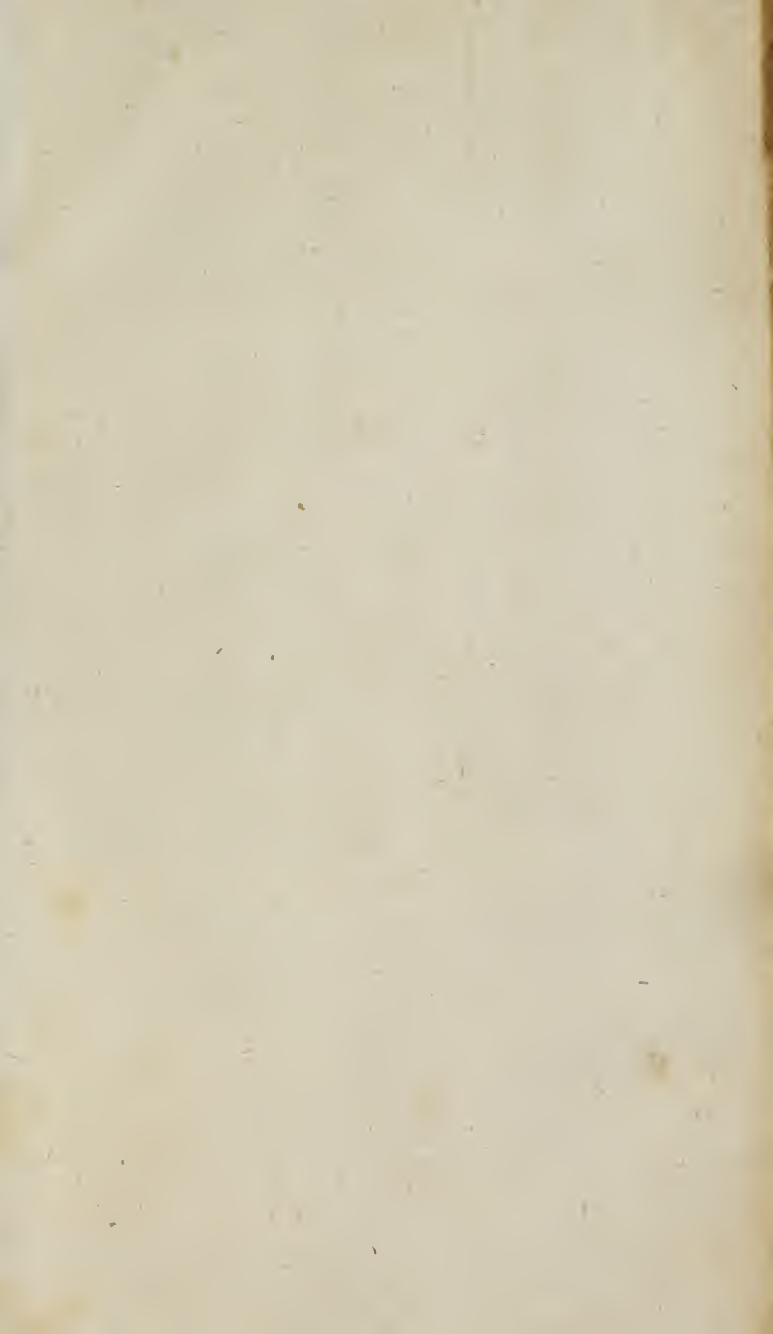
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The Gallants
Sullen Lovers
Humourists
Mackbeth
Timon of Athens
Oedipus
Ibrahim the 13th Emperor of the *Turks*
Canterbury Guests
Lost Lovers





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1845

